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PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
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THREE YEARS IN BATTLE
AND
THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS



THE PAPERS OF
RANDOLPH ABBOTT SHOTWELL

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EDITED BY
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THREE YEARS IN BATTLE AND THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND

Battle of Gettysburg—Third Day's Fight Continued—Longstreet's Assault and Fatal Failure—Scene of the Strife—The Drama of Death—Pettigrew—Pickett's Charge—Our Retirement—Captain Charles Linthicum—The March to the Rear.

As Ewell's weakened line was stubbornly resisting the successive waves of Blue Coats hurled over the plateau upon them, many a mental question was asked:—"By all our hopes of victory, why don't Longstreet do something to call off these swarms of fresh troops that are overpowering us!" The query has since become an historic one. According to General Lee's orders, Longstreet should have attacked on the right shortly after sunrise, coincident with Ewell's advance upon the left. But a second time that officer assumed the responsibility of disobeying orders, or of delaying action until the original programme of simultaneous assault, by both wings of the army had been practically nullified through the defeat of the corps which acted in accordance with Lee's directions.

The noble Lee, unwilling to censure his favorite lieutenant, finds a partial excuse for his dilatoriness as follows:

"General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hill on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked from reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previously from the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division [under Pettigrew] and two brigades of Pender [Scales and Lane] to the command of which Gen-

eral Trimble was assigned. Gen. A. P. Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of his command, to afford Longstreet farther assistance if required, and to avail himself of any success that might be gained."

It is asserted by excellent authority that Lee's orders provided for the participation of Longstreet's entire corps in this attack. Of this we shall speak hereafter.

General Pickett's division, of 5,500 Virginians, having bivouacked near the Stone Bridge, within four miles of the field, after a march of 30 miles from Chambersburg, was in motion before daybreak, and marching up a narrow valley west of Seminary Ridge, reached its appointed position on Seminary Ridge a little after sunrise, on the morning of the 3rd. Longstreet had ordered Pickett to form his line "under the best cover that he could get, from the enemy's batteries, and so that the center of the assaulting column should arrive at the salient of the enemy's position, General Pickett's line to be the guide, and General Pettigrew moving on the same line as Pickett, to assault the salient at the same time."

Pickett drew up his division in the hollow behind the line of batteries, which now crowned Seminary Ridge. The column of assault consisted of Garnett's brigade on the right, Kemper's on the left, and Armistead supporting both. Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, which was to accompany the attacking column as a cover to Pickett's flanks, was already in contact with the Federal skirmishers, having been sent to the front early in the morning to protect the batteries on the Ridge. It lay almost in front of Pickett's right brigade, ready to arise and go forward when the latter passed on its way to charge the Heights. Pettigrew, commanding Heth's division, formed his four brigades in single line, Archer's on the right, Pettigrew's under Marshall, next, Davis' next, and Brockenborough on the extreme left. This division had fought with unsurpassed gallantry on the 1st, and was now scarcely as strong as two good brigades; Archer's brigade especially, to use a common expression "being but a shadow of its former self." This fact should

be borne in mind in connection with subsequent occurrences. The third division of the attacking column consisted simply of Scales and Lane's brigades (North Carolinians, both) of Pender's division under the command of General J. R. Trimble, who had arrived from the Valley of Virginia, just in time to be assigned to this honorable, but perilous command. His brigades were formed in rear of the right of Pettigrew's division; the intent being that he should reinforce the right or left wing of the assaulting column as occasion might require.

General Lee realized the weakness of the column for so hazardous an undertaking as is shown by his remark to Brigadier General Lane—that he “needed more troops on the right very badly, but did not know where they were to come from.”

From the foregoing, the reader will perceive that after the failure of Longstreet to co-operate with Ewell's assault upon the Federal right at Culp's Hill, a somewhat changed order of battle was adopted for the afternoon attack. Upon the presumption that Meade must have greatly weakened his center to reinforce the defeated troops on the extreme right and left—the weakest points of his position—General Lee decided upon a fourth and final attempt to dislodge him, on the following programme:

1st.—To arrange a column of 10,000 men, including Pickett's 5,000 fresh troops, behind the cover of Seminary Ridge, confronting the most advanced point, or salient of the enemy's works.

2d.—To assemble 100 or more pieces of artillery whose fire should be concentrated on the salient, and the adjacent lines to drive off the Federal batteries, and demoralize his infantry as far as possible.

3d.—When the artillery had done its best, to launch forth the assaulting column, followed and seconded by field batteries, to pierce the Federal lines and break his army into two parts; while at the first indication of commotion or disorder, among the enemy, all the other corps

should spring forward, and convert the defeat into a rout.

It is easy to say *now* that this was an impracticable undertaking—that the Federal position and forces were too strong, and the attacking column altogether too weak for any such task. It is easy *now* to suggest a score of things that might have been done, or left undone. These *ex post facto* proofs of wisdom are the special province of a certain class of military and historical critics, who are “nothing if not critical.”

Those who participated in the ill-fated charge, saw nothing of the “rashness,” “blind folly,” or “uselessness” of the attempt, but on the contrary were in splendid spirits and confident of sweeping everything before them. I refer, now, to the rank and file, of whom my recollection is that never was there anything like the same enthusiasm in entering battle.

Pickett's division had fewer “stragglers” than ever before, and while all the men realized that they were to have bloody work, none despaired of ultimate triumph. Reports of our successes on the first and second days were rife in the command, it was seen that we had driven the enemy for miles, and captured 5,000 prisoners, and all these things were an unquestioned guarantee of continued success. As the sun climbed towards the meridian, many of the men drew out their “corn dodgers” and bits of bacon, to make their frugal dinner;—to many the last meal on earth. Others spread their blankets on the gravelly hillside and stretched themselves for a nap. Everything looked quiet, dull and lazy,—as one sees the harvest-hands lolling under the trees at noontime. Up on the crest of the Ridge, 50 feet in advance of the infantry were the long lines of cannon and caissons, battery after battery as far as could be seen to right and left. Some of the gunners were examining their pieces: others sat idly about. A little in the rear of the caissons, the drivers were digging grave-like holes—six feet long, and one to two feet deep in which they purposed ensconcing themselves when the cannonade opened. Had we had the tools the infantry might also have thrown up a temporary pro-

tection for itself during the long hours of weary waiting for the order to "up and at 'em!"

It is not known precisely how many guns engaged in the bombardment of the Federal works, though as A. P. Hill had 63 guns in position, and Longstreet 75, it may be assumed that fully 120 powerful "dogs of war" were awaiting the signal to begin their hellish howling. The concerted signal was to be the crack of a couple of rifled guns of the Washington Artillery, situated near the center of the lines on Seminary Ridge. Though we have already sketched the general topography of the battlefield, it will assist to a clearer comprehension of the battle on the 3rd, to describe more particularly the ground over which Longstreet's troops were to advance. Let us accompany General Lee to the cupola of the Female Seminary, whence he surveyed the Federal position on the evening of the 1st. Below us, a long narrow valley opens towards the southeast, widening as it stretches in that direction from the town of Gettysburg, which occupies its northwestern end. The two walls of the valley, now stamped in history as "Seminary Ridge," and "Cemetery Ridge," are about equal in height, and run nearly parallel with each other from the town eastward one mile, after which "Seminary Ridge" obliques away to the south.

From Gettysburg, the road to Emmitsburg, runs down the valley hugging the base of "Cemetery Ridge" for the first mile or more, then diverging into the middle of the Valley.

Now to get a clear idea of the Federal lines, by illustration, close all the fingers of your left hand except the first, or forefinger. Close the thumb tightly on top of the forefinger, and bend the point of that finger a little, forming a crook, like a fishing-hook with the barb broken off. Let us then suppose the finger to represent a high, rocky ridge with a broad plateau on top, and the sides sloping down into the valley. The crooked bend of the finger will stand for that portion of the Federal works known as Culp's Hill; the bend or projection of the finger at the

middle joint will represent the salient of their works at the Cemetery, (against which Pickett was to charge) and the thumb on top of the finger will show the position of the high wooded knolls or knobs known as "Round Top" and "Little Round Top."

Noon had come and gone, and the first hour of the afternoon had been added to it. The field at this time was remarkably quiet, a few stray shots of picket firing alone being heard. General Lee had ridden to a knoll near the center of A. P. Hill's lines, whence he could survey the field, and witness the result of his last effort to save the day.

General Longstreet stood near one of the Wentworth rifles which were to give the signal for the opening of the ball. He had deputed to Colonel E. P. Alexander the discretion of selecting the proper moment for starting the infantry on its bloody march across the valley; and now with gloomy brow, he pencilled a message to that officer:—"Head Quarters, July 3d, '63—Colonel—If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy, or greatly demoralize him so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your good judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let General P. know when the moment offers."

Alexander had borrowed seven twelve-pound guns from the third corps, and placed them in a hollow behind the Ridge with intent to send them in front of the infantry column, where their fresh horses and full ammunition chests, would enable them to do excellent service. Unfortunately, just before the cannonade began, he learned that General Pendleton had sent for four of the guns and the other three could not be found.

And now the shadow on the dial marks 1 P. M. and the fast deepening shadows of dire defeat are destined to settle upon the fortunes of the ill-starred Confederacy, deeper and deeper from this hour. But "coming events" have not as yet "cast their shadows before," if one may

judge by the cheerful alacrity with which the troops take their positions at sight of General Pickett riding along the front.

The cannoneers run to their guns, open the caisson chests and pull off their jackets, the drivers hie to their holes; and we, who are to witness the artillery duello before appearing on the stage ourselves, quickly obey the order that runs along the line. "*Lie down, men! lie down!*"

The field is strangely quiet—the two hosts holding their breath in tense expectation. Then, "*BOO-M!—Bang!*"—"BOO-M! — *Bang!*"—almost simultaneously the two rifled Wentworths of the Washington artillery hurl their deadly missiles across the narrow valley! Strange to say, altho' we have been expecting it for several minutes, the explosion rings in our ears with startling suddenness, just as we shrink from the thunder clap, whose flash has already placed us *en qui vive*. It is Longstreet's signal peal, fired by his own hand, and what an uproar it unlooses! As the solitary report of a huntsman's gun among the Alps oftentimes dislodges a mighty avalanche that crashes from the overhanging glaciers with awful destruction, so that single thunder sound, rolling along the ridges and across the valley, let loose a hurricane of fire and smoke and hurtling death blows, accompanied by hideous screechings and ear deafening reverberations such as was never before known on this continent.

It was an artillery duello of 250 guns, firing 500 shells per minute, each of which emitted its own peculiar scream and explosion. The earth seemed to quiver beneath the troops as they lay upon it; while the seeming prevalence of a metal hailstorm was not entirely fancy, as the field was found to be thickly sprinkled with fragments of lead and iron after the battle. Said General R. E. Rodes:—"The attack was preceded, accompanied, and succeeded by the fiercest and grandest cannonade I have ever witnessed.

The enemy had been on the alert, and replied to our attack with surprising celerity. Scarcely had the roar of the first discharge died away among the hills, ere a Federal shell hurtling over the heads of Dearing's battery in our front, and not more than three feet above my own head, struck the ground a few feet in rear of me. Seeing a horrified expression upon the face of a soldier at my right, I glanced around, and saw that the missile had ploughed through the bodies of two men of my company, (Morris and Sam Jackson), cutting their bodies literally in two! They were close friends in life and "in death were not parted." Lieutenant Charlie Dawson arose to assist in moving the remains when a huge shell burst on the blanket he had just occupied. These are simply casual incidents. Pickett's division lost by this cannonade probably near 500 men.

The Federals suffered even more heavily than we, by the terrific bombardment. A single battery on Cemetery Hill lost 27, out of 36 horses during the first ten minutes. When 30 minutes had elapsed, Alexander, who, as we have seen, was to give the signal for the infantry charge, wrote a note to Pickett, stating that if the charge were made, it ought to be commenced at once as his ammunition was giving out, but that the enemy's fire had not slackened materially, and at least 18 guns were still firing from the Cemetery itself! Pickett galloped to Longstreet and showed him the note. The latter, who was heard subsequently to admit that he "knew the charge had to be made but could not bring himself to give the order," read the note but gave no reply to the inquiring glances of Pickett, who thereupon asked pointedly:—"General, shall I advance?" Longstreet turned in his saddle, and looking off, made no reply. Pickett saluted by touching his hand to his cap, and saying:—"I shall go and lead my division forward, Sir," wheeled his horse, and galloped back to the head of his division.

Longstreet left his staff, and rode alone to where Colonel Alexander was stationed to give the signal for the infantry charge. The latter had followed his first note to

Pickett by one dated a few minutes later, saying:—*If you are going to charge, for God's sake start instantly; the Federal fire has slackened: they have withdrawn the 18 guns from the Cemetery!*"

When Longstreet rode up, Alexander said something about the hazard of the attempt about to be made, and mentioned the fact that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that the seven 12 pounders he had expected to send with the column were not to be had; whereupon Longstreet spoke promptly "*Go and stop Pickett right where he is, and replenish your ammunition!*" Alexander replied that the ordnance wagons were nearly empty in consequence of the heavy drain of the past three days, and before a supply could be brought up, the enemy would recover from the effects of the bombardment just inflicted; at which Longstreet broke in—"I don't want to make this charge: I don't believe it can succeed. I would stop Pickett right now, but that General Lee has ordered and expects it."

While continuing these despairing remarks, Pickett's men came sweeping over the ridge.

When Pickett galloped back from his visit to Longstreet, the men gathered up their accoutrements, and prepared themselves for the command which would launch them forward into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." General Richard S. Garnett of my brigade sat upon his horse at the extreme right of Pickett's line, surrounded by his staff, and a number of officers of my regiment. He had arisen from a sick couch to lead his brigade, and now wore an old blue overcoat, closely buttoned up to the chin notwithstanding the heat of the July afternoon. The same *coolness* extended to his noble soul, for no one would have imagined that the quiet figure, calmly smoking, as he awaited the order which was to be his own death-knell, had come (when honorably excused by illness) despite a strong presentiment, soon to be fatally confirmed, that he was going into his last battle. "Any farther instructions" asked Garnett, as General Pickett rode up. "No, Dick, I believe not," quoth the latter,

“unless it be to advise you to make the very best kind of time in crossing the valley; *it is a devilish ugly place over yonder*, and we can’t afford to let them double teams on us.”

At this juncture, upon orders from the Brigadier General (Garnett) my company was deployed as skirmishers, and sent forward to drive in the Federal sharpshooters, who were swarming in the valley like the locusts in Egypt, and to pull down a number of “stake-and-rider” fences, which obstructed the path of the division between the lines. It was not a pleasant duty, as while we were engaged in tearing down the fencing the Yankee sharpshooters, safely ensconced in the sunken road, and behind the brick house, plied us with their leaden compliments with ceaseless activity. However, I directed the rails to be thrown into piles, which, when our work was done, formed a temporary breastwork behind which we lay until the column appeared. While thus engaged, I hastily surveyed the field over which our column would pass. From the muzzles of our guns to those of the enemy directly opposite was perhaps less than a mile, but to the “salient,” or cemetery, which was considerably to the left of the Pickett’s left, the distance was somewhat more than a mile. The ground sloped gradually from the site of our batteries down to the Emmitsburg turnpike, beyond which it began to rise, sloping up to the foot of the Federal works, which were on a ledge of the Ridge a little lower than the top, which was occupied by batteries and a second line of infantry.

Between the hostile line, the field stretched perfectly open, without an obstruction of the range from the crest of Cemetery Ridge, while the conformation of the enemy’s lines was such that every battery from the bend near town to the slopes of Round Top could be concentrated at any point of the Valley. It will be seen, therefore, that the field was a beautiful natural amphitheatre, carpeted with verdure, and supplied with an upper tier of seats, from which the disengaged troops of both armies could gaze as breathless spectators of the bloody,

and thrilling drama about to be enacted in the plain below. Truly it was a thrilling spectacle when scarce 12,000 gallant Southerners marched forth to capture a fortress bristling with cannon, and defended by 40,000 of the flower of the Northern host!

"Attention, battalion!" "Dress in line, men!" "Steady, in the centre!" "Guide upon your right, Men!" "Forward!" "MARCH!" These were some of the commands heard from the stentorian lungs of the colonels, forming their men for the charge, as they stood in line behind the ridge. The troops are in motion. General George E. Pickett, with his brother Charlie, and one or two other staff officers, comes riding over the brow of the hill. There is the murmur and jingle of thousands of men beginning to move forward; and then the heads of the troops are seen as they also come over the ridge. The cannoneers cease firing, and sit astride of their smoking guns to make room for the infantry who must pass between them. *"Give it to 'em, boys; we've got 'em demoralized; and you'uns can make 'em git up an' dust out'n them dirt piles!"* thus quoth the big gunners to the small gunners who responded cheerfully.

Soon the whole line is visible, ten regiments in front, and Armistead's five following directly after. Colonels on horseback lead the way; behind them a moving wall of steel; at intervals of half a hundred yards, the red battle flags floating high above the bayonet-points; here and there an officer motioning with his sword to perfect the alignment, which, as a general thing, is as fine as on a holiday parade. The whole division now has a uniform, steady step, stirring the dry stubble into a cloud of dust as they move; the flags flutter and snap, the glaring sunlight gleams upon burnished bayonets and officers' swords, low words of command are heard, and with slow determined, unhesitating front this grand array of gallant men descends the slope and enters in the valley—the valley, alas, of the Shadow of Death! How different were the emotions of the on-looking armies on either wall of the valley! In many respects it was the combat of the

Horatii, and Curatii repeated; but though its results must decide the fate of one or the other of the combatants it differed from the ancient Roman conflict in the marked inequality of the respective champions. Before Pickett's men had come an hundred yards from the brow of the ridge, the Federal artillery, which had stood almost silent, for a few minutes, as if amazed at the spectacle, opened its wildest fury upon the column. Shot, shell, shrapnel, spherical case—every missile in the decalogue of death—came shrieking and hurtling through the air in horrible density.

A ponderous shell screams across the valley, striking the ground in front of the advancing line, bursts and "cuts a swath" of ten men out of a company. Four of them all flat upon their faces, never more to rise; five or six others limp away to the rear, or lie moaning and groaning in agony. "Close up, men!" shouts the captain; and immediately the gap is closed; a new "touch of elbows" is established, and the line moves on without faltering for an instant. "Whizz-z!" whistles a grape-shot, and the crashing of bones tells that it has found a victim in the same captain who just spoke! "Close up, men!" shouts the first lieutenant, now in command. Another crash, and the regimental major falls dead. "Close up, men!" and we step over the corpse, and march right on.

I have said that according to Longstreet's orders, the Cemetery or salient of the Federal works, was to be regarded as the objective point of the assault; and it was originally designed to form the column so that its centre should be opposite that point. But for some reason this could not be done; and the left of Pickett instead of being opposite to the cemetery was so far to the right of it, that a partial left wheel, and obliquing course, became necessary as the division crossed the valley, thereby presenting the right flank to the foe, in Peach Orchard, and along the whole of his left wing. This enabled him to rake, or enfilade the right brigade (Garnett's) with over forty pieces of artillery, throwing grape and canis-

ter. The fire was withering, and almost decimated the brigade before a musket shot had been heard. I recollect that as we approached the Emmitsburg road, distant some 300 yards from the entrenchments, the storm of lead and iron seemed to fill the air, as in a sleet storm, and made one gasp for breath; and I noticed that many of the men bent in a half stoop as they marched up the slope, as if to protect their faces, and dodge the balls.

And now the supreme moment had come! We have passed the sunken road, and are somewhat disordered by some panels of plank fence that obstruct the right wing of Garnett's brigade. Looking up the slope, I see a dense blue line rising from behind the earthworks on the crest, wherein until now they had lain in comparative security. For an instant the sheen of the bright musket-barrels contrasted with the red clay of the works, and then all was hidden by the fearful, withering, blinding blaze that burst forth from the myriad muzzles, as if the hill had suddenly become a volcano, exploding deadly gases, and vomiting fire and destruction upon the valley below.

The meagre and isolated nature of our assault had left the enemy free to pack brigade after brigade into the works on Cemetery Hill; so that it is not out of bounds to say that 20,000 muskets were emptied into Pickett's column before a shot was fired in return!

The slaughter can be imagined without any effort at word painting. It was my ill fortune to occupy a place in the extreme right of the division; in consequence of which I had to suffer not only the dreadful flank fire of the batteries, but also the musketry of the troops far to our right; besides having a longer distance to traverse; so that when the centre of the division had leaped the works of the salient, we were still thirty feet from the works in our front, hence still exposed to the destroying fire. My regiment was almost totally destroyed—only 17 (seventeen) men escaping untouched. On all sides of me were scores of the dead, dying, and wounded. Terrible groans and cries arose from some of the latter. Little Jimmie Bose, whose presentiment of death caused

him to urge me to take his money and blank book, was shot through the heart at the first volley!

General Garnett fell not far from the brick house, and soon expired. General Kemper had been carried off with a shattered leg, Major Pickett also lost a leg, and the General was slightly wounded, though he was able to ride off the field.

Those of us who survived rushed forward. The flag of the Eighth Virginia fell four times in as many minutes, carrying down a life each time. New men picked it up and carried it on at a full run. Armistead's brigade had started as our support, but now came into the front line, and a few hundreds of the mingled mob of all regiments clambered over the ditch in front of the works. General Armistead waving his hat, attempted to spring over the ditch in front of the works but fell in it, shot through the heart. I speak of the troops being as a mob because by this time *every field and staff officer in the division had been killed or wounded*, and regimental coherency was at an end. Here and there a flag crowned the works, but scarcely a dozen men knew to what regiment it belonged.

The line of battle was less than one-third the original length of the division. Of the three brigadiers, two were dead and the other (Kemper) desperately wounded. Of twelve colonels, seven were dead and five wounded, of six lieutenant colonels three were dead, and three wounded and captured. Of 4,800 men, at least, 4,000 were killed or captured.

The enemy was even more demoralized than ourselves, and deserted his trenches by regiments and companies at a time. Others, however, stood their ground until our men drove them out at the point of the bayonet. Not that the bayonets were actually used, but that as our men clambered over the works ready to cross bayonets for their possession, the Federals made off to the top of the crest. Here they had a second line of entrenchments, protected by artillery and with the reserves of the Army drawn up—according to some Northern writers—"four

deep." It was as impossible to break this second line as to hold the one taken; for the two lines were only 50 yards apart, and we were a fair mark for the infantry not only in front but on the flanks. As General Wright remarked in the morning—"It isn't so much a question of carrying the Yankee works as of holding them after they are taken."

Seeing that all was lost, and that the enemy had thrown out a brigade to sweep along the front of the works and "gobble up" the feeble remnants of Pickett's division, I started to the rear.

To retreat was quite as dangerous as to advance, and scores of men threw themselves behind the piles of stone, and other slight defences, and were soon taken.

Liberty looked too sweet to lose without an effort, and I managed to escape almost in the face of the flanking troops, whose right wing as it swept along through a young orchard, passed within a dozen yards of me. Wilcox's brigade had come as far down as the Emmitsburg turnpike, and exchanged a volley or two; which diverted the attention of the enemy from the stragglers of Pickett's division, and enabled a considerable number of them to escape. In reference to Wilcox's brigade, it will suffice to say that it was not intended to form a part of the assaulting column, but simply to follow the rear of Pickett's right flank, to fend off any attempt to take him in reverse. General Wilcox came within about 100 yards of the works, but seeing the completeness of Pickett's overthrow wisely withdrew. His loss, however, was above 200 men from the artillery fire, and stray shots.

In the foregoing, I have confined myself to the movements of Pickett's division because being a member of it, I could speak of my own knowledge.

As the conduct of the co-operating divisions has been a subject of some discussion attended with crimination and recrimination between overzealous friends of the respective corps, I will now review, with all candor, such of the facts as I am cognizant of, or have reason to accept as reliable.

It will be remembered that the assaulting column as organized by General Longstreet was made up of Pickett's and Pettigrew's divisions, supported by Trimble's division consisting of the brigades of A. M. Scales, and J. H. Lane, both of Pender's division. Earlier in the day, Pettigrew had been ordered by General Longstreet to form in rear of Pickett, and to follow him as supporting division; a circumstance that doubtless gave rise to the common rumor that Pettigrew had been assigned as the support of Pickett's men and had failed in his duty. But this arrangement was countermanded within the hour; and Pettigrew received instructions to form on Pickett's left and to advance with him on the same line, thereby making the column of assault present a frontage of two divisions. The centre of this column (i. e. the right of Pettigrew and left of Pickett) was designed to strike the Federal works at the salient (Cemetery); and as this portion of the column would strike the enemy in advance of the extended wings, the two brigades of Lane and Scales (under Trimble) were formed directly in rear of Pettigrew's right; while Pickett, having two brigades in front, placed one of his brigades in rear of his left.

This arrangement seemed to ensure that the bulk of the assaulting column would strike and hold the swell of the Cemetery Ridge known as the salient of the enemy's position.

"Man proposes" but it is rarely he obtains the lucky "dispose" he aimed for. Pettigrew, although one of the noblest, most gallant and skillful of officers had only taken command of the division 36 hours before being ordered to report to Longstreet for this hazardous undertaking; hence may be supposed without detracting, to have been new in the place, and unfamiliar with the prompt handling of so extended a line. Besides, two, at least, of his brigades were commanded by colonels equally new in place; while many of the best field and line officers had been killed or disabled on the previous day.

These circumstances account for the difference in the movement of the two divisions which has occasioned invidious and unjust remarks.

When the hour for advance had arrived, and Pickett came galloping back from consulting Longstreet, he found his division of three fresh brigades, each with its brigadier and regimental officers ready to move at instant notice. Whether he notified Pettigrew that he was about to start, or simply left it for him to discover that the movement had begun by the advance of Kemper on his right, is not now known; but I am disposed to believe that the latter was the fact because Longstreet would not even order Pickett to start and rode off by himself; and Pickett was not the man to trouble himself about the action of any other division, especially if there appeared an opening to win heavy laurels through individuality of movement.

Be that as it may, however, I am satisfied that Pettigrew's men did not get in motion until after Pickett was 300 or 400 yards on his way across the valley. The time and space thus lost gained by the increased speed of our division after the artillery fire began to rake us so heavily. At this time, glancing back, I saw Pettigrew's line just well rid of the skirt of woods on the crest of the Ridge, say 400 yards to our left and rear. This interval was not diminished the next time I looked in that direction, which was as we approached the Emmitsburg turnpike. The bed of this road is sunken some two feet deeper than the adjacent field; so that the regularity of the lines was somewhat shaken in passing the road, and the momentary delay enabled a portion of the troops on our left to approach nearly in continuation of our lines.

To account still further for the difference of rate of approach to the enemy, it should be borne in mind that there was a considerable bend in Seminary Ridge from the apex of which Pickett started, while Pettigrew had some 200 yards farther to go.

In the alignment of Pettigrew's division, Archer's brigade held the right, with Pettigrew's under Marshall next, Davis next, and Brokenborough on the left.

General J. R. Trimble, commanding Scales' and Lane's brigades, which were in rear of Pettigrew's right at the start, says: "Pickett's line being in view of the enemy at the start, and nearest to him, would naturally attract the most attention, and receive at first the severest fire from his front, and his division be the first to suffer; as the one which most threatened the enemy, and, therefore, the first to be crushed. As soon, however, as Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions fairly appeared on the open ground at the top of Seminary Ridge, furious discharges of artillery were poured into them from the line in their front and from their left flank by the line which overlapped them near Gettysburg. To the artillery fire was soon added a ceaseless storm of small arms as they marched down the slope. It will be understood that as Pickett's line was overlapped by the Federal lines on his *right*, and Pettigrew and Trimble by the Federal lines on their *left*, each of these commands had a separate and distinct discharge of artillery and musketry to encounter, the one as severe and incessant as the other, though Pickett's men felt its intensity sooner than the others, and was the first to be crushed under fire before which no troops could live; while Pettigrew and Trimble suffered as much or more before the close because longer under fire in consequence of marching farther. . . . It would have been more in accordance with military principles had Pettigrew and Trimble started 15 minutes before Pickett, so as to have brought them all to the enemy's line at the same moment. The result would probably been the same; yet, 10 or 15 minutes sooner or later, in the movements of a heavy column often produces a decided difference in the result of a battle."

General Trimble has clearly stated the situation of the several commands and the result. Then proceeds: "Notwithstanding the losses as we advanced the men marched with the deliberation and accuracy of men on

drill. I observed the same of Pettigrew's line when as the latter was within 100 or 150 yards of the Emmitsburg road, they seemed to sink into the earth under the tempest of fire poured into them. *We passed over the remnant* of their line and immediately after some one close by my left sung out, "three cheers for the Old North State," when both regiments sent up a hearty shout, on which I said to my aide, "Charlie, I believe those first fellows are going into the enemy's lines." They did get to the road and drove the opposing line from it. They continued there some minutes discharging their pieces at the enemy. The loss here was fearful, and I knew no troops could long endure it. I was anxious to know how things went on with the troops on our right, and taking a deliberate view of the field over which Pickett had advanced, I perceived squads of men falling back west of the Emmitsburg road. By this, I inferred that Pickett's division had been repulsed, and if so, that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to continue the contest. I, therefore, did not attempt to rally the men who began to give back from the fence. As I followed the retiring line on horseback at a walk to the crest of Seminary Ridge, I had cause to wonder how *anyone* could escape wounds or death."

Elsewhere under date of November 24, 1875, Trimble writes to Major J. W. Daniel: "My men were the *last* to leave the field. This I know, as I rode in the lines between Scales' and Lane's brigades from the start down to the Emmitsburg road, passing over the wreck of Pettigrew's division. Before my line recoiled from a concentrated fire from my front and left, I looked to the right where Pickett's men had been seen to advance and beheld nothing but isolated and scattered remnants of that splendid line. When we reached the Emmitsburg road, the terrific fire right in their faces, with their comrades melting away around them, our line began to slowly yield, or rather cease to advance beyond the road. It was there, as I sat still on my horse, wounded, and *at the road*, my aide, Charley Grogan said: "General, the men are

falling back, shall I rally them?" Before replying, I looked again to the right for the effect of Pickett's charge, but could see nothing but a few men moving in squads to the rear. After a deliberate view of the field, I said: "No, Charley, the best thing these brave fellows can do is to get out of this." So mounting my horse, (from which I had alighted) with the help of Grogan, we followed at a walk our men to the rear. I am sure that my men continued the contest *some time* after Pickett's force had been dispersed, not that we fought better, but because as a second line, we did not reach the enemy quite as soon as the troops on our right."

Strange how eye-witnesses differ! Captain Louis D. Young, aide de camp to Pettigrew says: "From the crest upon which he was entrenched the hill sloped gradually forming a natural glacis; and the conformation of the ground was such that when the left of our line approached his line of works it must come within an arc of a circle from which a direct oblique and enfilade fire was concentrated upon it. Under this fire our left, reduced almost to a line of skirmishers, gave way. Pettigrew's and Archer's brigades advanced a little farther, and in perfect continuation of Pickett's line, which arrived at the works sooner than we did only because they jutted out in his front, and because he had to move over a considerably shorter distance. The right, formed by Archer's and Pettigrew's brigades rested on the works while the left, of course, farther removed, say 40 to 60 yards, was subjected to a fire even more fatal than that which had driven back the brigades on our left. . . . Our brigade gave way likewise, and *simultaneously with it the whole line*. The *supports* under General Trimble *did not reach as far as we had.*"

Yet Trimble says he "marched over the remnants," and "passed over the wreck" of Pettigrew's whole division!

General James H. Lane states that when Trimble ordered him forward, he advanced and took position "on the left of the troops that were fighting, and when the

right of my brigade was *within a short distance of the stone fence* that was used by the enemy for a breast-work" one of General Longstreet's staff came dashing up through a hot fire with orders to move his command to the left to face a flanking force thrown out by the enemy, which was already raking them with destructive fire. On ordering Colonel Avery of the 33d North Carolina to face to meet the new attack, he replied: "My God! General Lane, do you intend rushing your men into such a place unsupported, and when the troops on the right are falling back." "Seeing it was useless to sacrifice so many brave men, I ordered my command back." General Lane does not state the exact distance at which he stopped his advance upon the works, but as the Emmitsburg road was "within a short distance of the stone fence," there is nothing in his narrative to conflict with General Trimble's statement.

General Lee says: "His (the Federal) batteries reopened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade were unable to reply or *render the necessary support to the attacking party*. *Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me* when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under the concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on their left. It finally gave way and the right after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering the advanced works and capturing some of his artillery was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks, and driven back with heavy loss."

Major Joseph A. Englehard, Adjutant General of Pender's division, writing under date of August, 1877, says: "Before the advance had passed over half the distance to the enemy's works, the second line united with the first, our right touching the left of Pickett's division. In this order we moved forward, subject to the terrible fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry in

front, and the enfilade fire from the batteries from Round Top on the right, until we reached the Federal works, which from the formation of Cemetery Hill, projected just where the left of Pickett's line and the right of Pender's (Trimble's) united. To the right and left the hill receded, and neither the right of Pickett's nor the left of Pender's did nor could reach the Federal works.

"The troops of Trimble's, (mainly Scales' brigade) and Pettigrew's commands who took possession of the enemy's works were fully as well organized as those of Pickett to the right of us, and did not leave until ordered by myself, when we saw the extreme right of Pickett's division give way, leaving the left of his division, and right of Pender's unprotected.

"I write of incidents of which I was an eye-witness. The wounding of General Trimble before we had reached the enemy's works, and of almost all of the field officers of our regiments near me, and the necessity for General Lane to look after the left of the command which was unsupported, placed that portion of our troops of which I speak under my special care, as Adjutant-General of the division. The point at which the troops with me struck the enemy's works projected farthest to the front, and consequently we were the first to reach them. I recollect well, my horse having been shot, I leaned my elbow on one of the guns of the enemy to rest, while I watched with painful anxiety the fight upon Pickett's extreme right, for upon its success depended the tenableness of our position. Surrounding me were the soldiers of Pender's, Heth's, and Pickett's divisions, and it required all the resources at my command to prevent their following *en masse* the retreating enemy; and some did go so far that when we were compelled to withdraw, they were unable to reach our lines, the enemy closing in from the right and left.

"We remained in quiet and undisputed possession of the enemy's works for a full half hour, the men flushed with victory, eager to press forward. But when the right

of Pickett's Division* was compelled by the overpowering attack upon its right flank to give way, the heroism which had driven back everything in its way being unable to withstand the natural barriers which protected the attacking force on the flank, there was nothing left for us to do but to surrender ourselves as prisoners which was much the safest."

Major Englehard wrote carefully—at special request of the editors of *The Raleigh Observer*, then engaged in a vehement discussion of the action of the North Carolina troops, with certain Virginia newspapers. Yet he is certainly greatly in fault in certain particulars, especially when he speaks of remaining "*in quiet and undisputed possession of the enemy's work for a full half hour.*" I have never met with anyone who staid even five minutes inside the Federal works "among the enemy's guns."

As before stated, when I perceived that our overthrow was complete, and that everything like organization was at an end, I resolved to make my escape if possible; though to retreat was fully as perilous as had been the advance. For the enemy had thrown out a swarm of flankers and sharpshooters to pick off even the individual survivors of the baffled division.

On reaching the sunken bed of the Emmitsburg road, I halted and prevailed on a number of others to halt,

*The eminent M. D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond speaks thus eloquently of Pickett's charge: "The division moved down the slopes with the precision of regiments on parade, amid a fiery storm of shot and shell, officers and men falling in appalling numbers, but the ranks steadily closing up and pressing on, with the calmness of a courage too sublime for doubt or fear until the heights were gained, and all that human valor could achieve was won. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was magnificent, but it was a mistaken one as a military movement. The charges of Soult and Murat at Austerlitz were splendid when their great Captain fired them by saying: 'Come now, let us end the war with a clap of thunder!' The charge of the Old Guard was resistless, but history records no greater charge than that which Pickett led. Well has it been said, 'on that day the name of Virginia was baptized in fire, and will illuminate forever the temple of history.'" [Author's Note].

and open fire on the enemy's flanking regiment now approaching through the young orchard near the brick house. The owner of the house had started to dig a well, and the dirt thrown out formed a tolerable breastwork. Here I soon assembled a dozen men, and as there were numbers of loaded muskets lying about, where they had fallen from nerveless, palsied hands, we kept up a considerable fire, until the troops on the same line, some 500 yards farther north of us, fell back. These troops were the remnants of Pettigrew and Trimble, I take it. At all events, I believe the fire kept up by my squad assisted in restraining the Federal skirmishers for some moments, and enabled a number of our wounded to escape. Whether this circumstance was known to Colonel Berkeley when he recommended my name to President Davis for a commission, I do not know, but I presume it was.

While halted in the road, I heard one of the Farr boys of Company A.—from upper Loudon, singing a hymn as he lay dying. He was near a stone pile, and lay on his back with hands clasped. In life he was noted as one of the most pious youths in the 8th Regiment.

To reach a point of safety, I had to retire up the same long, gentle slope down which we had marched so proudly only half an hour before. The field was perfectly clear and open, and the enemy's sharpshooters had easy range of my back all the way until the top of Seminary Ridge was reached.

It was not a pleasant thought as the missiles whistled past my ears, body and legs, like grasshoppers in the harvest field, that very likely the next bullet would lodge in the middle of my back, or crack the back of my skull! Each shot as it cut the air in passing was a keen trial to the nerves, and seemed to mockingly assure me that "next one will get you!" Happily, the Supreme Controller of destinies did not permit the fatal bullet to come.

Slowly toiling up the ascent, I found my strength going with every step, and when near the crest of the

ridge, which gave comparative security, (as the Federal batteries were not firing) it seemed as if I must fall through sheer exhaustion, and relaxed nerves. On the brow of the ridge was a solitary horseman, on a large iron-grey horse, standing near a tree, surveying the field through a glass, whom on nearer approach I discovered to be our noble chieftain, Lee. Seeing me sink down upon a pile of fence rails, he rode up to me, and asked, "Are you wounded?" "No, General, not hurt I believe, but completely exhausted." "*Ah, yes, it was too much for you,*" he said, "*we were not strong enough. It was my fault, and I am very sorry, but we will try to repair it.*"

There was the saddest imaginable expression in his voice and upon his features, yet withal a calm intrepidity marvelous to see, in view of the fact, that the enemy had advanced his skirmishers already as far as the Emmitsburg road, and should according to every lesson of military science have retaliated by launching a counter-assault against our crippled centre.

"Well, my poor boy," continued our beloved General, "try and get on to the rear; those people seem to be moving. Your division is ordered to rendezvous at the wagon camp on Marsh Creek. Try and get back there, and take a good night's rest." At this moment two officers rode up, and one of them reported that—"—'s troops were forming in the hollow behind the artillery." "I'm glad of it," replied the general, "It is time; I see those people are showing a disposition to come after us." The other officer, who was Colonel Freemantle, of the *Coldstream Guards*, the crack regiment of the English Army, remarked: "This surpasses even Balaklava." Afterwards writing of the scene, Colonel Freemantle said: "General Lee and his officers were evidently impressed with the sense of the situation; yet there was much less noise, fuss or confusion of orders than at any ordinary field day; the men as they were rallied in the woods, were brought up in detachments, and quietly and coolly lay down in the positions assigned them."

Passing on towards the rear, wearily, and a few paces at a time, I found a line of butternut-clad troops formed in line of battle behind the artillery, a sight which relieved me exceedingly; for I had not a doubt that the foe would undertake to capture the scores of guns planted on the brow of the ridge, now left without even a skirmish line in their front.

It was undoubtedly the best opportunity the Federals ever had of overthrowing our army. Meade's forces were assembled on the plateau of Cemetery Ridge to the number of 100,000; of whom 20,000 might have been left to hold the works, while with 80,000 or even 50,000 or even 30,000, Meade should advance on our right wing! The consequences must have been ruinous. Our lines were in horseshoe form, three miles in length, with the worst possible connection between the wings. Before assistance could have arrived for Longstreet he would have been routed, and had assistance been sent from any point it would have been left a weakness easily to be seen by the enemy. And as for our artillery, it could have been of little aid in repulsing the foe as it had already exhausted its powers in great measure. Colonel E. P. Alexander, Chief of Longstreet's Artillery, says: "The number of rounds which is carried with each piece in its limber and caisson is, including canister, about 130 to 150—about enough for one hour and one-half of rapid firing. I am *very sure* that our ordnance trains did not carry into Penna., a reserve supply of more than 100 rounds per gun, additional, and I don't believe they had more than 60 rounds per gun. I was chief of ordnance of the army from August, '61, to November, '62, and was familiar with the extent and capacity of the ordnance trains. When nearer Richmond, we seldom had a reserve of 50 rounds per gun." The terrific cannonade of the three days—especially the hour preceding and accompanying the infantry assault, must have reduced the supply of ammunition to a very low mark. To this fact as General Lee states in his report of the assault, was to be attributed in some measure the completeness of our

failure to carry the Heights*. Had our batteries been ready to follow the column, dealing rapid volleys at the flanking troops of the enemy, besides diverting the fire of the enemy's batteries, the result might have been very different. General Lee, himself, ascribes much of the result to the inability of our artillery to "render the necessary support to the attacking party. A fact which was unknown to me when the attack took place."

General Longstreet placed so much importance upon the co-operation of the artillery, that when told the chests were about empty, and few or no guns in position to follow the column, he promptly said, "Go, and stop Pickett at once." But, as before stated, on finding that the ammunition could not be replaced for a long time, and that there were no fresh batteries at hand, he allowed the infantry to move.

I am now well satisfied that Longstreet strongly deprecated the assault, and his judgment seems to have been the better; for no matter with what zeal or spirit the attack had been made, I doubt its success. For the whole Federal army being packed upon a narrow ridge, two and a half miles long, with the land so open in front that every assaulting party could be seen long enough in advance of its arrival to assemble reinforcements for the threatened points, I do not see how we could have broken their lines. As General Wright remarked: "The trouble wasn't so much the seizing of their works as the holding of them afterwards."

Shortly after passing General Lee, I caught a glimpse of Captain Charles Linthicum, our former Chaplain, now Adjutant General of the brigade, who was standing with his arm upon his horse's neck, and his eyes filled with tears, directing the straggling survivors of the division

*General Sickles explains the reason why the Confederates were not counter-assaulted after Pickett's repulse on the 3d nor followed on the 4th and 5th by stating that there were several conferences held between Meade and his Corps Commanders and the opinion was much divided; not as much in a question of advance *as of retreat!*—"for"—says Sickles, "it was by no means clear, in the judgment of the Corps Commanders, or of the General Commanding, *whether they had won or not!*" [Author's Note].

as they came back over the hill, where to rendezvous. I enquired the cause of his grief, and he replied, "There are none left, the brigade is gone, the division is gone, and our Noble General too." He referred to Richard S. Garnett, one of two noble brothers, both holding the same rank, and both called to lay down their lives in the performance of heroic duty. For it will be remembered that General R. B. Garnett fell at Ganley River, West Virginia, after being the last man of his retreating command to cross the ferry.

Richard Garnett had as large a soul as ever falls to the fortune of man, and during the period of his command won the hearts of all his troops.

Captain Linthicum was not alone in his sorrow for the fallen. Report said that General Pickett himself, who was slightly wounded, was seen making his way off the field, with bridle rein upon his horse's neck, and in a most dejected attitude, while tears rolled down his cheeks. I somewhat doubt the tears; though he had the best of all causes for weeping when of 5,500 of the bravest of the brave whom he led across the valley, not *one in five returned!* Of his brigadiers, two were dead, one severely disabled. Of his field and staff, his brother Charlie lost his leg, and every Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major—save one Major—14 in all—were killed, captured or wounded—of his 5,500 rank and file—at least, 4,400 were taken from the ranks, by wounds, death, capture or exhaustion. Two days after the battle less than 800 men could be rallied to take charge of the prisoners, and as there were few or no stragglers, the losses will be apparent.

After leaving Captain Linthicum to go back to our division rendezvous at the wagon camp near Breem's Mills, on Marsh's Creek, four miles in rear of the field, I soon found myself utterly and terribly broken down. Naturally weak and easily fatigued, I had not recovered from our thirty-mile march of the previous day; and after the intense excitement of the battle, joined to the extreme heat of the day—my strength fairly "gave out,"

and I became helpless as a wet rag. "Great heavens! if our army should retreat tonight, I shall be captured in spite of all my efforts," I said to myself, as I sank in the dust of the road, and could hardly crawl out of the wagon track. A comrade came up after a while, and assisted me a short distance, though he was in hardly better condition. Neither of us had either food or water, and could obtain none short of the wagon train, yet tired Nature refused to listen to our cravings for either, and down we went by the wayside for the night. It was not a pleasant bivouac; for every few minutes there passed an ambulance loaded with wounded, whose dismal groans were melancholy indeed!

Towards dawn I managed to make farther progress, and by sunrise reached the wagon park, where I found the remnants of Pickett's division about to take charge of the 4,000 prisoners who were able to travel. Several hundred of these had already made their escape, it was said, through lack of sufficient force to guard them. A thousand or more of the prisoners were wounded, and we left them in town.

I found that my regiment had been well nigh wiped out of existence. Colonel Eppa Hunton, and Major Berkeley were both wounded; though not dangerously. Of the 189 muskets carried into the battle only fifteen returned able for duty—I having the remarkable good fortune to be one of the fifteen. Several men who had been detailed as cooks were given muskets, so that Lieutenant John Grey, (acting Colonel) had twenty muskets and one officer besides himself as the remnant of the 8th Virginia Volunteers.

Our division hospital had been established at Breem's Flouring Mills in the Valley, and here a large number of slightly wounded and sick were collected. Several hundred men who had been confined in the brigade guard houses for petty misdemeanors, were now given muskets, the ambulance corps and detailed men were returned to duty, and thus a force of 1,000 men was assembled. The Blue Coat prisoners were gotten in line, and the three

brigades of the division, now numbering about 350 each, were ordered to take by turns the duty of guarding them. I, being still on the verge of utter exhaustion, concluded to start in advance, so that I should be able to take short rests when fatigued. But my good intentions brought me to grief, as on a former occasion (at Boonsboro) for I took the wrong road, keeping straight on when I should have turned to the left over the stone bridge.

Discovering my error, I gave up the struggle, and crawling into a dry hay loft—for it had been raining heavily since early dawn, rendering the roads fetlock deep in mud—fell asleep in the middle of the afternoon. At 8:30 A. M. on the 5th, I was aroused by the clatter of horses' hoofs; and hailing the nearest trooper, I asked, "What command is that?" "Stuart's Cavalry, Rear Guard of the Army—Better git out of that if yo' don't want to be took prisoner." I did not, of course, have any desire to be "took"; and, therefore, made haste to "git out", though sorely adverse to taking the road again.

The retreat was a surprise and a shock, notwithstanding that my judgment must have shown me that it was imperative, since we could not go forward nor stay where we were without supplies. Yet at that moment I would willingly have trudged back to Seminary Ridge, and once more essayed to break the Federal lines. However, it was all over; and by this hour the enemy were, no doubt, swarming into Gettysburg, and over the fields to inspect the relics of the three days' struggle.

As at Sharpsburg, Lee had lingered for two nights and a day, hoping and inviting the enemy to reverse things, and try *his* hand at attacking, but Meade knew that the game was now in his grasp; Lee must retire and this would afford him the same glorification by his press and people, that would be given him if he were to *drive* Lee southward, and as any attempt at that might result in "catching a Tartar," he sat still until the empty

stomachs of Lee's men forced them to do what he could not make them do.

The country in rear of our lines at Gettysburg was rough, wooded, and mountainous; affording scarcely a day's forage or food for a single corps. The cavalry, moreover, which reached the army on the 2d was kept on duty to watch the Federal cavalry; hence could not assist in collecting provender.

Stuart in circum-riding Hooker's army before it crossed the Potomac was forced to make a wide *detour* through Brentsville, Fairfax C. H., and middle Maryland, which greatly exhausted the men and horses. He reached Carlisle on the 1st and started for Gettysburg—Wade Hampton's brigade fortunately driving off a body of Yankee cavalry at Hunterstown, that was attempting to get in our rear.

On the march through Maryland, Stuart captured and paroled 800 prisoners, and at Rockwell captured 125 loaded wagons and teams, besides a large number which were burned when the teamsters saw that they were bound to be captured. After arriving at Gettysburg a severe fight occurred on the extreme left between the cavalry of the two armies, and Gen. Hampton was seriously wounded.

These transactions are here recorded as due that arm of the service, and in palliation of the errors of judgment that so crippled Lee, and precipitated the battle.

Besides the prisoners, a large portion of the wounded, such as were able to bear transportation in ambulances and wagons, took the road for Cashtown, Greencastle, and Williamsport. Soon the difficulties of the road which was narrow and rocky, added to the drenching rain, and the bottomless mud, caused the trains to become crowded, and embarrassed, filling the highways and rendering the movements of the footmen, i. e., the prisoners and their guards, exceedingly wearisome.

Wagons, artillery, ambulances, cavalry, stragglers, wounded soldiers, Yankees, and guards were irretrievably mixed, and the continual succession of momentary

halts, to be followed by a rapid trot of a hundred yards, and then another halt, resulting from the breaking down of wagons, or difficulties in passing mud holes, were so inconceivably vexatious and fatiguing that I have often wondered why all the prisoners did not escape (as scores of them did) for the guards became almost indifferent; especially in the confusion after dark, when the crowded trains were painfully toiling up the winding pass at Cashtown. Doubtless more of the prisoners would have escaped had they not been too near physical and mental exhaustion to have the necessary energy.

We bivouacked at the top of Cashtown Pass in a wet swampy meadow where the water arose around our bodies as we lay in the dank grass. Fire was out of the question even if there had been fuel, for the rain fell unceasingly, and of food we had none. During the day I had kept up with the moving mass through "energy born of despair"—a kind of reckless desperation of endurance. But this night threatened to be too much straw for the camel's back. Had I not been afraid of getting really sick, and so falling into the enemy's hands, I should have put up at the first house on the wayside, and taken at least twenty-four hours' rest.

This cruel march was another instance of the unfeeling disregard of the sufferings of the common soldiery which too often characterized our Generals. As Ewell did not leave Gettysburg until near 10:00 o'clock on the 5th, I cannot see the pressing need for the haste with which the prisoners, etc., were hurried on over the mountains. Perhaps, though my own weakness made the journey seem more than ordinarily fatiguing—though every one seemed broken down by the mingled effects of hard fighting, hard marching, and short rations.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD

Bivouacking Near Williamsport—Change of Demeanor in the Citizens—A Touch of Malice in Return—A Brush with the Enemy—Once More “On Ole Virginny Shore”—Reach Winchester—Vicksburg Surrendered—All Across—Smithfield and Front Royal—Again in Motion.

July 7th.—Bivouacking near Williamsport. We have had a stirring day. Passing through Greencastle, where we had so lately flaunted our banners with proud enthusiasm, we found the citizens grouped on the streets, eagerly discussing the “news from Gettysburg,” and illy concealing their exultation over the retreat, if not defeat, of our army.

This feeling, of course, was perfectly legitimate and natural, but I felt like cursing some of the cowardly time-servers who had so cringingly welcomed us upon our advance.

At Hagerstown, the altered demeanor of the citizens was even more marked. Many remarks were made, such as: “*What’s your hurry—anybody behind, eh?*” or “*didn’t get what you came for, did you?*” One old hag, leaning out of the window of her hovel, yelled after us: “Oh, yis, ye louzy Revelscallims—rin right home til yer dirty holes of yiz! Shure an old Mister Meade is afther yes an’ he’ll *scortch* yer hides an be dom’t till ye!” Somewhat similar “scortching” compliments greeted us, or followed us from every corner, for the taunts were generally fired at our backs.

I confess to feeling distinctly nettled at this treatment, especially in a town, which by geographical location and association ought to have warmly sympathized, if not affiliated, with us. Therefore, it was not without a feeling of “*malice prepense and evil aforethought*” as the legal phrase runs—that I took occasion while resting in

the streets, to vehemently declare my disapproval of the retaliation-policy being pursued by our forces in *burning Gettysburg, Greencastle and the other towns along the road!* "I cannot believe General Lee designs such wholesale destruction. Why should our defeat be made the excuse for destroying this peaceful town just as soon as our rearguard arrives? It is uncivilized, barbarous!"

I did not state these things for *facts*; but the mere reprobation of them was enough. Like fire on the prairies, or quails scattering amid the bushes, the rumor flew throughout the town. "*The Rebels are burning everything they can't carry off in retaliation for the burning of Darien, Ga.*" Consternation prevailed throughout the town. Men could be seen passing from house to house; and soon a number of miniature Confederate flags which had been taken down, were once more "flung to the breeze." Some of my company who did not pass through town until this evening say that the report was still rife, and that wagons and carts loaded with furniture, etc., could be seen driving into the country.

Later—We arrived in sight of the Potomac tonight, but it is an open question when we shall cross to "Ole Virginny Shore." The river has been swollen by the recent rains into a "freshet" overflowing its banks and rendering the ford impracticable for even the cavalry. Consequently our enormous trains of nearly 500 wagons, ambulances, reserve artillery, etc., have been brought to a dead halt, and are now packed in close order on the "river bottom" or level meadows just below town. Most of them arrived yesterday—the remainder during today; and until our arrival were in imminent risk of total destruction by Federal cavalry which would have been a very disastrous blow to our army.

The great length of our trains exposed them to much risk from small parties of the enemy's cavalry, who would dash in at some unguarded portion of the line, and burn a number of wagons before the small force under General Imboden could receive information and hasten to the spot.

These tastes of plunder and success stimulated the enemy to a more daring *coup*, no less than the destruction of the whole train, as above stated. It seems that yesterday evening as the long line of wagons and ambulances was approaching this place (Williamsport) a brigade of Yankees dashed in and began to order their destruction. But the common belief that a train may be taken by half a dozen men proved erroneous. Many of the teamsters were white men and others were hauling arms picked up on the field. A hundred or more slightly wounded and sick men were also with the trains. So that instead of finding an easy prey, the Blue Coats found they had caught the biggest kind of a Tartar. A very fair defence was made by the conglomerate mob of teamsters, sick, wounded, stragglers, and even the negroes. General Imboden arrived a little later with his troopers, and a couple of batteries to which, luckily were added two small regiments that had been left at Winchester to guard prisoners, and were now just arrived at Williamsport, on their way back to the army. But for their fortunate arrival I know not whether Imboden could have repulsed the enemy who now brought up a strong force of both cavalry and artillery. However, they were driven off, and from the number of blue clad bodies lying by the roadside and over the fields, I conclude their punishment was heavy.

July 8th—It seems the fight yesterday evening was more severe than I supposed, and would have, perhaps, resulted most disastrously for us had not part of Stuart's cavalry come up on the flank and rear of the Yankees.

The rascals succeeded in destroying a part of the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters four miles below here, and thus prepared the way to entrap our trains.

This force, I suppose, is a part of French's command from Harper's Ferry. Had he been ordered to take position south of the river and contest our passage very disastrous consequences might have ensued.

French and near 10,000 men seem to have been left to sit and suck their thumbs at Harper's Ferry, when

even the half of that force might have seriously interfered with our communications and hastened our return from Pennsylvania.

All our wagons and reserve artillery are now parked on the bank of the river awaiting "the subsidence of the waters" which, from present appearances, is an event not to be expected for several days. The spectacle of our 500 white canvas-covered vehicles, with horses and mules intermingled, is a very novel one, especially at night when camp fires are blazing between the wagons. It can only be compared to the scenes of the great Mormon exodus across the prairies to Salt Lake, when ten thousand families, with every description of vehicle, were to be seen encamped. Still, I must confess I should more enjoy the scene were it South instead of North of the Potomac.

This freshet is a serious matter for us; because it forces Lee to halt, turn about, and take up line of battle with empty ammunition chests, empty supply trains, no forage for cavalry or draught-horses, a swollen impassable river at his back, and a powerful, reinforced, well supplied, exultant enemy in his front, commanded by an inexperienced General, who has just about judgment enough to listen to the demands of the Yankee press that Lee should be followed and captured, and to imagine he can do it!

Of course, he will learn wisdom if he interferes with Lee, for although a man may influence a lion to walk away from him, it is dangerous to step on his tail while he is going. Yet it would be an ugly business, for both sides, to fight another battle here.

We are constructing a plank ferry-boat, with ropes to be hauled back and forth. The scow will hold 30 or 40 men and can bring back some rations. Consideration not to be despised! Indeed, rations have abnormal value in our eyes just now!

July 9th—Once more on "Old Virginia's Shore"—and right glad to arrive! This afternoon all the prisoners and their guards were ferried over the Potomac—about

25 men per boat-load. The river is very full, muddy and swift, making the passage a not entirely safe or pleasant undertaking. I came over in the "first boat," and coming to the crest of the grassy slope, where I am now writing—stretched myself on the sward to rest and watch the ferrying over of the prisoners.

It is novel, and not unpicturesque scene:—the broad rolling river with a creaking craft moving to and fro across it, the dense mass of blue clad prisoners, the innumerable wagons, ambulances, artillery and animals crowding the broad meadows on the suburbs of Williamsport, distant about a mile from where I am now lying, the tall church spires pointing to the peaceful skies, and beyond them, high in the horizon, the bursting shells of Lee's artillery near Hagerstown!

Yet there is a sombreness about the drizzly atmosphere, and leaden sky that befits the contrast of the scene below—this dribbling return in a crazy craft, with the enemy howling at our heels—with the flaunting, cheering, joyous enthusiasm of our passage of this same stream scarce sixteen days ago. True we are not whipped, and need not return save as we wish. But, for all that may be said and truly said to that effect, the contrast is a sad one!

Night—The Yankee cavalry came after us yesterday as far as Hagerstown. At this, J. E. B. Stuart got upon his horse, and said:—"Boys, suppose we give our horses a little exercise." And then he went after these Yankees, who came after us, and those aforesaid went rapidly towards Boonsboro, and Stuart also went rapidly towards Boonsboro, and "they do say" it was a pretty race for nearly fourteen miles down the turnpike. Stuart's horses won't need exercise today.

July 12th—We left the south bank of the Potomac yesterday morning,—left Lee and our brave comrades in line of battle in front of Hagerstown—left our immense wagon trains huddled upon the riverside—left all the aspirations with which we entered Maryland scarce two weeks ago—and once more took up our march down

the well-known "Valley road." Our bivouac was at Big Spring near Martinsburg. Tonight we are at Hopewell Church, camping near the graveyard—a strange association of the dead, and death agents.

July 13, 1863.—Marched our blue coated charges into Winchester this evening after a long and exhausting march. It was noticeable how quickly the citizens seized the fact of the 3,600 prisoners as a favorable augury of Lee's campaign and an offset to the gloomy reports from Gettysburg that had preceded us. "Not a very bad defeat one would think from the looks of those chaps,"—said an old man to me—"I knew that Uncle Robert would be all right when we got the truth about it." And he went off briskly to tell his family of the half-a-mile column of captured Yankees he had just seen filing through town.

Alas! there is need for something cheerful to break the leaden rim of fate and evil fortune that is fast settling down upon us! Intelligence has just reached us of a very serious disaster that was befalling the Confederacy at the very hour which saw the abandonment of our struggle at Gettysburg. The disaster referred to can be told in three words.—*Vicksburg has surrendered!*

This, important post, which defended the northern limit of the score of miles of the Mississippi still in our possession—which brief interval constituted our sole connection with the vast Trans-Mississippi Department—had been undergoing a close siege for nearly two months. The garrison composed the former army of General J. A. Pemberton, which had allowed itself to be shut up in Vicksburg after the battle of Big Black: and appears to have made a stout resistance.

General Pemberton claims to have subsisted his garrison 48 days on barely fifteen days' rations; and "large" stories are told of the "mule meat" rations, and "cow peas flour." He claims likewise that he didn't surrender until his ammunition was exhausted. And he explains his singular selection of the "Fourth of July" as the day for surrender on the ground that he hoped to obtain better terms from Grant by offering him the additional

eclat of taking the city on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

His explanation will hardly satisfy our people. It is remembered that he is a Northern man, and has a fatal facility for surrendering, having now lost 40,000 men this year. Surely the loss of 22,000 soldiers, and 11 Generals, (four of them Major Generals, too,) I don't know how many pieces of artillery, and a post worth millions of dollars to the Confederacy—surely this was enough without aggravating the matter by the consciousness that it was all lost on the 4th of July! Pemberton won't do! His patriotism and fidelity may be, and doubtless are, entirely trustworthy but he is too unlucky. Napoleon never would have anything to do with an unlucky General, no matter what his qualifications. Skill would not avail unless it was lucky.

However, in justice to Pemberton it should be stated that of the 22,000 men surrendered, only 7,000 were capable of doing duty in defense of the place.

July 14th.—I don't think I was ever as near *rebelliousness* as tonight. The origin of this feeling was the blunder of somebody in authority, whereby this morning we were dragged out in a drenching rain to march fifteen or twenty miles towards Martinsburg: then countermarch back to this spot—thus forcing our weary limbs to a march of thirty miles—for nothing! To me every separate step of the 51,840 made by us was positive torture until at last I grew sick at heart. If there was any military reason—any end of strategy to be obtained it would be all right;—but to be dragged to death through somebody's carelessness or negligence is too bad!

July 15th.—Bivouacking at Bunker's Hill—Intelligence from General Lee states that three days ago, the Yankee Army appeared in his front near Hagerstown. Our lines were then withdrawn to form a kind of horseshoe, covering both Williamsport and Falling Waters, and for the past two days it has stood in battle array, inviting *Mr.* Meade to send in his card, or call in person. That individual, however, manifests no wish to cultivate closer

acquaintance, but has been digging and ditching as if he proposed spending some time in these suburbs. I sincerely trust he will undertake to "jump upon" Lee; for so surely as the Potomac runs down to the Sea, will "those them there" Yankees run a footrace from he! Saith the writer of this poetrie!

July 18th.—All is over! or rather all *are* over; for my words may apply either to the Trans-Potomac campaign, or the Trans-Potomac crossing of our army which took place on the morning of the 14th or 15th (I am not sure which). The river had fallen somewhat, and a pontoon bridge was also laid at Falling Waters. Lee found that his lines were too circumscribed, and provisions scarce, owing to the interruption of the flouring mills by high water; consequently he gave orders for the retirement of the army south of the river. Ewell, who marched by the turnpike and ford at Williamsport came over by 8 A. M. But Longstreet and Hill who were to come via bridge at Falling Waters had an exceedingly rough experience, as the rain fell in torrents, the night was intensely dark, and the mud road to the bridge grew into a "Slough of Despond" under the many feet and wheels ploughing through it. In consequence of this, and other dilatory circumstances the infantry failed to even begin to cross before daybreak.

The situation now became one of exceeding peril. The bulk of the Federal Army was within an hour's march. Suppose it were suddenly dashed upon the worn and illy prepared ranks of our men huddled round the head of the pontoon bridge! True, Heth's division was halted about a mile from the bridge to protect the passing troops but it alone could not have long checked even a single corps of the foe.

As it happened though, the Federals were in no hurry to fool with Lee, however he might be situated. Perhaps they had studied the military maxim that counsels the erection of a bridge of gold for a flying enemy. At all events, he made no show of pursuit until about 11 A. M., when a division of cavalry drew near, and opened its

batteries upon Heth's division. Pettigrew's brigade was acting as rear-guard, and lay in line across the road.

No enemy was in sight and many of the men had stacked their muskets. A battalion of cavalry was seen coming up the road, but every one supposed it to be some of Stuart's men until they drew their pistols and dashed in among our men. It was a complete surprise, and some confusion prevailed, but soon our men rallied, and killed or captured all but two or three of the command.

They succeeded tho' in inflicting a mortal wound upon the brave and noble Johnston J. Pettigrew, who died at Bunker Hill last night. He was a man far above the average, and was rapidly rising in military prominence. Of him the Rev. Mr. Wilmer says: "In a ministry of 30 years I have never witnessed a more sublime example of Christian resignation, and hope in death."

General Heth began to cross about 12 M. at which time the enemy in large force showed a disposition to "chaw him up." He faced about, and repulsed every attack until 1 P. M., when all came over except some 500 stragglers, sick and wounded and a few men who were on picket, and could not be notified in time.

Two pieces of artillery were left sticking in the mud—the extra horses not coming in time to drag them off. Some broken down wagons also were left.

Take it all in all it was a very clean passage of a swollen river, on a villainously dark, stormy night, with a powerful foe tagging at our heels.

Meade published an order saying he had captured a brigade of infantry. Whereupon General Lee published a card flatly denying it, and saying: "The enemy did not capture any organized body of my men, but only a few stragglers, and such as were left asleep on the road exhausted by the fatigue and exposure of one of the most inclement nights I have ever known at this season of the year."

The enemy have followed us over the Potomac, and were at Martinsburg on the 16th, but Fitz Lee, and Chambliss of the cavalry, set upon them, and ran them back into their holes.

Our whole army is gradually concentrating here; but whether to recruit for a formed movement, or to once more retire to the old lines cannot yet be told.

July 19th.—Marched to Smithfield and camped, evidently we are going back to the old lines on the Rappahannock. I dread the long marches, but still more the effect of our continual reverses upon the fate of the Confederacy.

July 21st.—Bivouacked last night at Milford, and to-night we sleep on the top of the Blue Ridge, in Chester Gap, one mile northeast of Front Royal.

It has been an exciting day. It appears that the enemy—fearing our advance into Loudon, and on, down the river towards Washington, sent Buford with all his cavalry to seize the Blue Ridge gaps in upper Loudon. Lee learned of this movement in time to order Longstreet to hasten to Front Royal to seize Manassas and Chester Gaps lest the Federals should block us in the Valley, and force us to make a wide *detour* to get between him and Richmond. This morning, on reaching the Shenandoah, a few miles from Front Royal, we found it swollen past fording except at great risk. Sometime elapsed before the pontoons could be brought up, and a bridge laid; and in the meanwhile there were most strenuous messages brought from the 17th Virginia Regiment, of Corse's brigade, which had been left to guard the Gap, stating that Buford had suddenly appeared, and was surrounding them with a circle of fire. Of course, we could not allow our brother Virginians to be "gobbled" in any such way; therefore, we stripped in *puris naturalibus* (Adam-and-Eve costume) and with guns held high over our heads, plunged into the strong, cold, muddy, torrent. It was a feat easier begun than finished, but we all came safely over without losing a man, though some little chaps were obliged to go over in a skiff. "This business is for six-footers, *only*," quoth I. "None others need apply." Just then my own nose,—altho I possess two inches more than six feet in stature—was only a very little above water. Hastily donning our clothes, we set off on a dog trot for

Front Royal, where we found the citizens anxiously watching the fight in progress upon the slope of Chester Gap. Far up upon the mountain side could be seen the little puffs of white smoke which told that our friends of the 17th were still fighting. It was a long and exhausting toil to climb the mountain slopes. Several dead Yankees at various points showed that the Federals had nearly seized the Gap.

Just as the summit of the pass was reached, we being at the time in an open field, I saw our skirmishers running to the woods in all directions; and the next moment a battalion of "dragoons" came galloping down the slope firing their "navy revolvers" and almost shoving them into our faces.

Fortunately a fence was near, and we gave them as good as they sent, firing a volley that emptied a number of saddles, and put the rest to the "right about." Our loss was very trifling, happily.

Of course, the men of the 17th were exceedingly delighted at their escape, and have gone down the mountain. We, on the other hand, are *not delighted*; for it is not pleasant to camp on the Mountain top in the open air without supper, water, or a chance to sleep; for between the Yankees and millions of little gnats that do here abound, I see small prospect for a comfortable night.

July 22d.—What a siege we had last night! I yet shudder at the recollection of it! With my usual luck I was detailed to stand on picket at a lonely spot on the side of the Mountain. It was bad enough to occupy such a position after a wearisome all-day march: it was still worse to have nothing to eat, but certainly worse still to furnish *something to eat* for the myriad millions and billions, and quadrillions of pestiferous little field gnats which there do dwell. The like of these insatiable pests I never saw, and certainly never wish *again to feel*! Throughout the long sultry night, I crouched at the foot of a dead pine, which stretched its gaunt arms far out against the bare landscape, affording a fit resting place for a hoary buzzard that perched in calm expectation of the departure

of the troops from the rocky field below, leaving it to gorge on the bloating corpses of the slain. I soon fell into a mood befitting the melancholy dreariness of the scene, and felt more depressed and lonely than I have been for months. How strange it is that we experience a sensation of dread when alone with a corpse at night no matter how often our mind tells us that a lifeless body is mere clay. Is it inborn superstition, or the result of injudicious influences in childhood, or what is it that makes us shrink from the dead as we never shrink from the living whose power and will we know is good to wreak us mortal harm?

July 24th.—This evening we occupy our old camping ground near Culpeper C. H. General A. P. Hill is following and soon the whole army will be in position to encounter and defeat another “On to Richmond.”

July 29th.—It seems that Meade renewed his attempt to seize Manassas and Chester Gaps subsequent to the passage of Hill’s corps. Wright’s brigade had been left to hold open the door for Ewell, but when Rodes—the head of Ewell’s column—reached Front Royal, he found Wright’s 600 men on the point of being “gobbled,” as was about to happen to the 17th Virginia, when we arrived. Rodes sent his sharpshooters to check the foe, who now had fully 20,000 men in sight and was pressing forward seriously. Wright’s and Rodes’ men now put themselves in a strong position and defied every effort of the Yankee *line of battle to break them*. Our loss was about 100 killed and wounded, including Colonel Walker of Wright’s brigade severely wounded. General Meade himself was present, and doubtless had his whole army at his back.

Rodes moved next day towards Madison C. H. where he is tonight.

August 3d.—Again in motion, the army falling back behind the Rapidan. This is understood to be a change of base, with intent to more securely block the road to Richmond, as the Federals at Warrenton might easily evade our Culpeper position.

Quite a severe fight occurred at Brandy Station a couple of days ago. A Federal column of cavalry, and mounted infantry came over the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and advanced towards Brandy despite General Stuart's resistance, who with Hampton's brigade (under Colonel Baker) was forced back several miles south of that station. However, they were driven off by the sharpshooters of — brigade.

Aug. 5th.—The whole army is now in position on the Rapidan.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

A Cursory Review of the Battle of Gettysburg.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH

Progress of the War—Rumors from Richmond—Camp at Fort Harrison—Chaffin's Bluff—Defences Round Richmond—Cumberland Gap—Bristow Station—Mishap at Kelly's Ford—Trying My Hand at Authorship—Am Offered A Color Sergeancy—War Prices in Richmond.

August 6th, 1863.—The Federals are making desperate efforts to reduce the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina, so that they may have the gratification of reducing that proud city,—“cradle of the Rebellion”—to a condition similar to that of New Orleans, or New Berne.

On the 18th ulto., while we were absent on our Trans-Potomac campaign, a bloody battle was fought upon the glacis of our fortifications upon Morris Island.

I refer to it here because the chief assault was made by the Yankee pets of African '*scent*', the so-called colored troops, led by one Shaw, a white New Englander. Shaw formed his brigade with two lines of bayonets, the rear line being composed of white men, posted to push forward their “colored brethren” at the bayonet point.

Thus situated the poor negroes, half crazed with fear and mean whiskey, and seeing no chance for safety except in capturing our guns, (for the white troops in the rear prevented their flight,) rushed forward over an open sand beach upon our works, and were mowed down like helpless sheep! The slaughter was sickening! In ten minutes above 2,000 of them had been killed or

¹ The character of the omitted portion is indicated in the chapter heading.

wounded. Eight hundred dead bodies were taken up and buried in the trenches next day by our men. The Confederate loss was only 150 in all. This experiment will not create much of a furor among the Black maniacs even in Massachusetts.

Jackson, the capital of Mississippi has been taken by the Yankees, and its capitol robbed of books, pictures, furniture, and the like, and the venerable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in that diocese treated with great personal indignity, the Episcopal residence was robbed and burnt, and the Bishop's family treated with great cruelty and insult.

Truly these vandals neither fear God nor regard man!

Well! what ever else may be scarce in Richmond, there will soon be no dearth of Confederate money. Yesterday in the city one dollar in gold bought \$10 in "confed." Flour in Vicksburg, just before Pemberton surrendered, went off like hot cakes at only \$400.00 per barrel; and the people jokingly said the flour ought to be put into one side of the scales, and the money in the other and exchange the two by weight.

But it is rather a lugubrious sort of joke to apply the same proposal to all sorts of merchandise in Richmond as will soon be the case at the present ascending scale of figures.

Just now the demand for substitutes must be brisk in Richmond judging from the excellent offers in the newspapers. One patriot whose constitution disagrees with the prospect of a personal acquaintance with the "deadly breach" offers \$4,000 in cash to any gentleman who will act as his proxy and relieve him of his conscribed duties and share of the glories of "the tented field."

Another solicits an exchange of money, cattle, and "a valuable mule" in compensation for the courage and endurance requisite to represent his allotted portion of "martial glory." Still another wishes to exchange "a 250 acre farm in Hanover county" for an able-bodied bullet stopper to assume his duties in the defence of home and fireside and all that makes life dear!

These offers we think quite low considering that the sneaks who offer them will make the amount of the *bonus* within a week of speculating on the helpless.

Camp at Fort Harrison. Near Chaffin's Bluff on James River. Sept. 12, 1863.—Last week we were again ordered out for a long and exhausting tramp, the very thought of it filling me with despondency, for I suffer so fearfully on the march that I'd choose a battle instead any day and say *Thankee*, too!

Subsequently we learned that the Federal General Rosecrans with about 80,000 men, having secured the surrender of Cumberland Gap through treachery or equally shameful cowardice, had advanced to Chattanooga, and was steadily pushing back Bragg's little army of men—who were less than half the strength of the pursuers. Longstreet's *corps* was therefore hurried to reinforce Bragg, and check the Dutch-Yankee before he should farther penetrate the heart of the Confederacy. Most of the troops took railway conveyance from Orange C. H., the nearest station from our position on the Rapidan; but Pickett failed to get transportation at Orange, and marching on to Gordonsville, found no better luck. Rain set in rendering our march to Louisa C. H. exceedingly severe. Finding no cars at either Louisa or Hanover Junction, we were forced to continue our weary plodding "on to Richmond."

Happily the delay consequent upon our march resulted in our coming here for a long spell of rest, we trust.

It seems the movements of Rosecrans at Chattanooga were so threatening that the Government could not await Pickett's arrival, and sent in his place the troops previously stationed here, including General H. A. Wise's Legion—which is equal in numbers to any brigade in our division since Gettysburg. And upon General Pickett's representations that he ought to be allowed to recruit his wasted ranks, we were ordered here for the winter.

Passing through Richmond we received quite an ovation, the people greeting us with cheers and compliments, such as, "Heroes of Gettysburg," etc. I care nothing at

all for these glorifications, but when one is undergoing military service it is perhaps on the whole preferable to belong to a distinguished corps!

Chaffin's Bluff, which is obliquely across the James from "Drewry's Bluff," takes its name from Mr. Chaffin, the owner of the farm. It is about nine miles from Richmond by the river, but somewhat less by the direct road.

The bluff proper begins a mile or so from the river, to which it is at right angles and juts out boldly into the water, forming a precipitate cliff, some 200 feet in height and affording an excellent site for river batteries, similar to those, which in the spring of 1862, from Drewry's Bluff on the opposite shore scattered and drove off the Federal ironclad fleet.

The altitude of the forts directly above the channel, prevents the use of the guns of a gunboat for their reduction, while the plunging fire of the heavy guns in the fort would instantly sink the stoutest vessel ever built if she should attempt to run past them.

"Running Past," moreover, is rendered an impossibility by a labyrinthine net-work of stakes or piles driven entirely across the river (except a narrow, secret channel directly under the forts) which effectually blockades it.

Indeed I am satisfied from a personal inspection that no Federal vessel will ever pass these obstructionary defenses until our land fortifications shall be carried by the enemy; and that does not seem within the range of probability so long as there are men enough to occupy them. For to my unskilled eyes, it appears that ten thousand men within these fortifications ought to feel secure against 200,000.

Richmond is defended by a triple line of fortifications consisting of redoubts for heavy guns, connected by zig-zag lines of entrenchments for infantry. Besides these, there are thirty (or more) formidable forts with magazines, traverses, casemates, trenches, and all the appliances of regular forts. Each fort occupies a prominent point with special reference to co-operating with its neighbors, and covering every foot of the country in front, for at least three miles.

This chain of forts begins with Fort Darling at Drewry's Bluff, thence to Chaffin's Bluff, thence to Charles City road, thence to the Williamsburg road, not far from the battlefield of Seven Pines, thence to — road, thence to the Mechanicsville turnpike; thence to the Brooke road; thence to the "old Fair Grounds," and around to James River on the west of the city.

Thus it will be seen that before Drewry's Bluff or Chaffin's Bluff can be taken the lines of fortification of Richmond must be taken, which will employ an army of 100,000 men for several years at the least, unless the railroads to the southward be seized, and supplies for the city and the army become exhausted. But as this would be literally starving out, (instead of capturing) the garrison, a fear that could not be performed in this country with the right kind of commander in charge—I shall never fear the capture of our capital by a single army, however strong.

If it is ever taken it will be evacuated because of the utter collapse of the Confederacy elsewhere. Unfortunately this possibility is not so improbable as I would fain have it. Reports from the South are alarming indeed, Rosecrans, having marched thro Cumberland Gap,—the Gibraltar of the South—without firing a shot, has advanced almost to the Georgia line, and if unchecked must soon cut several important railroads, and strike the heart or certainly some vital part of the Confederacy.

Sept. 14th.—We are quite snugly quartered in log cabins arranged in regular order like the streets of a city. The brigade is camped directly in rear of Fort Harrison, which from an eminence commands the bed of the James, and the river bottoms intervening. These lowlands extend back from the river about a mile, and are extremely fertile—producing heavy crops of corn which are now ripe for the gathering.

The farm in front of Fort Harrison is owned by 'Squire Childrey;' but directly below him on the river lies the large plantation of 'Squire Aiken', which is now historic as "Aikin's Landing," or "Varina," where the Flag of Truce boats land their cargoes of exchanged prisoners,

or take out a "flag of truce mail." The land we occupy is, I believe, sometimes called "Allen's Farm."

This evening when the five regiments composing our brigade were drawn up on dress parade, I walked along the line, and realized for the first time the dreadful slaughter at Gettysburg.

The entire five regiments would not have made one ordinary Yankee regiment, though many of the slightly wounded of the Gettysburg contest have returned to ranks.

As the facts concerning the surrender of Cumberland Gap, that impregnable mountain eyrie, come to light from day to day the conviction deepens that incompetency amounting to criminality, or gross cowardice, or base treason must furnish the explanation of its loss.

Cumberland Gap is the gateway from Kentucky into East Tennessee and Virginia, being on the highroad from Knoxville to the former State. Two other public roads unite in the Gap. The ground in its front is very broken, irregular and wooded; enabling an enemy to get quite close to the Gap before being much interfered with by its guns. The Gap is of such extent that a large force is necessary to fully develop its capacities for defense. Frazier had scarce 1,700 men.

On the 4th of September, he learned that Burnside with 1,500 men had penetrated Big Creek Gap, 40 miles south of him; had occupied Knoxville, driven off General S. B. Buckner—who was commander of the District of East Tennessee, and was advancing from Morristown to take him in rear.

On the 7th of September, this force arrived, and demanded his surrender. Next day a division under General De Courey arrived on the Kentucky side, and also demanded the surrender. On the 9th, General Burnside himself sent in a demand, and Frazier, to the surprise of his men, acceded, altho' he had 35 days' rations and his troops were in fine spirits.

Frazier gives some plausible reasons for his action, based chiefly upon the hopelessness of escape from ulti-

mate capture. But a better soldier would not have done it.

Oct. 22d.—Those who thought that because General Lee had *loaned* Longstreet's corps to Bragg to whip the boasted western men under Rosecrans there would be nothing worth mentioning from our lines on the Rapidan, were convinced lately of their error. "Uncle Robert" isn't the man to sit down and go to sleep with a powerful enemy within sight.

It seems that Lee resolved to give old Abe another fight for the safety of his capital. So one morning about two weeks ago, he set off across the rolling hills of Orange County, swept around towards Madison C. H., and on the 11th of October, had nearly the whole army near Culpeper on Meade's right flank, and not so very far from his rear.

Stuart left Fitz Lee to hold the Rapidan line, while, with the rest of the cavalry he drew a picket line, or moveable fringe outposts, covering the march of infantry, and as was hoped deceiving Meade into the belief that it was another cavalry raid. But some infernal traitor carried the news to the Federal commander that Lee was marching with an hundred thousand men on his old flanking path towards Washington. So within a few hours the Rapidan was deserted and every Blue Coat wished he had seven league boots to beat Lee's "foot cavalry" in the race.

General Stuart, commanding Lee's advance, reached Warrenton on the 12th, and next day, with 2,000 men and 9 guns, that daring officer started for Catlett's Station to see what had become of Meade.

From a hill near the Station he perceived long lines of infantry moving down the Alexandria railroad, showing that the Federals were hurrying to head Lee off from Washington. Stuart started back, but what was his dismay to find that the Federals were divided, and one column was marching by the Warrenton Junction road, and had begun to pass directly behind him, placing his little band between two columns of 40,000! It was a

critical position—the most critical that ever befell so large a force during the war.

But Stuart, the daring, was now in his element; it afforded him a chance to get a laugh at the enemy besides winning the praises of our own army.

So without hesitation he marched his 2,000 horsemen into a pine thicket, and passed the word down the line to keep utter silence.

Night came on, and a council of war was held. It was decided to abandon the artillery, form the men into six columns and charge straight through the Yankee lines in different directions.

There is no telling the result of such a mad freak; it might have stampeded the whole Federal army. But Stuart on reflection resolved to send scouts to acquaint Lee with his situation.

Three scouts put on knapsacks, took muskets, and slipping out to the road fell into line with the Yankees until they got a chance to cross the road and go to Warrenton. It was a night of painful suspense. The last division of the enemy bivouacked on the road 150 yards from where our men stood in the bushes. Two of Meade's staff rode up and were captured.

All night long the songs and conversation of the Yankee soldiers could be plainly heard. Had a musket accidentally exploded, or a horse neighed, the situation of our cavalry must have been discovered. But fortune favored. At dawn the crack of skirmishers' muskets told of the approach of Lee's relieving column; whereupon Stuart wheeled out his guns and rained grape and canister upon the backs of the astonished Yankees. When the excitement grew lively Stuart limbered up and dashed through the hostile lines with little loss. Lee now pushed on and struck Meade's rearguard at Bristow Station, where an unfortunate affair occurred. General Hill seeing a small force near the station sent Kirkland's and Cooke's brigades of Heth's division to drive them off. But the supposed regiment proved to be Hays' corps concealed in a railroad cutting, who suddenly rising pour-

ed a deadly storm upon the small column which was advancing over the open field.

Artillery also opened from adjacent eminences, and tho' our men charged and broke the Federal lines,—seizing the railroad and holding it for a time,—they were forced to fall back from lack of support—the major portion of the army being still on the march miles in rear.

Our loss was 56 killed, 300 wounded, and a battery of artillery, one gun of which, however, was retaken. General Kirkland was slightly wounded, and General Cooke very badly wounded in the leg.

The Federal loss was 150 wounded, 26 killed, and 100 prisoners. The loss of the artillery was due to the fact that our men had already entered the trap before they realized their danger. Meade continued his retreat, and next day took position on the north bluffs of Bull Run—the scene of two heavy battles already.

Lee deemed it inexpedient to pursue him farther as he now had secured good defensive ground, with the fortifications of Washington at his back, and reinforcements arriving by the trainload.

Accordingly he gave orders for the destruction of the railroad from Bristow back as far as the Rappahannock Bridge; and leisurely returned to his old lines south of the Rappahannock, crossing that stream near the railroad bridge, (which had been partially destroyed by the enemy) on a pontoon bridge. The Federals made no attempt at pursuit.

Counting up the fruits of the campaign, we have taken 40 officers, 2,000 privates, a large amount of stores (by Imboden in the valley) small arms, etc., killed and wounded at least 1,500 of the enemy, torn up 25 miles of railroad previously useful to the foe, and returned to camp with the army in excellent spirits, having lost all told 1,500 men and 4 guns.

So the odds are largely in our favor, besides the *prestige* of have once more driven the Federal “finest army on the planet,” back to the fortification of its capital.

One of the Yankee prisoners, a colonel went crazy or affected to do so. It is hard to say which, for all stratagems are resorted to by prisoners of war to facilitate their possible escape.

Nov. 10th, 1863.—Disagreeable reading comes in the Richmond papers from our lines on the Rappahannock. It seems that Meade, seeking to retrieve the effect on popular opinion of his forced retrograde to Centreville last month, advanced on the 5th inst., to within a few miles of Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock, behind which Ewell's corps held the right of our lines.

On the 6th, a strong column pushed across the river at Kelly's Ford and succeeded in forcing back Rodes' division more than a mile, until reinforced by Ed Johnston. Rodes lost some 200 men in the affairs. Higher up the stream near the railway bridge, were Early's division, and the two brigades of Hoke and Hays.

Hoke's brigade of North Carolinians under command of Colonel A. C. Godwin (formerly Provost of Richmond) consisting of the 6th, 54th, and 57th North Carolina and Hay's brigade, consisting of the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Louisiana regiments under command of Colonel D. B. Penn, were ordered to cross the river on the pontoon bridge, and occupy the line of breastworks, which in horseshoe form, had been erected by the Yankees to protect the head of the railway bridge, at the time they occupied the country between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan.

The entrenchments were so small as to afford room for no more than two brigades numbering 1,900 men, with Green's Louisiana battery of four guns, under Lieutenant Moore. The two other brigades of Early's division, Gordon's and Pegram's, were formed in position on the high bluffs south of the river, with batteries placed to co-operate with Hoke and Hays should they be attacked.

Near noon on the 7th, when Hays alone occupied the works north of the river, the Federal skirmishers appeared, but the attack did not begin until near 5 P. M.,

by which time General Gordon with his three regiments had arrived and taken position on the left of the Louisianians.

By sunset the Federals had opened with three heavy batteries at short range, and had formed their lines in a half moon completely enveloping our ranks, which were not extended to the river at each end, but allowed some hundred yards' interval.

Shortly after sunset, in a high blustering autumn wind, three close columns dashed upon the works on our right near the railroad. Two entire corps were thus hurled upon two small brigades—or seven regiments.

Conscious that they could carry the works by sheer weight and momentum, the Federals scarcely fired a shot, but as they ascended the slope there burst upon them such a storm of deadly hail, as demoralized, shattered and broke the first ranks, many of them crying out that they would surrender.

The next line swept over the remnants of the first, and being checked, was quickly reinforced by the third line, forming a powerful mass which bore down upon the flimsy three-foot earthworks, sprang over them, and overpowered our men in hand-to-hand struggles. Many of our men used their muskets clubbed, when there was no longer time to load and fire.

As soon as the lines were broken, the enemy threw himself upon the flank of the troops further on the left, taking them on front and rear, and forcing the surrender of large numbers.

Moore fought his guns until the enemy was behind him. General Harry Hays had been acting on a court martial and only reached the field half an hour before the charge; when all was lost he put spurs to his horse and dashed over the pontoon bridge amid a shower of bullets. Colonel Peck of the 9th Louisiana, escaped in the same manner. Colonel Monaghan and Major Manning of the 6th Louisiana; Lieutenant Colonel Terry of the 7th Louisiana; Lieutenants Williams, Smith, Brown and Fitzgerald escaped by swimming. Lieutenant Colonel Ham Jones of

the 57th North Carolina, and Captain White of the 6th, plunged into the river but found the water too cold and were forced to turn back. Quite a number who attempted to swim were drowned. Lieutenant Colonel Tate, Major York, Captains McPherson, Grey, Adams, and Mebane escaped over the bridge in the darkness. Colonel Godwin, commanding Hoke's brigade, though surrounded on three sides fell back towards the river, fighting as he went, and had but 70 men with him when he surrendered.

Colonel D. B. Penn, Captain Gorman commanding the 8th Louisiana, and Captain Angell, commanding the 5th were captured. Our total loss was some 1,500 men and 4 guns.

Owing to the darkness and the high winds, the disaster to our lines north of the river was not known to the artillerists south of the river in time to assist in shelling the enemy, even if that could have been done without equal risk of killing our own men.

General Early stood upon the hill south of the river, and was joined by General Lee about the time of the disaster. One can readily imagine there was no cheerfulness in that party!

During the night of the 7th, General Lee formed in line of battle near Culpeper but was not molested.

Dec. 26th.—To relieve the monotony of camp life, I procured some pages of foolscap, and employed myself a week or so ago in sketching a nonsensical extravaganza, entitled "Jupiter at Home, or Life in the Clouds in the 19th Century," burlesquing the mythical stories over which I pondered in the classical pages of Virgil, Homer, etc.

Having finished it, I mailed the MS. to Jas. D. McCabe, Jr., the Editor of the Weekly *Magnolia* of Richmond, who today accepts the article but suggests the addition of two or three columns of matter. He says—"If the conclusion proves as happy as the portion already submitted to me I shall take great pleasure in publishing it."

Jan. 9th, 1864.—The *Magnolia* weekly contains my article "Jupiter at Home" which causes some remark

¹ See Appendix.

among the men, but now that I've seen it in type, fills me with mortification. Alas few things give me more mental disquiet than the thought that the years are rolling away the best portion of my life while they are bringing me so little addition to the store of knowledge which must shape my future career if I live to see the time "when this cruel war is over."

Feb. 7th.—The color sergeantcy being vacant, Colonel Berkeley sent for me and gave me choice of it with rank of 1st Lieutenant, or a 2d Lieutenancy in the line. I replied that my feet had been rendered so tender by the attack of typhoid fever, and the surgeon's mal-treatment, that I could not properly fill the duties of Ensign who ought always to be in place throughout the longest march day or night. "Besides," I said—"If I should make a *good Ensign* you would not wish to part with me, whereas as Lieutenant I should stand some chance of promotion. And while I am not very solicitous of military honors for honor's sake, I am dreadfully anxious to get a position that will afford me pay enough to dress decently, and to escape some of the depressing duties that devolve on lower rank."

Berkeley laughed, and said he had been wanting to recommend me for promotion ever since Gettysburg, but there was no vacancy.

March 14th, '64.—Wonder if it will not read curiously at some future day to know that at Messrs. Kent, Payne, and Co.'s auction last week their goods were "*sacrifices*" at following figures:—Ladies' black kid gloves \$33 per pair; ladies' cotton hose \$10; coat buttons \$47 and \$56; paper of pins \$24; Alpaca umbrella \$35; mixed cassimere \$65 and \$70 per yard; crepe \$22 per yard; French doe-skin \$90 and \$125; broadcloth \$125 per yard; calico prints \$7 and \$9.75; hoop-skirts \$18 and \$55; spool cotton \$43.50 a dozen; muslin \$11.75; foolscap paper \$130 and \$160 per ream; letter envelopes \$53, and \$107.00 per 1,000; suspenders \$12, and \$13.50; knives and forks \$12, and \$56 per set; pocket knives \$54 and \$560 per dozen; steel pens \$12 and \$56 per gross; pencils \$105 and \$150 per gross; dress-

ing combs \$200 per dozen; soda \$3 per pound; Gum Arabic \$7.50 and \$8 per pound; blue mass \$13 per pound; kerosene \$49 per gallon; crushed sugar \$11.50 per pound. This sale took place on a rainy day when very few were out, "and things went *off slowly and very low!*" Eureka, if Confederate Money is ever worth its face value what millions of it the drygoods men and grocers will own! And if it isn't worth anything what good is it for them to put prices up so high? One dollar or one hundred of no monetary value is equally worthless.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH

The Dahlgren Raid—Its Failure—His Death and Burial—Lee's Day of Fasting, "Humiliation and Prayer"—The "Shelving" of Gen. Meade—Hiram S. Grant's Good Luck.

March, 1864.—A few evenings ago while quietly resting in my bunk, I heard horse's hoofs, and one of General Hunton's staff dashed by to Regimental Headquarters.

A brief interval elapsed; then the sound of the "long roll" calling everyone to his feet, and in less than half an hour the brigade was marching to Drewry's Bluff where we embarked on the steamer *Shultz* for Richmond.

Strange to say it was already dawn before we were permitted to straighten our cramped limbs upon the rickety wharf at Rockett's. Then we learned that a powerful cavalry force had slipped past Lee's army and descended on Richmond.

The particulars of the affair have since come out. It seems that the Yankee General Kilpatrick with a division of Cavalry was sent to surprise Richmond from the North. Carter with one brigade was to proceed towards Charlottesville and distract the attention of our forces on the Rapidan.

The third division of the expedition was given to Col. Ulric Dahlgren,—a youth of less than 30 years, anxious for notoriety—son of Admiral Dahlgren.

To his name will attach throughout all coming time the distinction of heading the most deliberately fiendish and cowardly plot ever undertaken even by the Yankees. In his address to his troops, he says: —

"You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking, which if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters never to be erased—" etc.,

etc. . . . "We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Island first; and having seen them safely started, we will cross the James River into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and *exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and do not allow the rebel leader Davis and his traitorous crew to escape.*

"The prisoners must render great assistance as you cannot leave your ranks too far, or become too much scattered or you will be lost. . . . With strict obedience to orders, and *fearlessness in the execution* you will be sure to succeed. We will join the main force on the other side of the City, or perhaps meet them inside. Many of you may fall; but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a *great, and glorious undertaking* or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart, and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond. We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a *holy cause.* . . .

"Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy."

U. Dahlgren,
Colonel, Commanding."

Accompanying the Order, which was neatly written on a clean sheet of paper, headed in printed letters—"Head Quarters Third Division Cavalry Corps,—1864," were memoranda on a similar sheet:—

"Guides—Prisoners, with *Oakum, turpentine and torpedoes*, signal officer, quartermaster—commissary—Scouts and Picket men in *Rebel uniform*—These will remain on the north bank, and move down with the force on the South bank, if the communication can be kept up without giving an alarm. . . . everything depends upon surprise. . . . *All mills must be burnt, and canals destroyed* and also everything that can be used by the rebels. . . . As we approach the city the party must take care that they don't get ahead of the

other party on the South side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements.

“We will try to secure the bridge to the city (one mile below Belle Isle) and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed they must then dash down and we will try and carry the bridge from each side. . . . The bridges once secured, and the prisoners loose and over the river, the bridges will be burned, and *the city destroyed*. The men must keep together and well in hand, and once in the city, *it must be destroyed and Jeff Davis and Cabinet killed*.

“Pioneers must go along with combustible material” (The Oakum, turpentine, etc., above referred to) “and they must use discretion about the time of assisting us. *Horses and cattle which we do not need must be shot rather than left. Everything on the canal and elsewhere of service to the Rebels must be destroyed. As General Carter may follow me be careful not to raise a false alarm. . . . The prisoners must be prepared to construct a bridge, or destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning which will be rolled into soaked balls and given to the men to burn when we get into the city. . . . Pioneers must be prepared to destroy railroads. Men will march off to the right with a few pioneers, and destroy bridges and railroads south of Richmond. . . . Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it. . . .*”

There is more in the same strain, but this will suffice. A letter addressed to Dahlgren at “General Kilpatrick’s Headquarters,” and signed “John C. Babcock” says: “Dear Colonel—At the last moment I have found the man you want—well acquainted with James River from Richmond up. He crossed the Rapidan last night and has all information. I send him mounted on my horse. You’ll have to furnish him a horse. Question him five minutes and you will find him the man you want.”

What a pity he failed to give the name of this vile traitor willing to pilot a gang of sneaking miscreants

armed with "fire balls" to burn a sleeping city, and assassinate unarmed citizens!

Dahlgren mapped out his line of travel, crossing the Rappahannock at "Ely's ford at 10:00 P. M." Saturday night; stopping to feed and water on the banks of James River, at 2:00 P. M. Sunday; crossing the river, and reaching Richmond, "early Monday morning." Kilpatrick was to reach Richmond Sunday night but not enter the city till next morning.

Monday was set apart for the burning and sacking of this city—the prisoners were to be supplied with arms and fireballs and "*be exhorted to burn and destroy the hated city, taking care that the traitorous Jeff Davis and his cabinet do not escape.*"

Can human imagination picture a more hellish scene than these "noble sons of the Union" were deliberately preparing for a city full of defenceless women and helpless little children! Conceive of the 10,000 brutal foreigners, and still more fiendish Yankees, let loose and "exhorted" by their *officers* to kill, burn and destroy—rob, sack and outrage!

Happy is it for the American name, for the honor of humanity, and the history of modern civilization—that High Heaven forbade so brutal an atrocity and struck to the bottomless pit the black-hearted fiend who planned it. Strange to say, after all the careful preparations, after all the braggart promises contained in Dahlgren's address, the expedition proved the most contemptible that ever penetrated our lines.

Carter went towards Charlottesville, but was driven off by three shots from Stuart's Horse Artillery. This retreat was actually laughable.

Kilpatrick marched to Richmond, which he reached on the night of March 1st. Within the earth works two miles from town, were the "City Battalion" (Clerks from the Government offices,) and the "Armory Battalion" (workmen from the foundry) together with a few citizens and volunteers. Scarcely a shot was fired ere the brave Kilpatrick wheeled to the left, and galloped off down the Peninsula.

Meantime Dahlgren had reached the James above Richmond as planned, but found the water too high to cross; so kept on down the north bank of the river designing to join Kilpatrick on the Brook Turnpike, as had been agreed upon.

The night was dark and wet, and the citizen soldiers above mentioned having to cover several roads were stretched into a bare picket line; but when Dahlgren with 700 or 800 of his "braves" came dashing up to "sweep through Richmond," they received a volley that killed a dozen men, and wounded several. As the "Braves" bore down upon the lines, they shouted "Charge the damn militia, kill 'em, kill 'em!"—but at the first fire they wheeled and fled into the darkness. Another ludicrous fiasco!

Dahlgren with 90 men and 40 negroes, after killing some horses stolen by themselves, stole off across the country to the Mattiponi River. Meanwhile the whole country was aroused, and the militia turned out to pick up the fugitive Yankees.

Lieut. James Pollard of the 9th Virginia Cavalry with a few men of Lee's Rangers, pursued the main body under Dahlgren into King and Queen County, overtaking it near a point where two roads forked. A portion of the pursuers followed down the road, while Pollard with the remainder hastened across the country to plant an ambush about a mile below the village of Stevensville. Captain Fox of the 5th Virginia Cavalry and Captain McGruder of the 24th Virginia Cavalry now joined Pollard swelling his force to 80 or 90 men.

Captain Fox took command. Scouts were sent out, and learned that Dahlgren had stopped to feed his horses on the roadside. They remained so long that Pollard and some of his men went to the neighboring houses—thinking the enemy would not move till the moon rose at 2:00 A. M. However, a number of citizens came up—including a school teacher, with one or two of his boys, still in their 'teens, farmers with shotguns, etc. About 11:00 P. M. the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and

Dahlgren came riding down the road at the head of his column. Seeing two or three men in the road he ordered them to surrender, but was answered by a scattering fire of half a dozen shots. Two or three shots were returned. Dahlgren fell, and his "Braves" fled like sheep, backward down the road they had just come up.

A Confederate Lieutenant whom the Yankees had captured managed to make his escape in the confusion. The panic-stricken Federals fled through a field, and endeavored to escape around the ambushed party, but finding themselves barred by a creek camped upon it. During the night all the remaining Federal officers fled in the darkness, leaving their men to surrender next morning.

The party who fired upon Dahlgren were for some time in doubt whether the enemy had been driven off and while awaiting further developments, a boy of 13, named Littlepage, who with his teacher, E. W. Halback, had come out to take his first lesson in warfare, ran down the road and searched Dahlgren's body "for a watch," but found only a cigar case and package of papers. (The watch was in his *overcoat pocket*, seeming to indicate that this notorious raider had pocketed the watch on the route, for persons do not generally carry *their own watches* in their overcoats). Returning to his friends, the boy remarked that the dead Yankee had a wooden leg, whereupon the released Confederate Lieutenant exclaimed: "Then you have killed Colonel Dahlgren!" And so it proved.

One might call it poetic retribution that this fiendish plotter against the homes and lives of innocent citizens, after all his talk of "glorious undertakings," "desperate fight," "holy cause," and "picked braves," should have been routed by a picket line of militia, chased by a dozen volunteers and "Home Guards," and finally destroyed by a "strange medley of regulars, raw troops, old farmers, preachers, school teachers, and 13-year-old boys."

Dahlgren was buried temporarily where he fell, but was subsequently removed to Richmond for identifica-

tion. He was buried in a concealed place, whereof only one or two persons have knowledge.

All these occurrences "followed fast and followed faster," so that we arrived in Richmond only in time to hear that all was over, and the three divisions of "Braves" skedaddling in all directions.

It appears that the scheme had been carefully planned, as even the prisoners in Libby Prison grew intensely excited, and exultant, apparently conscious that an attack was pending. To intimidate them, lest they should attempt to escape by their own efforts, several barrels of gunpowder were rolled into the cellar, and a train laid, ready to blow the whole establishment skywards in case of any trouble. Of course, no such thing would ever be done, but it was deemed advisable to allow the prisoners to imagine there was danger of our "fighting the devil with fire" and "hoisting him with his own petard."

April 8, 1864—Today is the day appointed by General Lee as a "*day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.*" All military exercises were suspended, and services held by the chaplains in each regiment. I am not much given to them unfortunately, but I attended and felt particularly solemn. This evening I came to the bank of the river with Lieut. Lewis Shumate, and we are seated in an old family burying ground upon the bluffs overlooking the rolling stream.

S., who is my most cordial friend in the service, albeit he is an officer, and I only "*a high (tall) private in the rear rank*" is reading, while I, seated on the broad flat slab of a box-like tomb, am pencilling these lines. My comrade agrees with me that General Lee's unusual order setting apart these solemn services, presages not only the severest struggles, but shows that the odds are largely against us.

It is whispered that we have less than 50,000 on the Rapidan to confront the new Yankee leader, with his 150,000!

True, we have many a time whipped that many—the same odds, I mean, of three to our one; but now our men

are weary, weakened, less cheerful than heretofore; and withal we now have to deal with a man who will care nothing for the lives of his men, but will keep pushing them on our wearied ranks until like Constantine on the last rampart of his capital, they shall be overborne by the very weight of the corpses they have piled around them. Indeed there is a limit to the very sternest human endurance—a limit to the bravest efforts of our gallant soldiers; and when I reflect upon the constant increase of foreign immigration, which enables the Yankees to add thousands on thousands to her armies while ours decreases day by day in smaller ratio, it is hard to shut out unwelcome misgivings.

All we can hope for is to *wear out* the enemy by years of resistance, or prolong the struggles until some foreign aid be offered.

I am happy to say that as our realization of our danger becomes clearer, the army gathers itself in closer fraternity in proportion, and complaints and forebodings alike are hushed in camp.

I believe I have not yet mentioned that another of the Federal Generals has been “laid on the shelf.” George E. Meade has taken a berth by the side of Scott, McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, McClellan again, and Hooker.

Soon the shelf will exhibit as many decapitated Major Generals as there are saw dust babies in a toy shop, or images in a Chinese Joss house.

The last development is an exemplification of the doctrine of good luck.

General “Ulysses S.” Grant, or Lieutenant General Grant—for he was elevated to the chief command of all the Yankee armies on the 17th of March—is the embodiment of brassy self-control, stolid indifference, and *marvellous good luck*. He illustrates the saying that there is nothing so successful as success.

Sent against Fort Donelson with a powerful army and fleet, he had but to surround the ill-constructed mudhole and take it. Instead of this he threw away the lives of

thousands of his men, merely, I think, to create the idea in the north that the place was hard to take. After these losses the news of the capture afforded a sensation for the "Universal Yankee nation" and Ulysses became a prophet!

Then came the battle of Shiloh, where Grant allowed an inferior, poorly armed and worse supplied enemy, marching a score of miles to surprise him, rout him, and beat him into a cowering mob gathered into half a mile of space at Pittsburg Landing, protected from total annihilation by fortunate night and still more fortunate demoralization among the hungry Confederates, whose stomachs tempted them to loiter in the captured camps.

During the night by sheer good luck, Don Carlos Buell came up with 30,000 fresh troops, and marching straight through Grant's broken masses, formed in front of them to receive and repulse the Confederates, wearied and weakened by the previous day's victorious work.

Was there ever a more marked illustration of good luck? Indeed the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, itself was a remarkable stroke of fortune for Grant. Yet Buell got scarcely passing notice, while Grant whom he actually rescued, became the idol of popular extravagance. After this, the very force of his supposed success began to act in his favor.

The Yankee administration, instead of seeking to transfer him as it had done McClellan and Hooker, gave him *carte blanche*, and responded to his every call for men and means. Thus he was enabled to surround our badly organized and feebly led forces in Vicksburg—only 22,000 strong at best, and soon reduced by sickness, etc., to less than one-half that number—by above 80,000 men, and a powerful Mortar fleet—making the surrender a mere question of time.

He could have taken the place by merely surrounding and bombarding it with his batteries, but he wished to give an idea to his northern admirers that the siege was a desperate undertaking; therefore, he threw several solid columns against the works, knowing well enough

that they would be repulsed with deadly slaughter, but also well aware that this very slaughter would add to his fame and popularity when the final surrender occurred.

Here again luck perched upon him, for Pemberton weakly concluding he could get better terms, (though Grant had expressly demanded "unconditional surrender") surrendered on the *4th of July*, enhancing the glorification to the North by tenfold, and raising the stolid butcher of their soldiers' lives, to the zenith of fulsome praise.

Do not these events exhibit a most extraordinary "run of luck" as the sportsmen phrase it?

Ordinarily one would say that a chain of successes must denote the possession of merit; but in this case it does not. Had Grant come to the command earlier in the war, he would probably never have reached a brigadier generalcy. But, at the present stage of the struggle, two great changes in his favor have occurred.

The Mississippi river being opened, the Tennessee Valley occupied, and our defensive lines cut into patches and shreds, he comes to the command when there is little resistance to be feared.

He took command of the Western troops—the best in the Federal service—he was aided by the river and railroad system of Tennessee and Mississippi which enabled the rapid transmission of supplies and reinforcements, *as well as the co-operation of the gunboats*, which are rarely considered in speaking of his successes, though they saved him at Shiloh, saved the capture of Jackson, Miss., materially contributed to capture Fort Donelson, largely assisted in reducing Vicksburg. Suppose Lee had had, when he penetrated Maryland, a fleet to ascend the Potomac and the Susquehanna and bombard the left of McClellan at Antietam, or threaten Meade's communications at Gettysburg? Wouldn't it have made a very material difference in the issue? And now the same fortuitous circumstances accompany Hiram Simpson—His name is not Ulysses—that being a name assumed

by, or given to him by mistake when he was given his warrant for West Point. His "sponsors in baptism" if he had any, named him "Hiram Simpson") to the command of the Army threatening General Lee.

He comes in the third year of the war, when Stonewall Jackson, and Pender and scores of our bravest leaders have been killed, or been disabled, or transferred to other threatened points; when Longstreet has been worn down to a mere fragment of his former corps by long wintry expeditions in East Tennessee; when Lee's Army has been reduced to a little more than the strength of a single army corps in Grant's host; when our losses in the South have crippled our commissariat and reduced the rations of our armies to one-eighth of a pound of rusty meat, and a small cake of bread per man—when, in short, a combination of calamities have reduced our resisting power to the lowest ebb; so that with the entire resources of the North at his command, and enabled to collect a vast multitude of troops from all points of the world, he comes under circumstances that are *success insured*, no matter how great his blunders, unless we on our side can secure reinforcements, as matters stand we can only hope to *prolong* the struggle until rescued by foreign intervention, or until there comes that "turn" which is said to be inevitable in the "longest lane," or "the highest tide" of adversity.

Of course in such a condition of things we shall have many hardships to endure. Grant says he means to hammer away upon the Rebels until by mere attrition, if in no other way, they shall be worn out and whipped.

I suppose that is a game at which two can play, for a while at least. Lewis, my companion, says that Napoleon was near the fact when he said, "Heaven helps the side which has the heaviest artillery." I don't believe it, and I don't believe Napoleon believed it, for it is well known that he was a great believer in *luck*. Experience, wisdom, skill, talents went for nothing with him in the selection or promotion of Generals—provided he deemed the man *unlucky*.

Had he been in command of our armies, he would have promoted Stonewall Jackson and N. B. Forrest after every battle, but would have taken their commands away from Bragg and Beauregard and Wheeler, because though better trained officers than Jackson or Forrest, (who can scarcely read or write) they had no luck.

The poet, Thompson, truthfully portrays the spirit of this—of perhaps all ages, since human nature is essentially the same at all times—

“It is success that colors all in life;

Success makes villains honest, makes fools admired—
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world,

Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired!”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH

Receive My Commission—Battle of the Wilderness—Ed Johnston Opens the Ball—J. B. Gordon's Brilliant Dash—Harry Hays' Louisianians Revenge Kelly's Ford—Pegram's Brigade Shoot at the Waistplates—Heth's Men are not Left Out of the Frolic—May 6th—Wilcox in a Tight Place—Kershaw and Humphreys to the Rescue—"Lee to the Rear!"—Wounding of Longstreet—"On the Left"—Gallant Exploit of Col. E. A. Osborne of North Carolina—J. B. Gordon Insists Upon Being "Turned Loose"—Rout of the Federals—President Davis Writes Lee a Letter.

April 20th—Today I received my commission, ordered by President Davis, as the following will show:

Confederate States of America,
War Department, Richmond, Va.

"Sir:

"You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you Lieutenant, Co. L., 8th Virginia Regiment, for valor and skill, *under act of Congress, April 16, 1862*—in the Provisional Army of the service of the Confederate States, to rank as such from the 6th day of April, 1864. . . . Should you accept you will report to Colonel Berkeley. . . . " The commission is printed on a piece of vellum about one foot square. The terms for "valor and skill" were adopted, I suppose, to avoid using the old army phrase "for gallant and meritorious services," which is better I think than our own style.

This evening in company with Kirkbride Taylor, I walked down to 'Squire Childrey's on the banks of "the rolling *Jeemes* (as the natives call it,) and subscribed the oath to support and defend the C. S. A. so long as I remain an integral part of the aforesaid.

Lewis Shumate says that I ought to feel complimented at being selected—a private from one company to be

commissioned as an officer over another; but for my part, I think more of the *material* advantages it will afford me on the score of cleanliness, and freedom from distasteful association and degrading duties. Only a Sabbath or two ago I was ordered to perform police duty on the parade ground within stone's throw of the open booth where the Chaplain was conducting Sunday service.

But worst of all to me has been, from the first hour I entered the Army, the enforced herding with Tom, Dick and Harry—and the impossibility of keeping myself clean and neat while obliged to live, eat, and sleep in such proximity, *at such pay*.

I have often wondered if the Government is not aware that it is impairing the energies, and depressing the *morale* of the army by leaving the men so badly supplied with decent clothing? Say what you please about the man being the same in any dress. I *know* the soldier is *not* the same in rags, and in a neat, comfortable uniform. How can a man retain any pride in himself or his command when he sees himself and his comrades covered with rags, barefooted, greasy and vermin-infected—as nine men in ten of our army now are? It is too bad! I here put it on record that the only times I have ever felt like abandoning our cause, was when failing in repeated efforts to get a change of decent clothing—to rid myself of degrading “pre-posessions.”

May 20th, 1864—The shock has come, and while its tremors yet shake the earth, one can scarcely collect his thoughts to note them or adequately picture the hourly changing phantasmagoria of exciting scenes as they roll past. Even at this moment as I write the crash of mighty events fills the air, palsyng the current of peaceful avocations throughout this region at least, and once more calling to the tip-toe of painful expectation all who are interested in the question, “Shall Richmond fall?”

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¹ The omitted portion contains an account of the Battle of the Wilderness.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH

Battle of Spottsylvania Court House—Lee's Intuition—Kershaw Draws the First Blood—Happy Escape of the Mississippians—Hill's Corps Arrives—Doles' Brigade Catches It—G. T. Anderson Under Cross Fire—May 12th, Johnston Captured—Lane's North Carolinians Will Not Give Way—J. B. Gordon Leads the Charge—A Desperate Struggle—Nightfall—Estimate of Losses—Changes of Position—Etc.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH

Sheridan's Robbing Raid—Fitz Lee Pushes the Enemy—J. E. B. Stuart Joins the Frolic—Gordon Catches the Rear—Stuart Is Mortally Wounded at the Yellow Tavern—Excitement in Richmond—Our Brigade Goes up to Town—City Battalion—Department Battalion—Sheridan's Flight—Extracts from My Diary—Deathbed of Jeb. Stuart—Funeral Services—A Bit of Good Luck for Hunton's Brigade.

The march of mighty events during the twenty-six days ending with June 1, 1864, was so important and absorbing—(each day's strife being so interwoven with the web or shreds of the preceding day and that which was to follow, as to form a consecutive panorama of battle)—that the historian must hesitate to break the thread of the narrative to mention other important transactions secondary to the operations of the principal armies. For this reason we must now return to the first week in May, contemporaneous with the debouching of Grant's Army in the Wilderness south of the Rapidan fords. The Federal Commander, fearing that troops would be hurried into Virginia (wonder whence they would come?) to reinforce Lee, despatched Sheridan with the major por-

*The contents of the omitted portion is outlined in the chapter summary.

tion of his cavalry to cross the Rappahannock, strike across the country to the "Telegraph Road," or turnpike from Fredericksburg to Richmond, and on it down as far as possible, damaging whatever was damagable. Sheridan's force consisted of the divisions of Custer and Merrill, with a dozen light guns—in all probability 15,000 men.

When information was received that a column of cavalry had gone southward around our flank on the morning of the 9th of May, General Fitz Lee, whose cavalry division or a portion of it, was near Spottsylvania C. H., dispatched Lomax's brigade to pursue at a gallop. Wickham's brigade started about the same time, and Gordon's (N. C.) followed hastily.

Wickham and Lomax caught Sheridan's rearguard at Jerrold's Mills, burning and plundering, not only the granaries, etc., but the private household furniture. The robbers paid dearly for their plunder, and fled precipitately towards Beaver's Dam. General Fitz Lee now pushed the enemy so closely that he attempted to form line of battle, but was soon broken and scattered in the twilight.

Lee followed during the night, and about daybreak became engaged with the enemy's main body, which had planted its artillery south of the North Anna, and was destroying the bridge. Our troopers were almost worn out with five days' watching and fighting, and numbered in all less than 4,500 men (three brigades); but General Stuart was with them, and every heart had been fired at the sight of burning farmhouses, mills, fences, and farming implements which marked the path of the flying foe; therefore without pausing, they dashed over a narrow cow-ford, many of the horses swimming, routed the enemy from the bushy south bank, and on—on—on after them! The chase was becoming exciting. At Beaver Dam the Federals had captured and burned a train of cars; and bitter were the exclamations of our men when they saw that every house, barn, and fence in the vicinity was laid in ashes!

Farther on, the burning fencing almost closed the highways and the pursuit was continued through dense clouds of smoke. At one point, a wounded Yankee had been left by the roadside, unable to move from the fence corner towards which the high wind was rapidly driving the flames! Our men, more merciful than his own comrades, removed him to a place of safety, though there was little encouragement to them to do so, when within plain view was the smoke of half a dozen humble cottages burned above the heads of helpless Southern women and children, many of whom had not a morsel of food left to them by the merciless ravagers! Here the Federals divided—part going via Ashland and part across the South Anna. General Gordon (of N. C.) with his brigade followed the latter, while General Stuart with Fitz Lee (with Lomax and Wickham's brigades) followed the direct road to Hanover.

Gordon caught the enemy's rear at Mrs. Crenshaw's farm and routed it. Three miles farther down the road at Goodall's house, the enemy had camped to rest, and having stolen all the chickens, preserves, etc., in the vicinity were about to take a splendid meal. Instead of which they found themselves suddenly set upon, scattered and beaten by Gordon's North Carolinians, who killed a considerable number, and captured fifty prisoners. One Yankee was killed while in the act of wringing off the neck of a stolen chicken, and another was found with a jar of preserves plastered over his skull—he falling off of his horse with it in his hands. This savored of "poetic retribution." The pursuit was continued until near dark—accompanied by occasional fighting of some severity.

The brave Gordon, having continually exposed himself—received a fatal bullet, which terminated his valuable life within a fortnight—a loss most greatly to be deplored.

General Stuart and Fitz Lee followed the main body to Ashland and Hanover Junction, hanging heavily in their rear, and picking off men and horses every mile.

Stuart's main idea seems to have been to delay the Federals as much as possible in order to give time for the collection of troops in the fortifications at Richmond, his own force being too small to do anything but harass the Yankee rear guard.

On the 10th of May, the second day of the race, Stuart managed to get partially round the Yankee flanks at a place called Yellow Tavern, only eight miles north of Richmond. A desperate fight ensued, and the bravest of the brave, recklessly charging upon a squad of Yankees to take them prisoner, was shot down by a pistol held almost in his face, and the gallant, the peerless Stuart had made his last charge! He was placed upon a horse with men riding close on either side, and borne to the city where all that skill and love could do was vainly tried, vainly alas, for he died the next day!

While the foregoing events were transpiring in connection with Sheridan's raiding advance, a state of great excitement prevailed in Richmond.

No regular troops were available for its defence except Hunton's small brigade from Drewry's Bluff, which arrived at daybreak on the 10th, having been brought up the river on the steamer Shultz, as before stated. We found the city in a fever of excitement.

Governor Letcher and Mayor Mayo had both issued proclamations urging every able-bodied citizen to shoulder any weapon he could obtain and go out to the trenches.

For hours the deep-toned firebells were ringing the *tocsin*; men were seen hurrying from house to house; officers galloped excitedly into, and out of town; and serious alarm pervaded all classes. Despatches had been received from the gallant Stuart stating that he was fast closing in on the rear of the raiders but that he could do but little with his small force unless they should be checked in front. Meanwhile the raiders drew nearer and nearer—were already at the fortifications—so-called—on the Brook Road.

Fearing a sudden dash past the troops in the works (as no one could tell precisely upon which of the many roads leading into Richmond they might dash in) my regiment (the 8th Virginia) was posted in the Capitol Square, behind the iron picket fence surrounding it, facing the main streets that *debouch* into the square—the intent being, that in case the raiders should penetrate the town we could defend the State House with its valuable archives and hold the foe in check until other troops could close upon them in the crowded streets, and make them prisoners in their hour of imagined triumph.

Quite a number of citizens, over age, or incapacitated for walking also formed in the Capitol grounds—presenting a truly ludicrous appearance—surpassing Shakespeare's picture of Falstaff.

Here stood a stout burgher, with ponderous predominance of waist coat, around which the largest cartridge box belt could not be made to meet, hence was held in the hand or under the arm! Here was a dapper dandy with a pair of gloves, a waxed moustache, and "*an old-fashioned biled shirt*"—quite a curiosity to our three year veterans, who have learned to regard coffee sacks and gunny bagging as a very nice article of shirting. There stood a dignified pompous old gentleman holding an umbrella in one hand and a costly fowling piece (relic of sporting days) in the other, or tucked under his arm as he carefully dusts a rock with a somewhat worn silk handkerchief, preparatory to sitting down! Yonder a clerk with a pencil still sticking behind his ear, chatting with some female acquaintances, who doubtless think he is "every inch a soldier."

And, indeed, these citizen soldiers were not to be laughed at except for the oddity of their appearance, and the incongruity of their attire compared with the serious work in hand.

Doubtless had the foe ventured into the town, he would have found in many of those old shotguns and bird-swivels a deadly welcome for his crowded columns.

President Davis, with a number of citizens, had gone at once to the front.

Having nothing to do after we had stacked arms within the shadow of Washington's equestrian statue, I strolled into the State House to take a peep at the Confederate Congress then in session.

Considerable excitement was visible there, also, and a resolution had been introduced to the effect that the Senate and House should organize a military company each, and go out to meet Sheridan.

The supporters of the resolution argued that it would set a sublime example to the people, and inspire the Army for the National Legislature thus to take arms and show that they were capable of meeting the perils of the field as calmly as their fellow citizens, whom they had ordered "conscripted" and enrolled for the defence of their Capitol City.

"Let us forget that we are Legislators, and remember that we are *men and patriots*, ready to meet the vandals at our gates, and die, if need be, in resisting their polluting entrance, etc.,—shall we sit supine in mock dignity as did the Roman Senators, to have the barbaric invaders pulling our beards and spitting in our faces?"

This was the style of rhetoric to win rounds of applause from the lounging soldiers in the galleries. But a cooler headed portion of the body took the view that their individual assistance in the trenches even if absolutely needed for a time would not anything like counterbalance the damage to the Confederate cause that must result from the tales that would flood the world to the effect that Congress became panic-stricken and, alarmed for their lives, forsook their important duties to hurry to the front, and donning martial rig, play soldier for a while. "Let us not give our enemies the gratification of such a spectacle," said those who opposed the resolution, and, with the aid of the "tory element," who had no idea of risking their precious lives—carried it! Meanwhile the "City Battalion," and "Departmental Battalion" (Clerks) with President Davis, and several promi-

nent personages—had taken position at the outer line of breastworks on the Telegraph and Brook roads to stop the approaching foe.

Mr. Davis wore a regular cavalry sabre, and no doubt, felt at home in the melee; as his old Mexican campaigns give him somewhat of a predilection for military affairs.

Shortly after sunset the enemy dashed down upon our thin line, which was literally “a skirmish line”—most of the men standing several feet apart, in order to occupy as much breadth as possible—and for a time the engagement grew quite lively.

A brigade of the Blue Coats charged upon the Departmental Clerk's Battalion, and actually rode over and through them without routing them! This is proved by the fact that numbers of the battalion received sabre cuts, and several of the cavalry were killed after they had gotten through our lines. A very good record for the “militia!” I doubt if “regulars” would have stood better.

Of the Federal loss we have but little data, though eight bodies were left on the field, and twenty wounded were left at Mr. Green's house near the scene of the skirmish. Twelve of these were captured, of whom three died, the rest were carried off in ambulances. Two dozen horses were found dead on the field, and several were captured. The Yankee attack was in the nature of a surprise, for though awaiting their coming the Department boys had not thrown out any pickets, and had scarcely any notice when the vandals came yelling and spurring with a frightful impetuosity and vim straight upon them in the twilight. Happily the battalion hardly realized the danger before they threw it off by breaking the attack. One Yankee in leaping a low fence found himself going much deeper than he looked for—having descended into an old icehouse, twenty feet or more in depth! His horse was instantly killed, but the rider was drawn out next morning, having been as neatly trapped as a bear in a pitfall.

One of the slain was ascertained to be a Captain Smith. Most of the prisoners were as hungry as wolves, having brought but little food with them, excepting to rob farm houses and live on the fat of the land, if there be any fat left in our lean, lank, long-empty larders.

A party of six was captured after the rout, while seated at the table of a widow-lady whose last mouthful they were "gobbling." They paid dearly enough for their dinner—judging by their woe-begone looks as they were brought in.

After Sheridan learned the futility of his grand expectations of surprising and burning Richmond, he gave all his attention to showing a road by which the scattered detachments of his splendid army could escape down the Peninsula.

Retreating down the road to Hungary station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, they seized a citizen and demanded that he should pilot them; he professed no great willingness, but after leading the column by a narrow wood-chopper's road into a dense pine forest, he dashed through the bushes and disappeared, leaving them to flounder out as best they could.

The frightened raiders now ordered a negro belonging to a planter named Weems to pilot them, and when he led them astray—either intentionally, or through getting lost himself, *they hung him by the roadside!* This is positively asserted by parties from the neighborhood. By this time the route of the fugitive raiders could be tracked by the numbers of dead and crippled horses along the road, and the articles of soldiers' equipment thrown away.

All the way southward the leading troops of the column were engaged in robbing and burning farmhouses while their comrades in the rear were trying to shake off the fangs of Fitz Lee, Stuart, and Gordon. Much of the plunder thus gathered became a burthen to the fugitives and was thrown away. A large quantity of stolen silverware, watches, ladies' jewelry, and even dresses were carried off.

Two hundred and forty prisoners were taken—representing fourteen regiments. Lieutenant Holland, enrolling officer for Goochland County, with a squad of men captured a dozen or more, who straggled off on a plundering expedition. They made a show of resistance until their leader was shot through the head. Over three hundred horses were captured, and at one place the carcasses of fifty were found where they had been killed in the woods, the Yankees preferring to slaughter their stolen herd rather than allow their owners to recover them.

The following extracts are made from my diary:

May 11th, 1864—"Last night a couple of couriers came in, having "dodged around" the foe, to get some ammunition for General Stuart's cavalry ten miles distant. A mule was loaded with bags of cartridges and caps and started back with them. Every one who knew of it, said: "Now Stuart will whip them out." But, alas! the great trooper had made his last charge.

During the morning a melancholy party slowly entered town bearing their wounded General from the fatal fray at Yellow Tavern.

Towards noon, President Davis rode in from the lines and proceeded at once to General Stuart's bedside. On asking how he was resting, the dying chief replied: "Easy, but it cannot last. Yet I am willing to die if God and my country decide that I have fulfilled my destiny, and performed my duty."

No tremors shook his soul even in this hour of mortal weakness, which often unnerves the heroes of an hundred battles.

Later in the day, the effect of opiates, or the acuteness of pain threw him into delirium, and he fought his battles o'er again, as did that great Comrade-in-arms, Stonewall Jackson, who died about the same hour of the day, May 10th—that his successor at Chancellorsville received his death wound.

The character of the dying Chief was shown even in the incoherent wanderings of his mind, for fancying himself in battle, the tenor of his oft-repeated commands

was: "Forward! Forward! Charge them! Strike to the right! Make haste, men! Make haste!"

Then his weary brain wandered homeward, and he wept with his beloved wife over the death of his oldest child—who died while he was fighting at Chancellorsville—and of whom he telegraphed in answer to an urgent summons: "*I must leave my child in the hands of God, my country needs me here.*"

After 2:00 P. M.—his agony became intense—mortification having set in; but his intellect grew brighter, and he calmly awaited the end, saying: "If it be God's will, I am resigned." Then he applied a piece of ice with his own hand to his fevered wound; and seemed to try to rouse himself from Death's stupor, as he remarked: "I should dearly love to see my wife before I go; but God's will be done!" By a cruel misfortune, she was prevented from reaching town in time!

About 6:00 P. M.—The dying Chieftain aroused himself and made disposition of his effects. To his son he left his sword with a father's injunctions. To his staff officers, he left his favorite saddle horses, and to others he distributed some small mementos. His golden spurs he left to Mrs. Lee, as a dying token of love and esteem for the General and herself.

Then turning to Dr. Peterkin of the Episcopal Church (of which he was a member) he desired that the hymn—"Rock of Ages" might be sung, and as its mournful strain filled the room, his own voice was plainly heard. Prayer followed, and farewells were said. "I am going fast now, God's will be done!" and so he died.

About the same hour a heavy pall of cloud and storm settled upon the face of the sky—adding to the intensity of the sombre shadows of evening that fell upon the still figure in the death-chamber.

Far off to the northward on the hills of Spottsylvania at the same hour the fiercest struggle of the campaign was raging, and the spirit of the brave soldier was wafted above amid the thunder of battle, and the ringing rebel yell he loved so well.

President Davis came in from the line about 11:00 o'clock at night, and rode at once to the mansion where the dead warrior reposed. Every one noticed that Mr. Davis looked more sad and care-worn than ever before. He stood sometime silently gazing down upon the noble face of him, who years before had been a favorite comrade, and whom at later date, he, as Secretary of War, watched with pride as he rose rapidly in his chosen profession and realized the beau ideal of a cavalry leader, a veritable Prince Rupert without his faults. At last, noticing that Stuart was without a sword, the President unbuckled his own from his side and laid it by him, with the request that it should be buried with the heroic dust. The funeral services were held at St. James Church at 5:00 P. M., May 13th. The metallic coffin was covered with white flowers, surmounted by a cross of evergreens interspersed with lilies of the valley and sprigs of laurel. Both Houses of Congress attended, and occupied either side of the central aisle, immediately in rear of the seat taken by President Davis and his cabinet. Near the latter was Major General Ransom, and General Hunton.

Hundreds of sad-faced soldiers and citizens filled the part of the room not occupied by the vast concourse of ladies. Governor Letcher and all the state officials were present also.

The pall-bearers were Lieutenant General Braxton Bragg, Major General McGowan, General R. H. Chilton, Brigadier General Lanton, Commodore Forrest, Captain Lee, and George W. Randolph, former Secretary of War.

After the brief Episcopal service, and the solemn chanting of a funeral anthem, the casket was borne out of the church to Hollywood Cemetery, followed by a long train of carriages. No military escort was in attendance of the *cortege*, for every soldier was upon guard; but the long procession of tearful women was sufficient tribute to the memory of the dead.

Rarely does it happen that in times of great peril, and intense public excitement so large a portion of a city's

population turns aside to do honor to the name and virtues of any one man.

May 13th, 1864—For once in our lives, that is to say, in the history of Hunton's brigade, Pickett's division, we are lucky beyond our most sanguine hopes. Instead of being out in the muddy trenches, exposed to all sorts of hardships, to very little purpose, or out in Spottsylvania struggling against Grant's overwhelming forces we have been for these three days quietly bivouacking in the grass-carpeted "Capitol Square" in the middle of the Confederate Capital, with little duty, and no great fears of being disturbed.

So that instead of being the forlorn hope for the protection of the government and congress should the raiders reach the city, we are having an easier time than any other regiment in Virginia this day of our Lord, May 13th, I'll wager my old hat!

This evening Mrs. Governor Letcher invited us officers over to partake of a lunch—ham sandwiches and "*real*" coffee. 'Twas a real treat, and I am glad to say my men got a pot full of the coffee.

Last night an amusing occurrence took place in the Capitol building. When we first arrived, Colonel Berkeley was ordered to place guards at all four gates of the Capitol grounds and while permitting all to enter unquestioned, to allow no one to get out without the watchword.

This measure was adopted to catch any spies that might be prowling around, as well as any stragglers whose place was in the trenches, helping to defend the city.

At night all the officers were glad to escape the rain by stretching their blankets on the stuffed carpeting in the Congressional library rooms.

Accustomed to beds on the hard ground, the dry, soft carpet was like a bed of feather down, and all retired early to enjoy it. About 11:00 P. M. the clank of spurs was heard upon the marble pavement of the rotunda, accompanied by the sound of a man feeling his way through

the darkness. Presently the unknown said: "Is anybody dead in here?" "Who are you?" asked one of the officers nearest the door, "Where is Colonel Berkeley?" quoth the intruder, paying no heed to the query. "What do you want," responded our Colonel. "I want you to come, sir, and arrest that sentry that just now wanted to stab me with his bayonet, and would not allow me to pass." "Guess you'll want a good deal more than that before you get it," said Berkeley, turning over to go to sleep again. "Come, sir! Come, sir! You must not talk to me that way, sir! I'll have you to know, sir." "Who the hell *are* you?" asked one of the Lieutenants, "Don't talk to me, sir! *I am Major General Pemberton*, Sir, commanding this district, sir, and I won't be talked to this way!"

The announcement was rather a surprise, but suddenly the momentary silence was broken by a roar of laughter from the officers, who were all now wide awake.

Fortunately, the darkness prevented his recognizing any of us. He stalked off, mad as a hornet—but who cares? He ought to have sense enough to know that the sentry did not know him, nor did we, for that matter.

May 14, 1864—"Our losses in the recent raid were not confined to the gallant Stuart. Among the killed at Yellow Tavern were Colonel Henry Clay Pate¹ of North Carolina, and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Randolph. And today the remains of Brigadier General Gordon² of North Carolina were borne to Hollywood. Among the pall-bearers were Attorney General George Davis, and Senator W. A. Graham of North Carolina."

¹ This is an error. Henry Clay Pate was lieutenant-colonel of the 5th Virginia Cavalry.

² General James B. Gordon.

CHAPTER FORTIETH

Beast Butler's bad bargain—We get into the melee—Ben Butler "bottled up"—We rejoin the main army—Midnight Alarms—Battle of Cool Harbor—Personal adventures—End of my military career—Hunting Blue Birds I get caught myself—A prisoner—Insolence of office—Cruelly maltreated—First night as a prisoner.

About the only sign of military genius about General Grant was his disregard of minor, one-horse expeditions, which merely frittered away time, troops and money; and his resolute decision that all such operations must be abandoned, unless they could be made co-operative with his main design of taking Richmond. Thus, as early as the 1st of April, 1864, we find him issuing orders for Islands on the Carolina coast, and bring it to Fortress General Gilmore to collect his 10th corps from the Sea Monroe, where Beast Butler should likewise assemble all the troops in his several garrisons, supposed to aggregate twenty thousand men.

Butler was directed to hold this army of 30,000 men ready to sail at a given notice,—his "objective point" being Richmond, "where you are notified to move," wrote Grant,—“take City Point—entrench yourself and collect your troops as rapidly as possible. Farther instruction cannot be given, but bear in mind that Richmond is your objective point, and that there is to be co-operation between your force and the army of the Potomac.”

Grant started Butler at the same hour he set in motion his own army, to wit, on the morning of May 4th. The Beast sailed up James River with a vast armament in a fleet of transports, and simultaneously occupied City Point, and Bermuda Hundred—two small hamlets of two or three houses each on the east and west sides of

the mouth of the Appomattox river where it opens into James river seven miles north of Petersburg.

On the 6th Butler had entrenched himself at both camps—altho' instead of being exposed to attack he was literally without opposition, and might have marched to Petersburg, or even Richmond without opposition. He did indeed send a brigade towards Petersburg to reconnoitre which coming upon a battalion of local militia scattered it in all directions, leaving the city for half a day without so much as a skirmish line of defenders.

On the 7th Butler advanced his line in the direction of the railroad that connected Richmond and Petersburg. Hearing the cars rolling over a bridge, the advance scouts crept through the pine leaves and discovered the structure entirely unguarded,—all our troops being then needed at Spottsylvania or elsewhere.

Butler therefore telegraphed that he had “secured the key to the back door of Richmond” and was strongly entrenched in a position from which he could not be ejected by the whole of Lee’s army.

Beauregard soon taught him his mistake, and penned him so closely within the narrow angle between the James and the Appomattox, that Grant himself contemptuously referred to him as so completely hemmed in that it was “*as if his army was in a bottle tightly corked.*” A vigorous expression that gave the Beast the additional epithet of “*Bottled Benjamin.*”

In truth, however, Butler was by accident, nearer the hard fact than he knew, or Grant was willing to allow. It had long been seen by our leaders that the line of James river was the most threatening of all the routes to Richmond, and that the South side of that river was peculiarly so.

Lee knew very well that Lincoln was doing the South immeasurable benefit by confining the Federal advance from campaign to campaign to the overland routes from Washington southward because with the high ridges and successive natural parallels—the water courses of Rappahannock, Rapidan, Mattiponi, North

Anna, South Anna and Chickahominy—as lines of defense, he could always depend on retarding the foe throughout the campaign even tho' he was badly beaten on any one line.

But he also knew only too well that the day which saw an army entrenched south of the James, either between Petersburg and Richmond, or east of the former city, would mark the beginning of the siege of Richmond, and its ultimate fall unless that army could be promptly dislodged. This was so because the fate of Richmond hung upon the maintenance of at least two lines of railway communication with the South, and no one could hope to keep upon these lines while an enemy lay within half a day's walk of them.

May 15th:—"Having seen the Capitol safely through its tremors, occasioned by Sheridan's raid, we are ordered back to Chafin's Bluff to look after a cavalry raid from Butler's army that is reported as coming up the Charles City road. I imagine it is only a scouting party; yet matters are not wholly assuring across the James. Beast Butler, (may he be hanged before he gets through this little undertaking) has landed at Bermuda Hundred, and branched out nearly to Chester, "the half way house" between Richmond and Petersburg. However, General Beauregard has arrived, and taken command of our forces, which are being rapidly recruited by men from the Carolina coast.

Hagood's and Rains's brigades arrived yesterday, and were thumping at the foe within a few hours after.

Later; Night:—We are about to get into the melee ourselves. A few minutes ago, a courier came in hot haste for General Hunton to hurry his men to the bank of the river opposite Drewry's Bluff; the freshet had, of course, injured the pontoon bridge just when it was most needed. We are being ferried over the river on a steamboat, the *Shultz*, and as fast as a regiment is landed, it hurries forward to join the fighting in front of the bluffs. I am somewhat fearful we shall go to the bottom mid-river as the crazy old steamboat is

loaded to her gunwales with living freight. Perhaps her officers know her carrying capacity better than I do, but I fear they do not, and I have no sort of fancy for filling a watery grave.

Still Later:—Skirmishing has been going on in front of Fort Darling for a couple of days.

Barton's brigade attacked Butler's advance on the 11th and drove it back. As I write this, a sharp picket firing runs along the lines and the light of burning underbrush throws a lurid glare over every object.

May 17th, 1864:—For the past three or four days the Yankee batteries and gunboats have been hurling huge "flour barrels" as the mortar shells are styled along our lines aiming at every house, and open space, that is visible from their position.

Over two hundred shells fell within two hundred yards of the Drewry Mansion where General Beauregard has his Headquarters.

Perhaps the General did not like this—at all events, he determined to drive back the Butlerites, and pen them in the fork of the rivers. On Sunday night, our lines were entrenched along the whole front, and Pickett's division, (Hunton's, Barton's, Corse's and Terry's brigades) Wise's Legion; Clingman's Ramseur's, and Rains' N. C. brigades, and Haygood's and Walker's South Carolina brigades held the line, which was fully twenty miles long.

Butler's advance, (Ames' division) lay in front of Drewry's Bluff about a mile from James River. Early in the morning our division began to advance, struck the Yankee rifle pits, captured them, and opened the battle. The Yankees were entrenched in a skirt of woods, with felled timber in front forming an ugly *abatis*, but nothing stopped the charge until the Blue Coats were retreating, leaving their breastworks, knapsacks and many prisoners in our hands.

One of the prisoners was Brigadier General Hickman, one of Butler's pets, who was taken with all his staff.

Towards evening the Federals withdrew at all points, and are now safely in the Bermuda Hundred corner. Barbarous creatures! They left their dead to be buried by the fast spreading flames in the dry grass or "old field broom sedge" (as it is called here) which had been fired by the bursting shells, or by their own design.

Last night, my company was sent on picket about two hundred yards in front of our works. I posted my men, and stretched myself on a blanket near the center of the picket line. For several hours we could hear the noise of the Yankee camps—shouts, calls, neighing of horses, and drums beating "tattoo."

Between us and the enemy lay a ravine with some woods beyond—from all of which rolled up immense volumes of smoke, while beneath the trees, and far across the low ground crept the zig-zag lines of "prairie fire", as the wind wafted the flames in this or that direction.

It was a strange spectacle, suggesting to one the scene of a burned and sacked city in the olden time, when the ruins were yet smouldering, and the heavens obscured by columns of smoke whose base took a lurid bloody tinge from the flickering flames below.

As midnight drew on, the voices, the noises, the hum of the hostile hosts gradually gave place to a sullen silence that was broken only by the occasional fall of a burnt tree. The air grew chill,—the dew fell like rain,—and dense fog gradually swelled out from the river until it covered all the country beneath its damp mantle, obscuring even the burning timber in the valley.

One of my men stood leaning upon his musket about five feet in front of the place where I lay wrapped up, "head and ears" in my single blanket. (I was not obliged to remain at the front, but I did so to make sure against a surprise).

Suddenly I sprang up; my ears tingling, and my blood standing still! Imagine the cause? The sentry was giving utterance to the most terrific screams that ever issued from human throat. I shall never forget the horror

that thrilled me at the instant—the sound was so unnatural.

The sentry was a young man from the backwoods of North Carolina, who had been assigned to the regiment from the conscript camp (Lee) at Richmond; hence had become terribly excited by the events of the day, and his nerves beginning to relax, he had fallen asleep while standing, leaning upon his gun, suddenly the gun exploded, blowing off his hat, not hurting him in the least, beyond blackening his face and frightening him out of his wits. Perhaps he imagined the foe had surprised him in the fog. I cannot say—He seems out of his senses still.

Recovering my self-possession as quickly as possible, I rushed up to him and shook him roughly, but could not silence his ear-piercing shrieks, that rang through the night like the yell of some tortured spirit.

Finally I struck him in the mouth, and forced him down upon my blanket where he lay cowering and moaning in the most agonizing manner.

Meanwhile the troops in the trenches were alarmed, and all along the line ran the usual commands: "Wake up, men! Wake up!" "Fall in, Men!" "Get in line, men!", causing me to fear a sudden volley that would slaughter every one of us.

Indeed the risk was very great, for many of the men hastily roused from sound sleep by the musket shot, and the screams of the sentry thought that the Yankees had surprised and were bayoneting the pickets.

Happily Colonel Berkeley heard my cry: "Don't shoot", and called out: "What is the matter?" "Sentry has gone crazy, I think!" was my response; and really I doubt if the poor fellow ever will be a sane man again. Certainly he will never be esteemed at the *moral measure* of a man.

May 20th:—Beauregard attacked the enemy, and captured his rifle pits, which had been erected in the night to annoy our gunners in the batteries at the Howlett House. Prisoners say that one brigade was nearly destroyed in the first charge, and that General Butler had

two officers of the 9th Maine regiment, who started the running to the rear, called before him, stripped of their uniforms, and drummed out of service.

During the evening a Yankee regiment, (97th New York or Pennsylvania) advanced carelessly towards the trenches occupied by our men—whom they, (the enemy) supposed to be their friends. Quick and terrible undeceiving awaiting them, for our men arose and poured a deadly volley at half a dozen yards' distance, literally mowing them down as if one had swung a gigantic scythe blade through their ranks.

General John C. Breckinridge seems to have achieved a complete success over the Dutchman Sigel, at New Market on the 15th inst. Breckinridge had but a small division of two brigades, a battalion of artillery, and some detachments of cavalry.

Sigel was marching up the Shenandoah Valley—pompously imagining that the world revolved around him,—when suddenly he found things “in a whirl,” but not because of his grandeur. Breckinridge stripped him of six guns, 100 muskets, a number of prisoners, etc., and forced him to retreat in disorder, leaving his hospitals, and destroying much of his train.

Sigel had been appointed to gratify the German element in the approaching election, but he is “played out” now.

May 25th—We are now at Hanover Junction to take part in the fortunes of the main army. Pickett's division now numbers nearly 3,500 men, but as the majority are *conscripts*, gathered from half a dozen states (Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, etc.) I fear no great dependence can be placed on the fighting qualities of the men, who are unwilling soldiers to start with, and then, have no state pride, no *esprit du corps* to maintain.”

As before stated the opposing armies under Lee and Grant were, on June 1st, 1864, in almost the identical location of the armies of Lee and McClellan during the latter part of the same month two years previous.

For twenty-five months the two gladiators had wrestled with varying fortunes from this spot between the Chicahominy and Pamunkey rivers over the larger portion of Northern Virginia, through Western Maryland twice, and into Southern Pennsylvania:—the smaller fighter managing to fall on top, or make a “drawn fall” at every “hitch” until now, after all, both were back in the *same place* whence they had started on the *26th of June, 1862!*

Surely this was a glorious triumph for the little band that followed General Lee! But while they had held their own, and won battle after battle, they could not but be growing weaker and weaker, and disproportionately fatigued; for their antagonists, being constantly recruited were enabled to assail them with fresh troops until the arm grew faint, and the spirit low, at the simple thought of years upon years of this Herculean conflict against ever-increasing odds!

Still the first day of June saw Lee in firm lines from Atlee’s station to Cool Harbor; and during the ensuing night the troops had strongly entrenched themselves.

On the afternoon of the 2d, Early with Ewell’s corps tried the old Jacksonian game of a flank movement on the Federal left, and routed him from two lines of earthworks, killing and capturing a large number. Breckinridge and Wilcox also attacked a division on Turkey Hill, on the extreme right, gaining thereby an excellent position for us.

Early on the morning of June 3d, the enemy appeared along our whole front, and evidently came to give battle. Simultaneous attacks were made by Hancock, Wright, Smith, Warren, and Burnside. The first named struck Breckinridge’s division, and by sheer force of numbers clambered into his breastworks, but was soon routed with heavy loss, Finnegan’s Florida brigade and the Maryland Battalion reinforcing Breckinridge. The attack fell upon Echol’s brigade in the darkest hour, just before dawn, and though swept by a devastating fire, the Blue Coats swarmed over the works and scattered the defen-

ders. At this juncture, the 2d Battalion (of Bradley Johnston's Maryland Regiment under Captain Crane) tho' hardly half awake, rushed gallantly forward firing as they ran, and charging bayonets, the enemy gave back, and when Finnegan led in his gallant brigade (victors at Olustee) the tide was turned. As they fled, Lieutenant Wise rushed to the cannon, still standing where they had been abandoned by our men, and with a number of volunteers to assist him, poured a volley of grape and canister into the backs of the flying foe, several hundred of whom were left lifeless on the field, and many prisoners captured.

Wright's and Smith's corps were easily repulsed; and Warren and Burnside were checked at the rifle pits—which, however, were a strong line of works in themselves.

Thus ended the battle of Cool Arbor, or Cold Harbor as it is indifferently called—Burnside had been roughly handled, notwithstanding his temporary surprise and capture of a portion of Breckinridge's lines.

Grant is said to have ridden along his lines after the battle, the picture of dejection. The men themselves also, were moody—wondering among themselves if this bloody butting against Lee's breastworks was to continue until they were all slaughtered.

On the following day there was no fighting, but the picket firing gave great annoyance. The hostile lines were less than half a mile apart in many places, and by climbing into a tree top, with their telescopic rifles, the Yankees were able to pick off one or two of our men every few hours.

Lieutenant Gray and myself were shaking out a blanket at sunrise, each of us holding one end of it, when whiz-z-z! and a well-aimed shell from a small cannon that the Yankees had brought to the edge of the woods during the night, split the blanket between us, and killed a man several hundred yards to the rear. The breadth of a hair in the aim, or "sighting" would have killed one or both of us, and saved the man coming up behind.

Shortly after dark a dreaded order came—viz: “Take your company out to the rifle pits for twenty-four hours.” The “dread” was not so much the danger, as the fatigue and loss of sleep. It seemed as if we had neither rest nor sleep for months, our weariness was so great. Therein Grant had a vast advantage over Lee, since he knew there was but little danger of our assuming the offensive, whereas we had to toil all day strengthening the works, and were kept on the alert all night by real, or fancied alarms.

Rarely did the men fall asleep ere a sudden outburst of musketry at the rifle pits would call the whole line to their posts—to stand some minutes perhaps in a drenching rain, after which it was not so easy to fall asleep again. About 9 P. M. orders came directly from headquarters for me to hold my line at all hazards, even if my men were every one bayoneted in the rifle pits; as it was better to lose two or three dozen men in checking a rush of the foe, than to permit the whole main line to be surprised in their nightcaps so to speak; as had happened on Breckinridge’s front.

This, of course, put an end to all hopes of even a nap during the night. The men were very uneasy; many of them were conscripts from nearly every Southern State, and ready to fire, or to run, or both at the snapping of a twig. The line of rifle pits extended thro the depths of a woods densely grown up with young pines, whose continued soughing and rustling under the night wind, aided by the melancholy “who-o! who-o!” of the swamp owls served to excite the nerves of the men unused as they were to service, and expecting a fatal bullet every moment.

The portion of the line of rifle pits occupied by my company ran through a very dense part of the woods, with so thick an undergrowth of young pines and cedars as to prevent one from seeing a dozen paces in front, even during broad daylight. As these pits were about three hundred yards in front of the mainworks, between which and them was a large amount of brush, tree tops and

felled timber, designed to serve as an *abatis*, it was no easy matter to get over these obstructions, and as the pickets were liable to be driven in at a run any moment, even if we were not bayoneted in the dark as per orders. I left my luggage, papers, etc., with a friend in the breastworks to take care of them until my return!

If he had waited for that, to surrender them this veracious story would never have been told with all its fulness of detail, for he would be keeping them now. I never returned! The reason *why* I will proceed to demonstrate.

The rifle pits were simple holes, of four or five feet depth, to which the dirt thrown out added a foot, making a three-foot breastwork in front. This constituted our sole protection while on duty, which lasted twenty-four hours, or until relieved on the subsequent night.

Each pit contained four men, one of whom "stood" two hours at a time, at a point some eighteen feet in advance of the pit to give notice of the enemy's approach.

After walking along the line of pits under my command, and seeing every man properly posted—a rather nervous duty, by the way; for one couldn't tell what minute a lurking foe would rise and shoot him thro' the heart), I returned to Lieutenant John Gray, who was "officer of the day" for the brigade, and reported all in order for the night.

During the night I became aware that the enemy was in motion in our front; this being indicated by sounds of rolling vehicles, with now and then the heavy "crunch" of artillery wheels canted on one side in passing a ditch, the rattle of canteens and accoutrements, and the subdued hum of voices, as if of men talking as they marched. There could be no mistaking these sounds, but what did they mean? Was Grant receiving reinforcements? or retreating?

At daybreak I despatched a man to Colonel Berkeley to inform him of the suspicious sounds I had heard; adding that I was so confident the enemy was in motion I would myself undertake to scout the woods in front to ascertain the fact.

General Hunton happening to be present, carried the message to Major General Pickett who at once authorized the scout. "But you must be very careful Shotwell," said Colonel Berkeley who had himself come down to the rifle pits to impress his caution; "the d—d Yankees will pick you up before you know it, and I should really hate to lose you." "Would you? Well, I am rather opposed to it myself," I replied.

Taking a short rifle of the "Mississippi" pattern, and directing Sergeants Thomas Farr and Johnny James, in whose pluck I had the fullest confidence to accompany, or follow me at a little distance to the right and left, and keeping a sharp lookout for concealed Yankees all the time, I set out on my last military expedition.

The morning was dark and disagreeable, the skies very cloudy and a dripping mist settling amid the timber so that one could scarcely see for twenty paces around him. Creeping through the thickets like an Indian on a trail, I suddenly came upon an unpleasant reminder of the nature of my undertaking.

The figure of a man lay half concealed amid the bushes!

No need to spring back, and cover him with the rifle! He had fired his last shot! Moreover he wore the Carolina "butternut" uniform. From his posture—full length, with arms outstretched, still grasping his rifle, he had been scouting; had raised up to glance around, and receiving a deadly ball has fallen backward, with staring eyes fixed upon the arching sky as if their last mortal look took in the upward flight of the freed soul!

A high forehead and flowing beard imparted a pleasing, intelligent look to the countenance, and I could but think of the fearful agony the sight of this dead soldier amid the bushes would bring to some far away Southern home!

I had instructed my companions, Farr and James, to follow on the right and left flank, at a stone's throw distance, keeping me in sight, and giving warning of any discovery. Suddenly I saw, just after crossing a narrow

wood path, or trail—both young men spring up and rush backward; while at the same time a blaze of musketry ran through the thicket like sheet-lightning round the horizon on a sultry summer evening! We had struck the enemy's lines.

I dropped as if shot; and was reported by the sergeants on their return to camp as having been seen to fall dead, or wounded. In fact I had only fallen to avoid being either one or the other. When the firing ceased I crawled farther to the right, (not daring to recross the cleared trail) and took refuge in a swamp densely grown up with black jacks and cypress, such as abound in that region. I noticed that no shots came from that direction, and now the explanation was apparent.

The morass was deemed impassable for troops, and as no offensive movement on the part of the Confederates need be feared, the Federal earthworks did not traverse the woods for an interval of about eighty or one hundred yards. A corduroy road, some distance in rear, where the marsh was narrower, afforded connection; but there were no pickets along it.

Seeing a long train of wagons passing across the fields, together with other signs that the enemy were in motion I determined to penetrate the swamp until I could obtain a clear view of the movements in progress. Ambitiously chafing at the thought of being nearly nineteen years old, and only a Lieutenant, I resolved to win at least a Major's commission before nightfall by discovering the enemy's weakest point, and then hurrying to General Lee with the information.

There is no doubt that could Lee have known that a mere skirmish line of two or three brigades was stretched along in his front at that point, while the bulk of the Yankee right wing was marching rearward, he might have struck a damaging blow.¹

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¹ A page of the manuscript is missing here, and the omission cannot be supplied.

Grown foolhardy and overconfident by my success thus far, on re-emerging from the morass about noonday, I concluded to creep along farther to the right in hope of catching a prisoner to add to my exploit. It proved a Tartaric catch, with the recoil the wrong way! As has been stated, the Federal line of rifle-pits ran only to the edge of the swamp; and the pit nearest thereto was so wet that the squad of men assigned to it, preferred to go a few paces in advance, and crouch behind a fallen pine tree which formed a splendid breastwork.

Seeing the rifle-pit vacant, I jumped to the conclusion that the pickets had been withdrawn; therefore after listening a moment, I stepped out of the marsh and was moving forward, when,—ho! heavens and earth!—there came the sound of four triggers—"Click!" "Click!" "Click!" "Click!"—simultaneously with four gruff voices uttering:—

"Halt!"—so close that their muskets were almost in my face, as the four blue clad figures rose up from behind the fallen pine, cutting off every possibility of escape! "Halt!—Drop that gun—Stand in your tracks," sounded like the crack of doom in my ears. An officer who had been taking a nap in a hole torn up by the roots of the tree, instantly sprang up, and cried:—"Who are you? Where are you going *outside the lines* in that way?" These words showed that he had been misled by the blue cap and pantaloons that I wore, and therefore, altho' greatly startled, and almost stupefied with dismay at the great misfortune that had befallen me, I managed to mumble out that "it was all right and I'd be back in a little while." Alas! as I turned away the brass-bound Mississippi rifle unlike any arms used by the Federals, caught the eye of the officer. "Why, hanged if it isn't a Johnny!" he yelled—"Hold on there! Kill him, boys, if he stirs. Come here, Sir! What the devil were you doing inside our lines?"

I was too cast down and dumbfounded to make any other reply than that up to the present time I had not met with any lines, and that I had come out to see if

Grant was trotting around our flank as he had been doing all the way from the Rappahanock.

“Well, there are enough of us left here to take care of you”—responded the officer in a menacing tone. And he at once dispatched this luckless captive to General Bates, a Pennsylvania Brigadier, with a note stating that I had been captured while slipping through their lines, and no doubt was a dangerous spy.

Bates put me under heavy guard and sent me to General Warren’s headquarters.

General Warren happened to be taking a nap on a pile of blankets under a tree, and the sentry passing to and fro refused to wake him. This was fortunate for me, because my guards fearing their regiment would move off, insisted on turning me over to the custody of the headquarters troops, leaving only the *undersigned* note worded about as follows:—“I send this man to be examined; he is a rebel officer, and was taken inside our outposts.”

When General Warren awoke, no one could tell what command had sent in the captive; and amid the inquiries, General Burnside came in. He looked like a British officer, having the beefy face and form, heavy sidewhiskers, and stout bobtailed way that one sees in old English pictures.

Both he and General Warren pressed me closely with questions, but elicited nothing but the apparently *reluctant* admission that Lee was steadily receiving reinforcements, and meant to repeat the story of Fredericksburg as often as Grant felt like assailing his lines. Seeing that nothing was gained by questioning me, they ordered me to be taken to Brigadier General Patrick, Provost Marshall of the Army, until farther investigation of the circumstances of my capture could be made.

A wearisome march of half a dozen miles rearward brought us to Patrick’s headquarters. The close array of tents, sutler’s booths, wagon camps and artillery parks on either side of the narrow country road made it seem like walking thro’ the streets of a city; and, reflecting

on the thin line of half-clad, half-fed, tentless, warworn, and weary Southerners confronting this formidable host, I felt for the first time that our cause was lost unless some miraculous interposition of Providence should turn the tables.

The contrast between the two armies was even more marked in the scene I was about to witness. A drenching storm had set in, on which account no doubt General Grant, and half a dozen of his staff, had stopped at Patrick's quarters, and were taking lunch under an enormous tentfly, stretched as an awning.

All were seated around a table lavishly spread with dainties then unknown in Dixie; and very tempting to a youth who had eaten nothing since the previous noon.

As the "cigars and brandy" course in the bill of fare had been reached, the whole party were laughing and joking, regardless of the fact that more than a thousand of their dead were lying unburied between the lines. One could not imagine General Lee thus enjoying himself even after a great victory, much less a series of daily defeats, that had bathed the whole country from the Rappahanock to the Chickahominy in human blood! On reaching the front of the awning, I stopped slightly under its rim to escape the drenching rain from its edge. "Stand back, Sir, Get out of here! Confound your impudence!"—bawled one of the party, a fat, pompous Major, as he waddled forward,—“Sergeant, who is this fellow?” “He is a Johnny, and says he is an officer.” “Looks more like a scarecrow,” grunted the jackanapes as he eyed my wellworn garments, now wet, bedraggled and stained with swamp-muck,—“Well, who are you?”

“Lieutenant Randolph Shotwell, an officer, and a gentleman who has never insulted a helpless prisoner,” I replied.

“You talk mighty big, but there's lots of you fellows deserting every day. We've got a bull pen full of them down in the field yonder, right now.”

“Birds of a feather!—We don't want such trash!” said I. Here General Patrick, who had been reading the

paper, said, "Take this man to Colonel ——, and have him put in irons till we get ready to deal with him."

Accordingly a strong guard escorted me half a dozen miles farther thro' the sand and rain to the headquarters of the 20th New York State Troops.

A cavalryman rode in front and two in rear, with carbines slung across their knees, so that there could be no thought of escape, even if I had been physically able to attempt it.

It was nearly midnight when the cavalcade drew up at a handsome old mansion, surrounded by even handsomer grounds; and the sergeant went in to report to the colonel.

I was now so exhausted, having been without food for two days, that I sat down in the mud, and almost fell asleep, with the rain pouring down my neck and back. At length the centurion of the guard returned with the caitiff of the castle, whereupon the helpless captive was cast into the dungeon; that is to say, an old negro cabin, as filthy and quite as secure as any dungeon, as there were no windows, and a sentry stood post at the single door.

A swift glance at the heavy logs showed the futility of escape; and the young man stretched himself upon the rough floor thankful that he could at least have rest, and sleep! Alas! I had not made allowance for the malice of a petty soul! In a few minutes a gang of young officers crowded into the cabin, and eyed me curiously. Then came on Lieutenant Merritt! (wretched misnomer!) with a bunch of ropes, and a pair of shackles.

"Put out your feet and wrists"—he said gruffly.

"What is your will?" quoth I in amazement.

"I've orders to put you in irons, and the less trouble you give, the better for you."

"Put me in irons! There must be some mistake! I am a prisoner of war, taken honorably with arms in my hands, not disguised, or in any way violating my standing as a soldier. Why, then, this treatment? I protest against it! It is cowardly! I would be ashamed of so treating a helpless prisoner. I am here, caged like a rat,

and can make no resistance. Work your will upon me! But I protest against it. And I trust some of you will yet learn to feel sorry for it, if ever you fall into our hands.

“Dry up!” said one of the gang. “You’ll never get a chance for any more of your devilment.”

The most of the officers, however, seemed ashamed, and left the room before my tying was completed. Merritt, on the contrary, seemed to relish making me suffer as much as possible. And after tying my feet, he insisted on strapping my wrists behind my back, so that I could not lie down without resting my full weight on my hands, or one arm; causing the most intense pain. Put your arms behind you back, Reader, and hold them there for a while, and you will comprehend. It was impossible to get a moment’s sleep or rest under such circumstances. I could only sit on the floor in a cramped position, with the coarse straps cutting into the flesh of both wrists and ankles.

It is not difficult to conjecture my mental condition. A mere boy in years and experience, I felt deeply mortified at my capture, humiliated at being tied like a dog; enraged, yet depressed, and thus passed my first night as a prisoner of war!

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST

A change for the better—A spectacle to stare at—Starved and bound for seven days—Under negro guards—Start for The White House—Reflections about negro soldiery—Determine to escape.

Luckily at sunrise a new officer of the guard whose *merit* was not all in name, came on duty, and seeing my sufferings loosened the straps around my wrists so that I could recline after a fashion; though I got no sleep, as a continual stream of soldiers thronged the door of the cabin, and, as may be imagined, their remarks were not conducive to sleep. “D—d spy! He’s going to be shot this afternoon”—“Ought to be hanged as high as Haman!” —“Isn’t he a hard looking case?”—were specimens of the constantly recurring remarks of the lounging Blue Coats. I do not think I was frightened thereat; but they served to keep my mind in a strain of apprehension, wondering what next would transpire.

During the afternoon I was removed to an old carriage house, where there could be no fire, and no floor to sleep on; and where the accumulation of filth was nauseating. One end of the shed was open, and here a sentinel paced day and night. Six other soldiers occupied a tent directly in front, as a reserve guard in case I should give trouble. There was but little need of any guard, however, as I was kept bound hand and foot, and was then very weak from lack of food.

Towards sunset I became so exhausted that I was obliged to swallow pride, and beg the guard to bring me something to eat; and also to allow me a board from the fence as a bed. The corporal hesitated long; but eventually brought the board, and about dark gave me a tincup of very weak tea, and two “hardtack” crackers. The tea was unsweetened, the crackers wormy, yet even this

meagre morsel had the flavor of ambrosia after my long fast; there being no sauce like hunger. Besides my hands were necessarily loosed from behind my back during meal-time, so-called, which was an indescribable relief from the pain of a steady posture.

And now, will the reader credit it? I must state that for *seven consecutive days* I was kept bound hand and foot in that filthy pen, and was allowed only the half pint of "dish water" tea, and the two worm-eaten crackers twice a day: viz, at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. Occasionally, however, a guard, seeing my famished condition, would cut the thick rind from his ration of salt pork, and having broiled it in the fire would pass it in by means of a long switch. I have often wondered why this bread and water diet was inflicted on me; because even a prisoner under sentence of death is entitled to humane treatment.

Long, weary and dreary was this week of waiting; especially as a cold rainstorm set in to increase the gloom. But I could congratulate myself upon having a roof over my head; whereas there were one thousand other Confederate prisoners in a field nearby without tents or any kind of shelter.

Squads of these accompanied by a guard, were continually passing in front of the carriage shed on their way to the spring; and it afforded me some amusement to watch the quick change in their countenances; at first all curiosity, as they craned their necks to get a sight of the "desperate character"; then a sudden lengthening of the phiz, as they beheld his manacles, and an expression which said as loudly as words—"Ah! poor fellow! You're gone up! Tight as a rat in a trap, wish I could help you; but you see I'm jagged myself!" Suddenly on the morning of the 18th, there was an uproar in camp. Drums rattled, and the sentries talked together in eager excitement. From occasional remarks I gathered that the bulk of Grant's army had crossed to Petersburg (as I had insisted he was doing); and that Wade Hampton with a powerful column was raiding around to "gobble up" the stragglers, and cut off the rear guard.

“If that is so”—quoth the guard—“we will have to make quick time for the White House!” Something of this sort was really the case. The sound of moving trains which I had heard on the night of the 11th of June, were Grant’s extra baggage and munition trains, filing down the peninsula in the direction of New Kent Courthouse, to get beyond Lee’s right flank at Bolton’s Bridge, and there cross over the narrow strip between the Chickahominy and the James, passing the former river at the Long Bridge and Jones’s, 30 miles east of Richmond. Next day the whole body of fighting men took the same route, and formed *en masse* upon the high bluffs of the James near Wilcox’s landing, not far from Charles City Courthouse, and below City Point. Next day pontoon bridges were laid, and Grant threw himself upon the South side of the James river more than twenty miles farther from Richmond than when he confronted us at Cool Harbor!

About 7 a. m., without giving me any breakfast my shackles were removed; and I was hurried out into the highway, where I found a long column of 40 Confederate officers, and 900 privates guarded by a couple of brigades of negroes, the division of the New York gambler, Ferrero.

These dusky braves—stolen from Southern corn and cotton fields—were dressed up in new uniforms, with much display of brass, and seemed to be held as the “crack corps” of the Federal army, as they were not forced to do duty in the dirty and dangerous trenches, but were employed in the light and showy duty of parading round with prisoners captured by other troops.

I was not placed with the other Confederate prisoners, but was marched under a special guard of six negroes, and a sergeant, about 40 paces in advance of the main column. “Shoot him down! shoot him down like a dog, if he gives any trouble!” said the officer of the main guard to the men of the special guard. “Don’t worry yourself,” quoth I, “I am too weak to run away—unless there was a prospect of something to eat in front!”

Nevertheless, I was determined to give those darkies the slip ere midnight, and I succeeded.

It was at first a little galling to find myself in custody of a gang of runaway slaves playing soldier; but I soon saw that they would give me no trouble, being exceedingly docile, and wearing an air of deference to their prisoner that they did not show to their white officers, particularly the subalterns. For example, in answer to my inquiry for the number of their regiment, one responded. "Well, Boss, we is called de 27th Ohier culled Troops, but dere ain't none of us dat 'longs to dat state. We is all mostly fum Dixie!" Presently he nodded towards a fussy Lieutenant approaching, and muttered—"Dats one of dem Ohier fellows"—and when the officer came up, lazily stretched out his hand as he lay along the roadbank—the column having halted to rest,—saying—"Lieutenant, gimme a sample of dat terbaccer ob yourn." And the quid was furnished!

I am bound to admit, however, (and it filled my soul with rage at the time) that a number of Confederate prisoners lowered themselves even farther by begging "a chew" from the negroes, drinking from their canteens, etc. Several of the officers found runaway slaves among their guards, and spent the day in talking to them. It was entirely in accord with the African character to take delight in meeting old acquaintances under the reversed condition of things—"de bottom rail on top,"—and nothing could surpass the pompous self-complacency of Sambo's manner as he called out to some comrade. "Yere, fetch dis canteen ob water fur *Col. Pennsfeather*, (P. was only a rear-rank Lieut.) fum Shocco Springs, State ob Norf Carlina, he's fum de jinin plantation whar I was raised!" And Sam could be heard at various times during the day "splainin" to his fellows that—"You see de Kurnel's got into dis scrape, 'kase he allus was de d—dest fighter, an' I'se boun' ter see him well treated; kase I mought git inter zacktly de same kine ob scrape one of dese long-cum-shorts."

Here I beg leave of the reader to quote from my private journal a note relative to a subject at that time beginning to be much talked of throughout the South. The note was penned (or pencilled) in prison some weeks later, and was as follows: One result of my enforced observation of these negro guards is to alter, or at least modify my views as to the use of our slaves for defensive purposes. I am of opinion the Confederate Congress should at once take the question under consideration; for surely not an hour can be lost in repleting our armies and now that the conscript law has raked the land with repeated harrowings, what remains but some extraordinary venture like the one suggested?

I should not be willing to see the negroes drafted into our regular army; but few of our soldiers, I think, would object to the formation of an African Auxiliary corps for police, guard, and garrison service.

President Davis might issue a call on slaveholders to donate one or more able-bodied young negro men to form battalions for the regular army; secret agents being sent around among the planters to explain the extreme need of prompt action. The negroes of course would be set free; subject only to the condition of ten years of military service; with a pension in case of crippling wounds; the survivors to be paid the ordinary wages of a soldier during their time of enlistment.

There will be no lack of employment for them even after Peace, as we shall have a lengthy frontier, coast defences, and Indian troubles to require a considerable force of regular soldiers. No troops could be better for a Peace armament; since the African is naturally fond of military display, funny uniforms, etc.; and he is by life-long training peculiarly adapted to drill, to endure fatigue, and to obey—the three requisites of a regular soldier.

Whether any amount of drilling would make him a *fighting* soldier, is altogether another matter, and need not be considered; for it should be distinctly stated in the law that these “Auxiliaries” shall never be incorporated with our white troops in the field.

They can be utilized to take the place of the whites, who are now engaged in guarding cities, forts, railway bridges, wagon trains, supply stores, prison camps, and similar service. Probably near two hundred thousand good fighting men are thus employed at this moment, who, if at the command of Lee and Johnston, would quickly put Grant and Sherman under the cork of Butler's famous "bottle."

I think, too, the negroes could be used as artillerists; their sturdy muscles being specially fitted for handling heavy gun-carriages. White gunners might be assigned to each piece, although I know that many negroes are good marksmen in hunting, and many of them are our best pilots, engineers, and firemen on the coast steamers. Men of that class ought to make fair artillerists, especially in forts, where they would know their distances, and fire from bomb proofs.

It is possible, too, that they could be used for ambulance, and litter bearers. If well trained, decorated with glittering badge or uniform under picked officers, they ought to be available even in the thickest of the fray. I know more than one slave who repeatedly has ventured close in rear of the battle line to carry something for his master, or be of service if needed. True, they are apt to run like partridges at the crack of a shell; but after all in this they only do what the balance of us would like to do!

At all events, considering the dreadful pressure of the times I am for making the experiment, and after careful inquiry of the men of this division (34) I find not half a dozen in the hundred of my fellow soldiers opposed to it. Colonel James W. Hinton¹ says he knows General Lee approves of such a measure."

The reader will not need to be told that nothing was done. Congress mumbled over the matter until General Lee himself went before the committee, and with awful solemnity set forth the condition of his army—the perils

¹ Lieutenant Colonel of the 8th North Carolina and later Colonel of the 68th North Carolina.

overhanging the Cause—but no action was taken. My note shows that the army was ready to accept “African Auxiliaries” as early as July, 1864. The project was not introduced in Congress until November, and was leisurely debated until March, 1865,—one month before the surrender. Even then, in the last hours of the struggle when everybody knew slavery to be doomed, Congress in its Act allowing President Davis to raise a force of colored troops merely permitted him to accept from their masters the services of the slaves, without any pledge of freedom to the latter!

Looking at the subject after fourteen years of observation of the negro as a freedman, I grow more and more amazed at our short sightedness in failing to use him for military purposes. It is well known that thousands of plantations throughout the South were burthened during the war in raising provisions for the family slaves lounging around in comparative idleness. Had one or two hundred thousand of them been drafted as soldiers, there would have remained a sufficiency to till the fields, and the Confederacy would have had the services in the battle line of a like number of whites relieved from local and garrison duty.

Little fear of the negro’s loyalty need have been entertained—he would not have proved a counterpart of the Hindoo Sepoy. By instinct attached to his home, his birthplace, his family, the ex-slave would have made a better soldier, for Dixie, than for Yankeedom. The characteristic which made him as a slave so fond of boasting of *his* “fambly,” *his* “Maussa,” *his* “plantation,” *his* “horses,” dogs and general turnout, would have made him as a free soldier, the very proudest of “State Rights man.” And the characteristic which made the negro overseer so much harsher on his fellows than a white man would have made these uniformed Auxiliaries, a kind of “colored aristocracy” absolutely identified with their former Masters and the South. *Kismet!*

But to return to my personal connection with colored soldiers in that sultry June day. Although less than a

dozen miles distant, the march to the Pamunkey proved exceedingly harassing. The weather was hot and sultry, the roads deep in dust, and there was but little drinking water to be obtained. Added to this in my case was the mental stress of watching for a chance to knock down two or three of my guards, and escape to the woods. Weakened by eight days close confinement on bread and water diet, with limbs cramped for the same period by shackles, I felt that it would be useless to attempt to run away; the only hope being to pick out a favorable spot, and outwit the colored brethren by a sudden dash into a thicket. Hence every sense was kept on the alert, every point watched, every bush scanned during the long tramp, until gradually the feeble spark of hope flickered and died out!

The guards surrounded me with a wall of steel,—two bayonets on each side, two behind, and one in front. Suddenly just at twilight, the road deflected into a broad plain, or valley, whose surface was dotted with thousands of twinkling lights like fireflies. What could it mean? Presently the outlines of a vast camp became visible through the gloaming. A line of fortifications, with redoubts, and deep ditches, curving out in half moon, or horseshoe shape, enclosing something more than a mile in space, directly around the White House Landing on the Pamunkey.

Within this half-moon were the tents of an army packed as closely as were McClellan's shattered divisions at Harrison's Landing in 1862 or, Grant's beaten hordes at Pittsburg Landing, on the night of Shiloh.

These troops were an apparition even to our guards until we learned that they consisted of some 30,000 homeopathic volunteers known as "One Hundred Days Men" that is to say, "volunteers" who had been conscripted to serve one hundred days—who had arrived at the White House within the past two days, and were about to re-embark and sail around to join Grant at Petersburg.

Here let the reader note the fact that Grant after swearing he would fight it out on the direct line to Richmond, "if it takes all summer," dare not stand in front of Lee's wasted legions for a single week after the battle of Cool Harbor, notwithstanding that he knew he was about to receive a *reinforcement*, mark the word! equal in numbers to Lee's entire fighting force!

These thirty thousand "Three Months' men" were mostly "Hoosiers" from the West and Northwest, never before in the South, and full of stay-at-home patriotism. To their loyal souls the spectacle of 800 rebels marching in under a guard of 2,600 negroes was something to gloat over,—to go wild about! In a twinkling the entire camp swarmed each side of the road with a dense bluecoated mass, swarming, yelling, gesticulating, and the like. "Hey, look at the Rebels!" "There's Lee's whole rag-gamuffin crew fetched in by niggers!" "Whar'd ye ketch 'em, boys?" "Couldn't stand cold steel, could they?" "Well, don't they look derved sheepish?" "More lice than clothes in that crowd!" "Huzzah for the colored troops." "Hurrah for the 27th Ohio!" etc., etc.

Under this uproar the darkeys became so excited that they too broke into cheers over their own imaginary exploits. Many of the whites took the arms of the negroes, and walked along with them, asking all kind of questions as to how they happened to catch so many Rebels; and the delighted darkeys, who had not fired a shot, or captured one of the prisoners, accepted the ovation as a just tribute to their valor and merits. What a curious thing human nature is!

Proceeding through the camps, the column halted near the river landing, or wharf. Amid the open ground, once a turfy and flower-spangled lawn, stretching down to the water's edge, but now trodden into a dusty waste, stood an old ruin, with blackened walls, and gaunt chimneys towering amid the vines and shrubbery like ghostly monuments in a churchyard by moonlight; a gloomy spectacle altogether.

This crumbling pile was the remnant of what was formerly the historic old homestead—"The White House,"

once the residence of a Custis, a Washington, and a Lee, nay more—*The Lee*! It was at this door that the young surveyor, Major George Washington, on his way to Winchester to join the ill-fated Braddock, stopped so long that his valet sent the horses to stable, and after getting them out next day at the same hour, returned them to the stable, and himself went a-fishing!

But now, shameful to relate! two rooms of the rambling old mansion were occupied as stables for the horses of some of the invading horde; and in the drawing room, at the very hearthstone where the young “Widow Custis” was importuned to give the sweetest of womanly answers;—at this very fireplace were fifteen or twenty negroes, dressed in the “American” uniform and swaggering as “Union” soldiers, engaged in frying meat, and boiling coffee, while their coarse songs and ribald jokes rang out into the night, in sickening discord with the reflections naturally called up by so noted, and patriotically venerated a place.

The mansion had descended in due course to the Lee family, (Mrs. Lee being a granddaughter of the beautiful widow Custis) and had been the home of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, as long as it was deemed safe for her to remain there. On leaving she wrote in a conspicuous place on the door-lintel, a note addressed to any Federals who might visit it, urging them to spare it from destruction, and desecration, not from any consideration of its present owners, but because it was once the home of the “Father of his Country.” The Yankees had a good laugh over the old-fashioned patriotism of this noble daughter of the Union; but to enjoy it still more, they robbed the house of everything of value, then applied the torch; and soon naught remained except the tall chimneys, and blackened *debris* of walls.

It is needless to say I had very little time for patriotic reflections that night. I knew that no chance for escape would exceed the noise and confusion of this crowded camp; and I was resolved to make the attempt before dawn.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND

Fortunately escape recognition—Down in the death-pit—On deck—Point Lookout—Robbed—In the Pen—The death draught—More robbery—A failure to escape—Rumor of removal—A big plot to seize the vessel—Treachery in our own ranks—The plot—More torture—Arrival at The Devil's Dwelling Place.

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Fortunately about this time, the alarm of "Rebel raiders coming!" was renewed; and all available troops, including the negroes, our late escort, were ordered out to the trenches. After witnessing their departure, I breathed more freely, for I knew that none of the new guards would know me by sight. It appears, however, the negroes had given a very accurate description of me; and twice during the night a squad of officers with a lantern passed among the sleeping prisoners scanning every face, and examining uniforms. "He was a tall, slim chap, in a round jacket and a blue cap with gold braid on it"—said one of the searchers to the other after they had passed out of the ring; and at once I surmised the object of their scrutiny. But it did not disturb me, as I had lost my cap in the confusion, and had exchanged my short jacket for an old gray coat, which Lieutenant James P. Donaldson, one of my new companions, luckily loaned me, and which altogether changed my appearance.

Lieutenant Donaldson was a capital fellow; a young Philadelphian of good family. Happening to be engaged

¹ Unfortunately in preparing the history of his life for publication in the *Farmer and Mechanic*, Shotwell had a habit of destroying the original manuscript as fast as he condensed it for publication from his private journals, and therefore it is impossible to supply the narrative of his escape from his negro guards on the march to the White House, and his recapture by the Federals. Even the members of his family are unable to give any details of the event. He succeeded in escaping and was retaken, and sentenced to death, but beyond this nothing now can be ascertained.

in surveying a railroad in West Virginia when the war began, he cast his fortunes with the South, and remained true until the last; notwithstanding the fact that during the eight months he lay in Fort Delaware, within an hour's ride of his home, he was daily besieged by friends and relatives to take the oath. In this respect he was much stronger-souled than a young cousin-by-marriage of mine, Capt. George Junkin. He was a brother-in-law of "Stonewall" Jackson, and served on his staff; but being captured and brought to Fort Delaware, was so assailed by his male kin, Rev. Drs. George and David X. Junkin, and entreated by his female kindred, his mother taking to bed on account of it—that at length he succumbed.¹ He escaped much suffering that Donaldson endured, but I could wish the names equally honorable in this record! Early next morning the Confederate prisoners were marched upon the wharf and packed away in the hold of an old wheezy steamer to be shipped to safe quarters at Point Lookout.

Two officers stood at the gang plank scanning the face of each prisoner as he descended; but I managed to pass in with the rest.

I have said we were "packed away," but language fails to describe such packing. It was terrible. The vessel had brought a cargo of bacon, molasses and other gross stuff, whose drippings left the floor and sides sticky as wax, and nauseous as a pigstye; to which was added the stench of the bilge water splashing over our feet between the loose planks which constituted the floor. A cargo of decayed eggs would have seemed like rose-water in such a place. Being below the water line, there were no windows, not a ray of light, not a breath of air save what came down the small hatchway, which was filled by the stream of men constantly descending the ladder. No pen can picture our sufferings as the dark hold became densely packed with men; grown men, panting, perspiring, groaning, growling, cursing, begging for more air,

¹ An interesting account of the deception is to be found in *The Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, II. 5, p. 951.

for room, for water; stumbling over each other, slipping on the slimy planks; the stronger cursing the weaker in the fantastic struggle to get near the gang-hole to escape suffocation. Yet still the stream of men poured down the ladder, the Yankees on deck *forcing them at the point of the bayonet* to descend. Two hundred! Three hundred! Five hundred! Seven hundred! Eight hundred! *One thousand and forty-eight* adult prisoners in the sultriest of sultry June weather, were thus crammed down into the cess-pool I have described, or rather have felt unable to describe! When all were in, the interior was a solid mass of human beings, unable to move except when the swaying ship would throw great piles of men upon the ooze-covered floor! Old men could be seen with open mouth *sucking*, like fish out of water, for a *little breath*! weak men leaned against the filthy walls whining that they were *dying*! Strong men shouted, yelled, cursed, protested! "*Help! Help! Here's a man dead!*" screamed a shrill voice; as the limp form was being lifted up the ladder, two or three others fainted, and were hauled out in like manner.

Meanwhile the chorus of cries and imprecations redoubled in vehemence. If the reader thinks this scene exaggerated, let him imagine a congregation of 1,048 grown men in not very cleanly condition, in the last days of June, marched down a ladder into a stinking cellar, in utter darkness, and without ventilation save by a hole five feet square, through which they descended!

Luckily the number of fainting men frightened the Federal officers, and the call was sent down for "*all officers to come up on deck.*" I felt that it was running a great risk, to avow myself an officer and thus be forced to give my name, but it seemed to be the only chance for life, as I already could scarcely stand, and must certainly have succumbed during the forty-eight hours we would be packed in the hold.

So I went up on deck, and eventually near two hundred of the prisoners were brought up while, also, a couple of "wind sails," or big canvass funnels to catch the wind

and force it down into the hold were put in operation for the benefit of our poor comrades below. Nevertheless, their suffering must have been horrible.

I had now an opportunity to make the acquaintance of some of my fellow prisoners, among whom were found several North Carolinians, Major McDonald,¹ from near Fayetteville, Captain Sloan² from Greensboro, Lieutenant Nelson from Polk, and others. Strangers though they were it seemed like getting among "home folks" to meet them.

Sunset found us gliding down the narrow channel of the Pamunkey, which is really only another name for the upper York river, between wooded shores, with here and there a fine old mansion half revealed amid the foliage, a picturesque panorama of sylvan scenes, bathed in the glorious radiance of our Southern sunsets; all things at rest, for 'twas a Sabbath eve, save the churning of the wheels, or the flapping of the flags at mast and stern; and as some of the officers began to sing the familiar airs—"Home, Sweet Home"! and "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," I sat perched upon the iron capstan, and reflected upon the curious vicissitudes of a soldier's life.

It was a sultry June morning when we first caught sight of the white tower arising above the watery horizon to mark the confluence of the Potomac and Chesapeake.

Point Lookout is the southernmost tip of a sandy peninsula pointing like a finger down between the bay and the river, which is itself an inland sea, seven miles in width for a long distance above the Point.

The peninsula is less than half a mile in width, low, level, and covered with light white sand which the slightest breeze stirs into dense clouds, than which nothing could be more distressing to man or beast.

Northward from the Point is a vast stretch of wooded wilderness; abounding in swamps, and traversed by a

¹ James R. McDonald, major of the 51st North Carolina.

² George Sloan, captain Co. I., 51st North Carolina.

narrow road, without a traveller, or a habitation for miles on miles. The peculiarly isolated and uncomfortable features of the Point recommend it to the Federals as a Prison Camp; while its location midway between Fortress Monroe and both Baltimore and Washington make it convenient as a supply station for military and naval stores, forage, coal, etc.

Accordingly about a mile of the sandy tongue was seized, and cut off from the interior by a high stockade of logs running across from river to bay, and leaving a deep ditch cut just outside. Sentries were posted along this fence day and night, altho there was never any real necessity therefor.

At the southern end of the Point was a lighthouse tower, half a dozen wharves; a double row of frame hospitals, officers' barracks, etc.; and a large colony of negro women and children stolen from Southern plantations and held here at government expense; virtually prisoners, as they could not escape from the limits of the Point. But the striking feature of the place has yet to be mentioned. The newcomer, looking up the stretch of sandy beach, saw two large parallelograms; one comprising perhaps 4 acres; the other somewhat larger; both enclosed by a high plank fence, full thirty feet above the surface, surmounted by a narrow platform or walkway, upon which a number of negroes in Yankee uniform could be seen lazily promenading to and fro.

These were the "Rebel Prison Pens!" The smaller known as the "Officers' Pen," the other, the "Privates' Pen." Both were filled to overflowing and a continual hum of voices rose from within as if they were human bee hives. Nearly ten thousand privates occupied the larger stockade, and perhaps eight hundred officers the smaller.¹

Cruelty's own self must have melted at the spectacle of the half suffocated, half dead Southerners disembarking after a day and a night of horror in the "Black

¹ During 1864-65 the number of prisoners at Point Lookout ranged from 7,000 to 14,000. *Official Records*, 121, pp. 991-1002.

Hole'' of the vessel. All were weary, begrimed, sleepy and miserable beyond description; while none of us had eaten anything for nearly forty-eight hours.

The officers were marched through the sand to Provost Marshal Brady's office, where every prisoner was forced to surrender every article of value or interest that he possessed, no matter how harmless or how useful. The robberies embraced all money, watches, rings, keepsakes, lockets, gold pencils, knives, trinkets, etc.; everything in short that cupidity could covet, or petty malice delight in depriving us of the enjoyment of using. It is scarcely necessary to say that these articles were never returned. There may have been exceptional cases of officers of high rank, who by means of influential Northern friends, or "old army" acquaintances were enabled to recover their watches, money, etc., but the vast majority of the prisoners never again laid eyes upon their property.

And now we were marched into the four-acre pen, and told to "Scratch into some hole or other!"—meaning, to find shelter as best we could.¹

The lower portion of the Pen was occupied by rows of small tents or pretense of tents, they being a lot of condemned canvas, ruined by salt water and mildewed so that they afforded less protection than the same number of fly-nets.

Yet, even of these there were so few that from seven to ten men were huddled in each tent like a sweltering nest of pigs. It would have been better to have allowed us, like the Yankee prisoners at Andersonville to construct small shelters of our own.

In rainy weather the rotten canvass served to gather and pour down upon us steady streams of water, more annoying than the universal shower; while within an hour after the rain ceased, great clouds of dry sand began their tireless whirling, like another simoon amid the great Sahara. No pen nor tongue can portray the plague

¹ Much evidence confirming Shotwell's account of conditions at Point Lookout is to be found in *Official Records*, Vols. 119-20.

of this fine sand eternally filling the air, inflaming the eyes, penetrating the hair, the beard, the ears, nose and clothing; covering blankets, towels, paper, etc., with a thick coat of grit within an hour's time after brushing them off; and filtering through the canvas so that at morn each sleeper seems peppered with white powder.

It was of course out of the question to keep clean; particularly as there were neither tubs nor boilers for washing, and not enough water for drinking purposes. Moreover, few of the prisoners had any clothing, except that upon their persons when captured, hence were obliged to remain partially nude while cleansing, or trying to cleanse their soiled garments.

I made a practice of arising at daybreak to secure a canteen of water, for my morning ablutions, ere the continual pumping converted it into red paste.

And now I must speak of the fearful effects of this much coveted fluid. Horrified at seeing a cart filled with dead bodies, I enquired, what had occasioned this surprising mortality. "*Oh, it is the water!*" was the reply—"that well is rank poison! It is killing us all by inches."

The well had been dug deep enough to reach a substratum of reddish earth, with a vein of mineral, either iron or copper or both. The water left a reddish sediment; had a brackish, ironish taste; and was sufficiently powerful in coloring matter to color an egg a bright red within an hour! Far more fearful proof of its fatal potency was the aspect of the human corpses of those who had used it, which became *hideously black* simultaneously with death! Almost as apparent was the effect of the deadly draught upon the living. Every cupful acted as a powerful diuretic, reducing hale hearty men to staggering weakness, and causing the weak and sickly to look like skeletons.

Hundreds of poor fellows, suffering from wounds, or debilitated by fevers and lack of proper food, succumbed in a few days. The camp was full of haggard, half-clad men, whose sunken eyes, and tottering gait bespoke them already doomed to the "Death Cart." The food allowed

the prisoners consisted of a cup of rice-water (called soup) and three crackers at 9 A. M.; and the same, with a morsel of rancid bacon at 3 P. M.

It was just sufficient to maintain life; yet leaving everyone in a continual state of yearning hunger. True, the soup was always luke-warm, and garnished with white worms half an inch long; while the food was gritty with sand and dirt. Hunger, however, can overlook trifles of taste, and during the long summer days when the system appeared about to collapse from gnawing emptiness, men could be seen gazing wolfishly at their own old shoes.

It is perhaps needless to say that our captors took measures to draw profit from the famishing condition of the prisoners. Many of them had Northern relations and friends who hastened to supply them with money, clothes, and boxes of provisions. A few boxes were allowed to come in, from time to time, to encourage the prisoners to send for more; but everything of value or luxury was stolen from them, and the odds were as three to five that the box would never be heard from, notwithstanding that the express companies reported its delivery at the prison door.

One scheme called the "Wholesale Steal" was to make proclamation that all boxes would be admitted without stoppage. Instantly each starving prisoner began to ransack his memory for the name of some one to whom he could apply for food and clothes. Many of the Southerners had sisters or brothers, or old mercantile customers at the North; hence were quickly furnished with what they asked. Nay—the articles were started, and duly arrived at the prison; *but never reached the prisoner.*

As soon as a large number of boxes came to hand, a fresh proclamation was issued confiscating the *whole* lot. Correspondence was also shut off for a time so that the prisoners could not warn their friends to withhold their kindness; consequently the official thieves revelled for

weeks upon the food sent to the poor starving wretches who were being hauled out daily by cart loads.

Still another species of robbery was through the "sutler's shops." The sutler was a brother-in-law of either Major H. G. O. Weymouth, the Provost, or of Major Brady, the Post Commandant. At all events, they were interested in his sales, and adapted their regulations to grind the life blood from the prisoners for mutual profit. All money sent to them was retained by Weymouth, and greasy bits of parchment called "Sutler's checks" given in lieu of it.

Large commissions for collecting funds sent by draft or express, (the only way to make sure of its arrival, were expected, and discounts were demanded on torn cheques, even tho' thus torn when they were handed out.

The sutler's window was a horizontal slit in the wall, opening into a cuddy-hole of a shop containing a stock of cheese, crackers, tea, coffee, salt, sardines, and canned fruits, pickles, etc., such as are usually sold at a large profit. But ordinary profits were despised by the bloated human spider who sat at the "Hole-in-the-wall", licking his claws, and maliciously demanding two and three hundred per cent for his wares: well knowing that the famishing prisoners would be forced to buy at *any* price. And if occasionally the latter began to complain, the shop window was closed for a day or two; whereupon the wealthier prisoners, that is to say, those best supplied with Northern resources, stormed at the poor wretch who had sold his coat for half a loaf of bread; worth *2 cents* at the shop just outside the prison wall—because he dared to murmur against the "favor" of being skinned alive! These be small things to read about, doubtless to those who never suffered them in the least degree, but they made a sum of suffering and bitterness that crushed the soul out of many a gallant fellow, whose loss would blight a happy home far away in Dixie.

Existence became unendurable ere the end of the first month of our incarceration, and all manner of schemes

for escape were discussed. An open insurrection was out of the question. Besides the parapet guards, our keepers lined the stockade which ran across the Point with soldiery, and cut port holes in it for a battery of brass howitzers, loaded to the muzzle with slugs and grape shot to mow down the "Rebels" should they succeed in breaking out of the "Pens."

Besides these precautions a gunboat was kept cruising off the Point, ready to sweep the narrow peninsula with her guns in case of an *emeute*.

Lieutenant Commander Abbott,¹ at one time in charge of this war vessel, was a cousin of mine, and a worthy young man, whose father and mother have ever shown sincere regard for me; but their intense Massachusetts fanaticism on the subject of slavery and the South precluded any exchange of amicable courtesies under the circumstances. I have said the great subject of discussion among the prisoners was—how to escape.

My own tent was within 20 feet of the wall, and I one day made a discovery that set us all in a flurry. The fence had been erected from plank formerly used for some other purpose; and my discovery was this; that one of the planks contained a series of small holes, each an inch in diameter, and two feet apart, from top to bottom. The thought occurred to me that by shaping half a dozen stout pegs, one might take advantage of a stormy night, and crawl to the wall, and by inserting peg after peg reach the top; swing over, and lurk under the platform of the "sentry-walk" until a favorable moment to scud away down the beach into the water.

It would then be necessary to wade out as far as possible to avoid detection from the guards on the parapet of the "Privates' Pen."

There was of course great risk of being shot by the sentries, who were under orders to shoot down any prisoner seen within ten feet of the wall; or of breaking one's neck in falling from the fence; or of being drowned in the turbulent surf.

¹ Trevett Abbott.

But these were merely risks, while our daily torture was a certainty—and apparently limitless.

Several officers agreed to make the attempt; and all hands turned to secret preparation, getting articles of citizen's dress, canteens for water, a supply of crackers wrapped in greased paper (to preserve them from the salt water), and a chart of the country north of the Point, so far as it could be drawn by Major Bronaugh, and other Marylanders.

The project had so far advanced that one rainy night, I crept to the wall, and tried several of the pegs, placing them in the holes, and bearing my weight upon them. The fence creaked, the sentry stopped his pacing, and a sudden flash of lightning that seemed to last ten minutes as midsummer lightning often does, showed the dark form at the foot of the wall so plainly that I cannot account for the soldier's not seeing it, unless he was blinded by the vivid gleam.

A few days later our plans received much discouragement by the return of three prisoners who had contrived to secret themselves when sent out on some "fatigue duty." They had waded into the bay until only their noses remained above water: and had crouched thus in the sand until after nightfall. Then they began to move northward, and thought themselves free.

Alas! the stockade had been carried out to deep water at each end, and the wind driven waves dashing against the huge logs prevented any attempt to pass around the projection except by an excellent swimmer.

Only one could swim, and he met worse luck than the other. For after escaping two miles up the peninsula he came to a dense morass, a small "Dismal Swamp" impassable except on the narrow corduroy roadway.

Stepping out upon this he was discovered by a cavalry picket, and returned to the prison an hour after his comrades. All were tied hand and foot and thrown down in the sand of a filthy guard tent, without blankets, and with no clothing except their shirts and drawers, torn to shreds by their buffeting with the waves and thick-

ets. After several days of this brutal treatment (*It is brutal* to punish a prisoner for attempting to escape unless he is on parole, for it is his *duty* to do so if he can), they allowed them to return to the Pen, to acquaint us with their misfortunes. Ah! how I then reproached myself for never learning to swim, despite my constitutional horror of water! But we did not wholly abandon our endeavors.

We were growing desperate. Bad news from Richmond, added to the daily loss of some comrade whom we had learned to like, and the debilitating effect of the poisonous well-water rendered us almost demented.

There was not a tree upon the Point, or any green thing to lessen the glare of the July sun on the hot sand and glassy waters; the sieve-like tents afforded no shelter; the high fence cut off every whiff of breeze, and the "Pen" seemed like the bottom of a great grave-pit glowing at a white heat!

To enhance our torment came intelligence of a total cessation of "exchange of prisoners", followed by rumors that we were about to be transferred to that "Low-ermost Hell" of human hells, Fort Delaware Death Pen. As the report ran from tent to tent, faces grew white, and hands were clenched in universal resolution to suffer it not! Many wild projects were mooted: but as all knew the attempt would be as desperate as the inciting cause, common consent finally left the planning of the campaign to a few persons.

Major Branch of Petersburg, a gallant young Virginian of a well-known family—(He survived the war to perish in sight of his own home by the breaking of the bridge on the Canal at Richmond at the time of the great calamity a few years ago) was chosen as leader, by virtue of his rank, as well as because he had secured a revolver; smuggled in to him in a keg of beer by a friend who had paid some prison official \$100 for the privilege on the plea of the Major's failing health.

It was decided by the Chief Junta not to inform the prisoners generally of our plans; but to select ten men

in each "Sergeant's division", or "Roll call list" — making a total of about one hundred and thirty officers of known courage and resolution, to whom the whole work should be committed.

It was felt that when the struggle got fairly started, every prisoner would see what he ought to do without previous telling.

It was planned that the one hundred and thirty picked men in squads of half a dozen should contrive to loiter around each one of the guards on the decks, and at the hatchways of the vessel. All were instructed to make friends with the Yankees, laugh, joke and profess to be delighted at the transfer on the ground that at Fort Delaware we should be near a large city, and could get a great many things not to be had at Point Lookout.

All were to listen for the crack of Major Branch's pistol; whereupon each squad should pounce upon one or more of the guards, wrench away muskets, and suppress any attempted resistance.

Our chief, who understood navigation, took upon himself the capture of the pilot and the engineer, to prevent any sudden alarm by the whistle in case of passing vessels.

In short our plan provided for every probable emergency; and by its very audacity seemed assured of success; since the Federals might be expected to lay aside suspicion after seeing us fairly entered the capes of Delaware. Upon effecting the capture we could exchange uniforms with our guards, send them down in the hold with all of our own men, except those in blue garments, and quietly sail down to some point on the York or Potomac, then to disembark, and after taking a supply of provisions, burn the ship and march to the nearest Confederate lines, with flags and prisoners,—a glorious triumph!

Alas! we were destined ere many hours to be reminded that even the

"Best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

From the days of Judas there has been no twelve without a traitor, and the "thirty pieces of silver" appear to have lost none of their villainous potency even unto this day.

In brief, despite every precaution, we were betrayed and our plans foiled with the result of increasing the horrors we sought to escape. It was well we could get no idea of the betrayer; though his discovery would have dispelled doubts and suspicions that naturally added to the bitterness of our disappointment.

Possibly the Yankees had spies among us, as they afterwards had at Fort Delaware; pretended "Rebels" who cursed the "Yanks" from morning till night, yet kept the prison authorities informed by secret notes of every project discussed by the prisoners.

The knowledge of our betrayal dawned on every mind at the moment we began to file out of the prison pen in the direction of the landing. Instead of the usual small guard, the entire garrison was found drawn up with fixed bayonets on both sides of the roadway. Through the aisles thus formed, prisoners, to the number of 600, all officers, were marched upon the wharf until all were congregated as closely as possible at the side of the vessel awaiting us. Presently an ugly looking gunboat, with black muzzles grinning from the ports steamed in alongside of the transport, and the commander roared to the captain of the latter—for our benefit, of course—, "Now, Captain, as soon as you start I'll follow in your wake, and if you have any trouble just give me a signal, and I'll rake you, fore and aft, with grapeshot. Take to your boats, and I'll sink the d—d Rebels in two minutes!"

This, of course, was a piece of puerile bravado, because the transport could not be sunk without carrying down 200 guards, besides the officers and crew. Nevertheless, the presence of the gunboat utterly disconcerted our plans, as it was useless to overpower the guards when there could be no hope of escaping her.

But our keepers had arranged to thwart us at every point. Instead of allowing us the liberty of the spacious

deck as might have been done under the circumstances, we were all packed into the filthy hold, without light or air from any opening save the single hatchway whereat a large circle of guards served to shut out much of both elements. It was our experience in coming from Pamunkey to the Point repeated and intensified. The weather was warmer, the crowd greater, the distance longer! And seasickness superadded!

Oh! the horrors of that night! The hold was so sticky with the drippings of the previous cargoes of molasses, bacon, fish, etc., that one could not sit down, not even lean against the sides, while the stench of rotten bilgewater, and six hundred soldiers in a sweat bath was nauseating in the extreme. This, joined to the tossing of the vessel, in a stiff gale, soon caused dozens to drop down in the filth and darkness, too dizzy and seasick to care if trodden underfoot by the swaying mass. Groans of distress and suffering arose from all parts of the black hold; and many poor fellows, half poisoned by the purgative mineral water, of which I have spoken, fairly implored the guards to kill them, and put them out of their misery.

Ah! why linger over the picture? Many particulars cannot be mentioned here that added intensely to our sufferings — though they were sufficiently horrible to make me register a vow, oft repeated during that long night, spent in tossing to and fro amid the gloom, the filth, the howling throng!—never to forget, nor forgive such inhumanity. Bah! 'twas too late! I had fired my last shot for Dixie!

When morning dawned many pitiable sights were unveiled. Suffice it that two or three dozen of the prisoners were unable to stand upon their feet, and had to be carried to the hospital, thence to the "Potter's Field"—, unknown,—uncared for,—unrevenged! As the long procession of prisoners staggered out upon the wharf at Fort Delaware, the universal thought was one of despondency, as if each had been warned like the lost spirits in Dante's Hell;—"Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here!" The

reputation of the place for cruelty was already familiar to all of us; and it needed no more than a glance at the massive fort with its hundred monster guns, the broad moat, the green slime dykes and the scores of sentrys pacing to and fro in all directions, to quench every lingering hope of escape.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

Fort Delaware—Fresh fish—Barracks—Division 34—The Officers' Pen—Villainous Water—Rations—How the prisoners kill time—The workers—The students—The players—The walkers—Brutal murder of Col. Jones.

Fort Delaware is a handsome granite pentagon mounting one hundred guns in three tiers of casements to command at point blank range, both channels of the river, which in this vicinity is about one mile wide. A deep moat, at all times full of water, surrounds the fort; and if necessary the whole island can be flooded to the depth of four or five feet by opening the dyke gates. The fort occupies the southeastern corner of Pea Patch Island, which is a relic of the Revolutionary war, I believe. At that period the defenses of Delaware (and Philadelphia) consisted of Fort Mifflin, a small water battery, farther up the river; only a sand bar existing on the site of the present fortress. On this shoal, however, a vessel was wrecked, and her cargo of succulent peas beginning to sprout, served as a net to catch the drifting sediment of the river until a small island was formed. Repeated crops of vegetation served to solidify the gathering mass; so that in the course of many years a surface of ten or twelve acres became visible at lowtide.¹

At length the Federal government saw the advantage of locating a fort here, in midstream, for the defense of the upper water. A broad levee was constructed entirely around the island, shutting out the tide; the interior having thus been redeemed soon became habitable; though the soil is still so black, loamy and porous that one fears to tread heavily lest it open like a quicksand to swallow him up!

¹ For a description of Fort Delaware, see *Confederate Veteran*, 8:155; 13:106. Shotwell's account of the place seems to be rather an understatement than an exaggeration. See Handy, *United States Bonds; Off. Recs.*, 117-121.

The advantages of Pea Patch Island as a military prison readily suggested themselves to the Federal authorities. Secure from cavalry raids, or plotted uprisings, such as came so near success at Camp Chase, it was easy of access by both rail and water; besides possessing special recommendations for a "Rebel Pen." As for example, what location could have been more *admirably unhealthy* than those ten acres of reclaimed swamp, in the middle of, and five feet below the level of a broad river, whose waters still percolated through the thin levees, and permeated the black porous soil until in rainy weather the island seemed a plot of mud?

What more suggestive of cholera than a single whiff from the slimy ditches, or "canals" running in all directions in connection with the deep moat of the fort, and which at low water were left with just enough of putrid water to float the trash and offal of *twelve thousand prisoners*? There was not a tree, not a shrub to break the stifling glare of the sun, which in midsummer baked the black soil till it cracked like the bottom of a dried-up millpond; and sometimes seemed to scorch and "sizz" the stagnant surface of the stream itself.

Nor was there anything to break the black bitterness of November's blasts, the hoarse howlings of Winter's winds, the fearful fury of February and March, when the crashing of large icebergs in the river was added to the uproar of the storms that threatened to sweep the island as bare as when the granite fortress first began to rise above the water line.

This is but an outline sketch; the fuller picture was already being painted in vivid colors by the "death cart", at the time my experience begins. In short, no more unhealthy situation for a crowded prison could be selected, always excepting that famously infamous Point Lookout.

The prisoners were not confined in the fort, but in large "pens" directly under its guns. The pens were formed by enclosing a parallelogram of some eight acres by a continuous line of rude one-story pine barracks,

running round the four sides. The enclosure, or courtyard, was then divided into two yards by a double line of high plank fence, with a parapet on the top, for sentrys to walk and overlook the prisoners in each square.

An alley ten feet broad separated the two fences, preventing any intercourse between the two pens; and giving access to gates opening into each. Officers occupied the smaller pen nearest the fort; privates the other, which, though larger, was many times most crowded.

The row of barracks were under a continuous roof, but were divided into rooms called "Divisions," numbered from No. One, to "Forty." The buildings were mere shells, constructed of long planks standing on end, in line, like a double fence, or a covered bridge, running round three sides of a square. The floor was as rough as a stable; the roof leaky as a sieve; the weatherboarding so open that you could thrust your hand between most of the planks, and great drifts of snow accumulated upon our beds every night in winter.

Each Division measured 20 feet long by 10 feet wide; yet in this small space one hundred men must find shelter! How could they be packed away? Why, by being shelved, literally. The interior of each division consisted of a central aisle, five feet broad; in the middle of which stood the stove, and a long table. All other space was taken up with three tiers of shelves; the first being four feet above the floor, the next four feet above the first, and so on up to the roof. Each shelf was six feet broad, making a platform upon which long rows of men must sleep, side by side, with heads to the wall, and feet to the center. Thus at night fifty men lay on the four shelves on the north side of the aisle, and fifty men in the same manner on the south side. The three upper tiers could only be reached by climbing the supporting pillars, which were only long pieces of scantlings running from floor to roof. Upon these frail uprights small cross-pieces were nailed at intervals to form a kind of ladder, but the cleats were soon worn out under continual use; so that large men were in daily danger of

breakage that would precipitate them backwards ten or fifteen feet upon the benches, or stove in the aisle, breaking their head, neck, or legs according to their luck.

Of course the continual climbing up and down was a great annoyance to the occupants of the lower shelves, whose blankets and clothes, as well as faces and food were liberally sprinkled with mud, trash and vermin! The occasional overturning of water, coffee, or ink "upstairs" did not materially improve the situation. I lay for a week directly under a man who had smallpox; and helped to lift him down, on his way to the grave. *Per Contra*, the lower tiers escaped some of the rain leaks, and foetid air to which the "high livers" were subjected. Perhaps the most uncomfortable were the "floor men," exposed as they were, to both the drippings from above, and the poisonous exhalations from the damp soil under the open ill-laid floor.

Although we had been plundered of all valuables—if that term could be used without absurdity in connection with a "Ragged Rebel," at Point Lookout, each officer was again ransacked for the sake of any trifle that might have escaped Weymouth and Brady. Then, gates were thrown open, and we were generously permitted to "hunt holes to sleep in." Instantly the cry "Fresh Fish! Fresh Fish!"—running around the pen, caused the 700 present occupants to swarm from their bunks to see the new comers, and pump for "the latest news."

Whence the origin of the phrase "Fresh Fish," I am unable to say, but certainly our predecessors in captivity proved to be "suckers" of marked avidity; each seizing his man, and plying him with all manner of questions, military, political, civil and uncivil. Alas! the questioners gained only sorrow for their pains; since the newcomers brought with them the story of Grant's successful entrenchment on the heights overlooking Petersburg; and the still more dismal story of Joe Johnston's perpetual "falling back."

Boyishly backward, and unused to push and scramble for what I could get, I hesitated to secure a bunk until

all the upper tiers had been taken, leaving me only a muddy corner of the floor tier in Division 34, directly over one of the filthy ditches which crossed the yard for washing purposes. The floor was as rough and uneven as a pile of rails, and so open that I might have dropped a marble through the crevices into the rotten water below.

To thoroughly understand the discomfort of this situation you should remember that we were not allowed to have bedding of any kind, nor more than one blanket. All else was taken away even though the private property of the prisoner.

Hence there was nothing to do but lie upon one half of the blanket and cover with the other half, enduring the miasmatic exhalations from below as patiently as possible. The prison barracks for officers, as before stated, consisted of a row of sheds surrounding three sides of a square of four acres; the fourth side being enclosed by a high plank fence having a sentry-walk on top with guards overlooking the "Pen." Sentinels also, were stationed outside of the enclosure night and day. The barracks were mere sheds, all under the same roof, all alike, and all having one door and two windows opening into the Pen. Narrow plank walks ran round the square in front of the doors, and led to the dining room in rear of which were the sinks. In the fence in the northeast corner of the Pen, was the main gate of entrance; near which was a small box for the receipt of the prisoners' letters; and a square aperture called the "Surgeon's" window, whereat the quack who made a pretence of physicking the sick, held a levee generally once a day, but sometimes only once in three or four days; and made a shameful mockery of prescribing for the wretched prisoners, who almost daily were kept for hours—in perhaps chilling rain, burning sun, or drifting snow as the season chanced—hanging around the hole in the fence, while the quack rolled bread pills or dished out little powders or magnesia, quinine, or some white stuff suspiciously like sifted flour;—anything, in

short, that made a pretence, cost little, and did *not* kill, if it did not cure—which was something to be grateful for, under the circumstances. The only mitigating thought as we approached Fort Delaware was that here at least we should escape the poisonous water of Point Lookout; and have plenty to drink, if not much to eat. There were numerous fresh water streams within sight of the fort, and if piping was too costly, there could be but little expense in bringing a boatload daily in clean barrels for drinking purposes from the creeks. Sadly disappointed were these expectations.

The supply of drinking water, was rarely equal to the demand even in the rainy season, but in the summer and fall it was totally inadequate to the barest needs for thirst and cooking; while the quality was at times nearly nauseating. At first the total supply was contained in two wooden tanks, situated in the corners of the barracks, and filled by rain water from the roofs.

When the rains were frequent the tanks were kept tolerably pure; but when several weeks elapsed without showers, they became putrid, as any barrel of rainwater will, and on opening the top of either, the contents would appear to be fairly swarming with wiggletails and white worms. There was no strainer, nor had we any means of filtering it, nor purification.

When the contents of the tanks grew low even the smell of the water was sickening, to say nothing of the knowledge that one was emptying into his stomach a positively rotten fluid alive with animalculae. As some witty fellow declared—"It isn't natural to take one's fresh meat and water so *closely mixed*."

Yet this offensive rain water is sparkling crystal compared with the disgusting stuff which we are forced to use for washing both ourselves and clothing. As we have seen, the Pea Patch is an island of mud, originally a sand-bank, then a morass, or marsh, and finally reclaimed from the river by the erection of embankments, or dykes, all around the shore; so that the surface of the island at high tide, is almost five feet lower than the sur-

rounding water. Strong gates were built in the levee, with ditches leading to the deep moat which surrounded the fort. From this moat a broad canal encircles the whole island; although for what purpose I am at a loss to say, unless it had been known that some time the island would be used as a prison.

When the Prison Pens were erected, the low surface of the island was utilized to create artificial channels through them; for which purpose two ditches (four feet wide and 2 feet deep) were constructed along the Western side of the island from the moat to the other canal, passing under the officers' barracks, and through their "Pen" thence through the "Privates' Pen", with flood gates at each end. Once a day, when the tide was highest, the great gate in the outer canal was raised and kept open until turbid, brackish water of the bay—which is salt Ocean water) had filled the main channel and gradually found its way up into the smaller ditches, sweeping into them the filth, and stagnant scum from the surface of the whole island, as all the trash is thrown into the main canal. Thus it often happened that the so-called "Fresh water" came slowly oozing through the prison ditches covered with the greasy, greenish "frog froth," and swarming with insects and animalculae, stuff to revolt the sight and smell, much less taste or touch!

I speak of *taste* because frequently the tanks became exhausted by leakage, or long drought, and the ditches were the only attainable source for drinking and cooking; altho, I say it deliberately—I have *never* seen the water therein *when it was fit to wash one's feet decently!*

Yet from these ditches twenty-five hundred officers, and ten or twelve thousand privates are forced to take all their water for morning ablutions, and the washing of clothing, dishes, pans, etc., and all other purposes except—(and occasionally that) drinking! Every morning from daybreak until near noon, each bank of the ditch is lined with men, generally half dressed—and some

of them entirely nude, splashing the revolting fluid on their faces, hands or person, as few possessed wash pans.

As may be imagined the slops of eight, or ten thousand men, accompanied by constant dipping of buckets and basins does not tend to improve the *quality* of the water, especially as its briny, greasy character affects the coarse soap we use, rendering it hard and sticky and about as objectionable as the dirt it was supposed to remove. Perhaps the plainest test of the villainous impurity of this ditch ooze is the fact that a slight wound or finger cut became at once poisoned and swollen by contact with it.

No one can imagine the annoyance I suffered from the necessity of using this filthy ditchwater for my ablutions. I made it a rule to hurry out at daybreak to secure a pan of it before it was farther polluted by the "scourings" of thousands. But even in its clearest state it would not cleanse—being too brackish to permit the action of soap. After using it your flesh felt greasy and sticky, and wholly unrefreshed.

As for food let the simple fact as to quantity and quality be stated without comment, lest the narrative be suspected of undue coloring or exaggeration.

"The dining room" is the name given to a room in the western corner of the square; probably so called because we *don't* dine there. We do not dine anywhere. Twice a day, viz., at 8:30 A. M. and 2 P. M., a cry is raised and the divisions form in procession of couples, with the "Chief of Division" at the head, to march down the narrow walk to the "Dining Room" or cook house, where there are ten long tables of rough plank, two feet wide.

A Yankee "Boss" stands at the door and divides the column, one half passing to the right, the others to the left of the tables.

The rations are arranged about 18 inches apart, so that when the men stand closely together there is a ration

in front of each. Much time of course is occupied in getting the procession properly entered and provisioned.

At length all are in, the tables filled, and all are busy eating; unless they happen to have grown too cold or wet, (the procession is formed out of doors) or prefer to eat at their leisure; in which case the prisoner takes his ration in his hand, and hurries back to his bunk. I always did so as I retained an old-fashioned habit of liking to sit down while eating, and also of having three meals a day, which I could not have if I ate all at once.

So we will follow the retiring prisoner, and survey the length, breadth and area of his "daily bread." For "breakfast he has about one square inch of boiled bacon, or an inch and a quarter of boiled beef, very *slimy*; and a slice of baker's bread. Here is a representation of the

*Ratty Bacon -
Piece was 2 inches long
& 1/2 inch thick.
made three mouthfuls!*

*Ration of baker's bread
1/3 of small loaf.
This represents the length and thickness. It was
perhaps 2 1/2 inches broad - Copied from itself.*

exact size of my ration of both bread and meat on the 4th day of July, 1864,—a day of unlimited gasconade with respect to the glorious "Freedom and Independence" won by the *bona fide* Revolutionary "Rebels."

It will be seen that the entire "breakfast" both of meat and bread could be packed into a pint tin cup, and

still have room, for almost as much more, or say a tea-cupful of the rotten rain water with its "solid inches" of tadpoles and wiglets, which was our morning draught in lieu of tea or coffee.

Dinner was the big meal of the two. It consisted of precisely the same quantity of bread and meat, with the addition of half a tin cup full of slop, which no man had any right to dignify with the title of *soup*; though it was designed to represent that article. It was generally called "Rice soup" by the cooks, but they had reasons for knowing that there had been rice in the pot when the dish water was poured in, and we did not. To the best of our judgment the ingredients were of a miscellaneous character, viz., rotten water, rice hulls, *white worms*, *half an inch long*, (dozens of them in every pint of the stuff), grit, nails, hair, etc., with now and then a grain of corn, or perhaps occasionally a teaspoonful of rice. Never did I see the cup two-thirds full. Ordinarily it was just half full, and perfectly unpalatable from lack of seasoning and heat, being only lukewarm. Occasionally "bean soup" was substituted for rice soup, and to my taste was preferable; but the quantity and quality were in all respects the same. It was a standing joke that the soup was too weak *to drown* the rice worms, and pea bugs, which, however, came to their death by *starvation*! Such was breakfast! Such was dinner! And as for *supper*, it failed to arrive until next morning at breakfast! The two meals had to sustain the machinery of life during the twenty-four hours, and somehow they managed to do it; though the wheels ran slowly and creaked most dolefully!

It must be confessed, moreover, that a portion of the officers were reprehensible in their thoughtlessness, or want of consideration, for the sufferings of their less fortunate circumstanced fellow prisoners. In not unfrequent cases, those, whose friends kept them supplied with provisions or funds to purchase them from the sutler, instead of dividing their share of the prison fare

among the sufferers who had nothing else, too often kept their rations, until old or musty; then threw them into the ditch. I can speak the more freely of this, because no one could suspect me of consenting to accept such charity, myself, even if it had been offered. But it ought to have been offered to *some one*. There were prisoners who lived much more luxuriously than when even at home, much less in the army; having three meals a day of coffee, sugar, molasses, rice, tea, butter, potatoes, boiled ham pickles, sardines, cheese, Scotch herring, and, where they chose to pay five and six prices for it, even liquors!

Those articles were partially sent in boxes, and part bought from the sutler. Usually from two to five men united in a "mess;" employing some "poor devil" to cook the rations, make coffee, etc., for the privilege of sharing the food. It would, of course, have been folly to attempt to divide around with all of one's neighbors, and acquaintances, or even one's own room-mates. But I am sure I could not have sat down to a smoking hot, comfortable dinner or supper, while knowing that dozens of haggard eyes were gazing wolfishly at the food, as if meditating a dash upon it; or while dozens of starving men were out in the yard turning over the piles of rubbish for a crust of bread thrown from the luckier tables; or watching the rat holes for the miserable flesh of the sleek burrowers; or most of all! out at the sinks fishing for mullets from the shoals that were fattening underneath that abominable place.

Then, too, in the matter of clothing; some received large boxes from half a dozen different lady sympathizers at the North, but instead of dividing all they didn't actually need, many kept two or more suits while others were constantly patching to keep rags enough upon our bodies to prevent the rain, sleet or snow off of our skins as we went out to our meals.

These things are mentioned because they account for the different style of reports from Fort Delaware. Pos-

sibly any one of the three score or more of those whose Northern friends supplied them with food and clothing in abundance would tell you he suffered very little more at Fort Delaware than anywhere else in the army; except that the confinement was irksome. But how different would be—*has* been the story of the twelve thousand poor fellows who barely escaped with their lives from the murderous shambles!

And what a mute, yet clarion-toned voice speaks from the desolate, unmarked graves of *ten thousand slaughtered* Southerners in the Potter's Field on the Jersey shore opposite the Fort!

"It is interesting," I wrote at that period, "to contemplate the various characters in this swarming hive, as exhibited in their methods of disposing of the superfluity of leisure thrust upon our hands during all these long days. A little observation will show that while all the prisoners are restless and unhappy, there are well defined classes of those who make a fight against both Time and *ennui*; determined that the one shall not rob them of precious years without a recompense, nor the other sap their physical and mental health by leaving them to rust for lack of exercise.

Let me glance down the yard and take account of types or classes that are easily noted: and of these come first.

The Workers—By which I mean the mechanical workmen. In this class we note half a dozen barbers, a dozen shoe cobblers—(mending an old shoe with part of a still older one)—and two dozen washer women. These of course have to use very imperfect tools, and depend upon the wealthier prisoners for pay, which consists of scraps of food, or clothing, or perhaps an occasional sutler's check. Perhaps to this class, also, belong the beer and cake speculators. The cake is a black molasses and ginger fabrication; the beer a molasses, ginger and cornmeal fermentation, villainous at best, but extra-villainous when heated to a luke warm temperature by hours under a vertical sun. Unfortunately the scarcity and putridity of the drinking water, and the predisposition

to scurvy created by a diet of dry crackers and salt meat rusty, gives us all a craving for acid drinks, and many men sell their clothes to get funds to buy this "small, (very small) beer."

Most fortunate of all the prisoners (I think) are the *artificers* accustomed to work, and not troubled by the lack of literary pabulum, and now enabled by working at their trades to not only kill time, but live comfortably upon their earnings. Twenty-five or thirty men make bone and gutta percha rings, chains, bracelets, breast-pins, etc., some of them very elaborate and handsome as anything in the shops of such goods. Others make miniature machines, toys, violins, banjos and wall ornaments. All these find ready sale, either among the wealthier prisoners, or the guards, who often buy large assortments to sell at high figures to the Yankee visitors to the island.

Students:—It needs a rarely-balanced mind to be able to forget the noisy surroundings and day after day pursue a line of studious thought: but there are many who seem to possess the requisite tenacity of will. No uncommon sight is a doughty warrior "bearded like a pard", seated on the flat bunk, cross legged, and poring over book, slate, or paper and pencil, puzzling their brains and scratching their heads with all the naivete of veritable school boys. Kossuth declared that without mathematical problems to direct his mind while in prison, he would have lost his reason.

Some of the students pursue set studies, in law, medicine or divinity. Dr. Handy has a class of theological students. There are several French and Latin classes. Yet were one to survey the prison for a quarter of an hour he would say there could be no applying the mind to any course of thought amid such surroundings.

Players:—There are many inveterate gamesters (no *gamblers*) who, from morning till night are seen bending over a chess, draughts, or backgammon board, or whist table, seeking the longed-for nepenthe in the science of sport. All thro' the barracks if one were to walk

from division to division, might be heard the exclamations—"check-mate!" "Jump your man!" "Two by honors, and two by tricks!" "Shake the dice!" "Deuce—ace!" "Your move!" etc., etc. Dominoes are frequently played. Matches of chess are played between divisions, with messengers to run between, and these games last for days.

When the weather is good several games of marbles are to be seen; the ragged soldiers quarrelling like schoolboys.

The Gamblers:—In almost every division, and in good weather, out in the yard, are one or more gaming tables; usually devoted to faro dealing, tho' other games are played. Often the gambling and praying at Prayer meeting are so near that as the dealer cries—"Make your bets, gentlemen!" the voice of the exhortor is heard, "Avoid the paths of sin!" with special reference to the "gay gambolier." Each go their way, and there is no hard feeling. Sometimes the faro dealer attends prayer meeting, that is, when his bank is broken, and he cannot "borrow a stake" to a new start. Poker, *Vingt et un*, Euchre, Seven-up, casino, and Reno, are also largely played. It is proper to say that the gaming is more for diversion than gains, as the betting is merely on a nominal scale; five cents being the average, and 25 cents, "a fearful risk." Perhaps, tho' the incentive to win five when you have only 10 to your name is as great as \$5.00 under ordinary conditions. There is very little quarrelling among the gamblers. Indeed I never heard any.

The Walkers:—A large number are embraced under this head. Wretched restless creatures, they wander round the pen from morning till night, and are never still. Here is a man with bent head, and arms behind his back, walking to and fro apparently lost in thought. There two more walk together forever talking. Yonder goes a man puffing and blowing, and slapping his hands about. "Taking exercise." Again we see men whose dejection is terrible, who wander about as if devoid of will, and always wretched. Sometimes I fear I shall

fall under this category since I find it impossible to find rest for a moment at a time.

As before stated, the effect of the brackish water rendered nearly all of the prisoners weak and disordered. A narrow walkway of several hundred yards led to the Retiring Sink, a shed built upon posts set in shallow water. A narrow bridge two feet wide and 30 feet long led to this shelter; upon the flat roof of which was a calcium lantern, which lit up the walkway even in the darkest night with a vivid glare.

On the night of July 7th, the sentry on top of the shed was one Bill Douglass, a ruffian in look, manner, and matter. The night was disagreeable, and he was apparently in a rage, as he began to curse and yell at the prisoners from the moment he mounted his post.

It is reported and generally believed among the prisoners that directly after he had received a visit from one of the prison officers, he swore he meant to "*shoot one of the d— Rebels before midnight!*" And as if to provoke an angry retort that might justify him in committing the fiendish deed, his voice could be heard even in the barracks, yelling to the sick as they came to or left the shed, "*Get along there! Trot, d—n you, trot! Doublequick I say, God d—n you! Doublequick!*"

About ten o'clock, Colonel E. P. Jones,¹ of Virginia, who had been very ill, started to return from the sink to his quarters. The sentry had been waiting, and the moment he appeared, hobbling painfully on his crutches, began to take aim at him; yelling at the same time for him to "*Doublequick, Doublequick, Damn you. Run. Run.*" One report says Colonel Jones being deaf, did not hear him, or at least know the brute was calling to him. Another statement is, that Jones turned and said: "Sentry, I am lame—I'll go as fast as I can!" Be that as it may, at the instant of the order to "Doublequick", the explosion of Douglass's musket rang out on the night air. As Colonel Jones fell from the plankway into the slimy

¹ Col. Edward Pope Jones of Middlesex County. See Handy, *Off. Cit.*, 437-76.

water, he was heard to cry—“*Oh, God! Why did you shoot me! I didn't know you spoke to me!*” Those who happened to be in the shed, ran out, and lifted the victim from the water, but ere reaching his barrack with him, life had fled, and the suffering soul was released from its dual prison house.

The brute on the wall had kept his word, and slain a Rebel before midnight; Yea, and a poor, sick, cripple at that! A gallant exploit! Really he ought to be promoted!

Great excitement ensued among the prisoners, as the news spread from barrack to barrack. Early next morning, the guards were doubled, and a number of extra sentinels sent inside the Pen. This was done with malicious intent, in the hopes that we would become so enraged as to attack those latter, and thereby furnish an excuse for turning the big guns of the fort upon us to murder us by the wholesale. Well, one thing is certain, if we were elsewhere than surrounded by water, all the bayonets on this island could not hold us. If we for example were at Andersonville, or Salisbury, with only military guards and the country open in all directions for flight, we would not stay here long. Colonel Jones, the murdered man, was a native of Middlesex County, Virginia, a member of a wealthy and well known family. His parents were of Northern birth, but long residents of the South. He received a liberal education, and acquired a license to practice law; but eventually settled down to cultivate his estates; and only occasionally turned out on military service as Captain, or Colonel of the local militia.

He was at the head of a party of the farmers, assisting to repel Kilpatrick's cutthroats in their barn burning expedition last year, when he was captured. Those who knew him speak in the highest terms of his character and talents. How atrocious the deed by which his span of life was cut! “Evening:— It will seem incredible, but the facts are known of all here. This morning it was noticed that the big Columbiads on the parapet of the

fort were turned and trained upon the Prison Pen. Many wondered what this should mean. Presently the Hungarian, or Austrian,¹ "Haynau" (General Schoepf) came into the yard accompanied by the spaniel Woolf,² and the other wolf, Captain Ahl,³ who invariably trots at Schoepf's heels to catch, and excuse on the plea of necessity, any complaints of the prisoners respecting cruel treatment.

"As soon as the party appeared, Rev. Dr. Isaac W. K. Handy, whose venerable appearance, and high character, surely entitled him to respect, together with several other prisoners, waited on General Schoepf and asked him to investigate the murder of Colonel Jones. Schoepf seemed embarrassed, and looked around helplessly; whereupon the villain, Ahl, burst out with some bluster, in which he justified the shooting and admitted that he had been with Douglass twenty minutes before the murder, and had given orders to shoot any prisoner who failed to doublequick along the plankway!

"Thus Ahl shoulders the responsibility of the crime! But will this that follows be believed? Soon after Schoepf and his spaniel left, the gate re-opened and a Yankee in a new uniform walked leisurely through the Pen, strutting as if he owned the premises. *This fellow was Bill Douglass, the assassin, wearing a sergeant's chevrons, and flaunting in our faces the fact that he had been promoted from the ranks for his gallantry in assassinating a sick and crippled prisoner of war!* Many of us believe he was sent in to provoke a riot so that the big guns could murder us by wholesale; but possibly he was merely looking around on his own account, seeking for another crippled and deaf old man to shoot down, thereby to raise himself to still higher rank! He had better make haste; for now that the other sentrys see that they can secure promotion by shooting old men in

¹ General Albin Schoepf was a native of Hungary.

² In various accounts of the prison the spelling differs, appearing as Wolf, Wolfe, Woolf. He is not listed as a commissioned officer.

³ Captain Ahl's name appears in the *Official Records*, but is omitted from the various lists of officers of the United States Army.

the back they will all be on the watch for a chance to fire at the prisoners.

“I have neglected to mention that in accordance with the dying wishes of Colonel Jones, a contribution was raised among the prisoners to send his body home. About \$100 was raised, (much to my surprise, for I did not imagine so much was in the prison), and a respectful request was sent to General Schoepf for the necessary permission. What objection could there be? None except the transmission of the coffin would publish the fact of the murder. This was enough. Refusal was prompt; “General Schoepf saw no reason for making an exception in Jones’s case.” So the victim’s corpse was tumbled into the Potter’s Field on the distant New Jersey shore along with the usual load from the Death Cart, without mark or other means of identification.

“And now that one murder has been committed, orders are posted on an obscure corner of the cook house where they will be seen by not more than one in ten of the prisoners, instructing *the sentries to shoot down without any hesitation any man who disobeys a challenge!* This is an *Official license for wanton murder!* For by this order the sentinel is directed to shoot down the prisoners regardless of the circumstances that the man challenged may be deaf, or blind, or a cripple as Jones was; or looking in another direction; therefore unaware that he is meant. Indeed it is almost impossible to understand the cries of the guards most of whom are foreigners unable to speak English plainly.

“Frequently when the wind is high, the guard cannot be heard. Of course every shot fired into the crowded “Pen,” endangers half a dozen lives. But what would you have? Must the noble boys in Blue *never* get a chance to shoot a Rebel in the back?”

CHAPTER FORTY-FOURTH

Prison journal—Sunday scenes—Tossed up in blankets—Smallpox and scurvy—Prisoners dying—A characteristic epistle—Excitement about exchange—More murders—Starvation—Rat eaters—At last exchange—Another letter.

July 12th—I have just witnessed a sight that made my blood boil. When I first arrived here I made the acquaintance of a handsome young officer; Captain William H. Gordon, from West Virginia, a native of Brooke County, not far from Wheeling. After some years' service he went home on furlough and was captured while returning to the Army.

His captors were renegades, Southern born, but wearing Yankee blue; and to furnish an excuse for their malevolent treatment, they charged him with being on a recruiting expedition inside of their lines; just as I was put in irons as a spy, tho' simply on a legitimate scouting expedition with arms in my hands, and wearing our uniform.

On Saturday, Captain Gordon, and Mr. E. J. Debett, a Democrat, held as a "political prisoner," were marched out of the pen, stripped of their clothes, and dressed in the castoff blue trousers of the Yankees; after which they were put in the "Chain gang", or gang of condemned felons from the Yankee Army, undergoing sentence to hard labor for various crimes. Several hundred of this class are on the island; deserters, bounty jumpers, murderers, thieves, etc., all of whom are compelled to haul heavy loads of stone or lumber for the repair of dykes or buildings. In strange contrast of cause and effect, a handsome Gothic Chapel was built for the use of the garrison, by the labor of these miserable malefactors—hardened old sinners, who never before were inside of a church even as workmen. Into such companionship

was young Gordon thrust, and today I saw his tall figure clad in shabby rags, and "paired" with a greasy looking convict, dragging at the rope of a heavy cart together with about fifty other men; while a low-browed brutal looking Yankee, with a long stick or goad, sat atop the load of blocks of granite, and continuously yelled at the team, thus: "Pull, d—n you, pull! What the h—l you hanging back for? Who's that making signs at them windows?" The last speech was meant for Captain Gordon, who as he passed our windows looked up with a sad smile as if to say: "This is hard! but I shall endure to the end."

Several times the cart passed and repassed; but I could endure to look no more! The spectacle of a Southern gentleman and soldier chained to a cart in the midst of reprobates from all quarters of Yankeedom, and undergoing drudgery like that—is too sickening and revolting.

Evening:—While I was writing the scene witnessed outside, Major McLean, of Louisiana, hurried into the Division, saying: "Look out in the yard, and you'll see a worse sight!"

All hastened out, and saw Captain Lewis of the 38th Virginia, standing near the fence, "marking time" with his feet, while being cursed and abused by the Yankee sentries on the parapet; one of whom kept his gun pointed at him, with his finger on the trigger, ready to repeat the Jones murder at the least excuse.

It appears that Lewis was walking up and down the yard when some one related to him the rumors of General Jubal Early's crossing the Potomac. Highly elated at the news as we all are, Captain Lewis unguardedly exclaimed "*Hurrah for old Early!*" Not a crime surely! But the sentinel on the parapet, mindful of Bill Douglass's promotion for wanton murder, and the *order to shoot down any prisoner disobeying any challenge*, yelled at Lewis with a volley of oaths. "Mark time, d—n you! Mark time."

Fortunately Lewis heard him, and had the self-control to submit to being kept in this humiliating posture for more than an hour, until the Officer of the Guard came and released him. Had he not submitted he would have been shot, and his murderer promoted as was Bill Douglass. I am glad it was not I, for I fear *I could not* have obeyed the humiliating order!

July 17th:—The Sabbath is the saddest and dullest of the days we have. Naturally it is full of suggestions of “Auld Lang Syne,”—of happier Sabbaths when life was not so full of stern and tragic realities.

I have seen men go out to the ditches to wash, stript to the skin, from the waist up, and with only a very dirty pair of drawers for the rest of their attire; but it didn't seem to jostle the composure of the petticoated Sunday spectators anything to speak of.

Not that any large number of the prisoners are so wanting in self-respect, and delicacy. There are hundreds of well-bred gentlemen whom no extremity of hardship or suffering could reduce from the high courtesy and refinement that is their birthright.

Often has this fact been suggested to me by the tones and remarks of my barrack mates while arranging their couches in the darkness; or in talking, after lying down for the night. On one side would be heard the rough, uncouth, or light vapid voice of some officer without either birth, breeding or intelligence,—a mere waif of the war, elected to office because willing to be “hail fellow, well met” with the wilder element of the command, or, because the latter expected to profit by his ignorance or good nature. His voice would sound like a cow-bell in comparison to the clear enunciation and gentle tone of the opposite bunk-mate. As for example, the rough voice growls: “*How in h—l kin a fellar see how ter fix his bed tricks?*” To which the modulated voice replies courteously: “Perhaps I can help you: you allow me to assist you.” But the grunt responds—“*Reckin I kin help myself.*”

Among the wounded on the bloody field of Groveton in August, 1862, I heard a voice so gentle, and yet so firm that I shall ever regret not asking the man's name. He lay near the fence, down which Ira Harris's cavalry had made their wild and unintended dash into our lines. After the repulse, and when our brigade was ordered back to renew the alignment beyond which we had mistakenly advanced; I came near stepping on the head of the man, lying as he was directly in the shadow of the fence. Thinking I had trodden upon him, I said, "Beg pardon, I did not see you. Are you wounded?" "You did not hurt me"—said the voice—"but I would be obliged to you for a little water." I gave him my canteen, and went on, for the regiment was already vanishing in the darkness, and I was both barefooted and hungry—therefore must keep near the command until it bivouacked, or starve next day. But as I walked on, I kept thinking of the singular purity and sweetness of the tones of the unknown sufferer, whom I think I should recognize by his voice if, happily, he survived the night.

Well, I've said nothing yet, of our Sunday services. We have religious exercises every Sabbath, in either one of the barracks, or in the open air in the middle of the pen. There are several "local ministers" of the Methodist and Baptist denominations among the officers; but we have also a Doctor of Divinity. A venerable and celebrated Presbyterian clergyman; the Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy, formerly of Norfolk, but when arrested, I believe, on a visit to his original parishioners in a village in Delaware. His arrest is an atrocious piece of injustice; as he had given no trouble, and manifested no hostility to the Federal government; but merely stated, when privately interrogated by treacherous neighbors that his sympathies were with the South, where he had two or more sons in service. After drawing from Dr. Handy a candid statement of his opinions and sympathies the traitorous guests made haste to come, like Judas, with a band of soldiers and arrest the venerable pastor, (despite his safe conduct permit from

the Federal Commandant at Portsmouth), and bear him to prison with many indignities, which I shall not trust myself here to relate, lest I seem to exaggerate, which in truth would be hard to do!

Suffice it to state that the venerable clergyman was thrust into this bleak prison pen among military prisoners, to endure the same rough life and malicious treatment. He is in no degree dismayed however, but accepts his situation as a call to work among the prisoners, and has zealously entered upon the field.

A class of "divinity students," and a weekly "Bible class" have been organized under his instructions; and also, a daily prayer meeting at twelve o'clock; which is held in the yard when the weather will permit.

It would be hard to watch the scene presented when this noonday meeting is in progress. Dr. Handy, being a small man, has a stool, or box or tub for a pulpit. He resolved not to cut his hair while in unjust confinement, therefore his long white locks hang over his shoulders like a lion's mane.

The congregation sit in circles round the preacher; while numerous groups of idlers stand or sit, adjacent to the place as if willing to hear but not to *seem to participate*. Half a dozen yards distant are rows of gaming tables with a dense crowd around each one. Some of the gamblers stop during service; but many do not—After all, there is no great harm in such gambling, for the betting is merely nominal *pour passer le temps*.

Up and down past the gamblers and prayer-meeting march a swarm of "walkers"—men who, like a bear chained to a stake, do nothing but pace to and fro, the length of their chain from morning till night.

High above this crowded pen with its restless human currents promenade the blue coated sentries on the parapet of fence. Perhaps too, there is a bevy of women, with or without escorts, come down from Philadelphia to see the wicked Rebels in their prison-cage.

But now the professional voice of the preacher makes itself heard above the murmur of the crowd, as he "lines

out the hymn," "Rock of Ages"—on this particular occasion. And presently a chorus of rough, hoarse, and untrained throats make a tremendous *noise* if not much music. It is only the deep earnestness of the singers that prevent merriment over the deep *discord* of their attempted *concord*. After the *noise* there is prayer by some of the brethren, and remarks by the preacher, or some of his assistants. The interest is manifestly on the increase, and something like a "revival" seems likely to happen. Probably one fourth of the whole number of prisoners are already attendants upon the regular services. Among the "converts," too, are some very rough subjects and I think it is miraculous under the circumstances; for there is every reason to believe that Providence has very little interest in our present condition. For example, it is not infrequent, I understand, for the small-pox pitted little Jackanapes who acts as Prison Sergeant, to rush into the Pen at the hour Dr. Handy is holding worship, and yell at the congregation—"Get out! Get out! Fall into line! Roll Call!"—thus breaking up the meeting before fairly begun. Dr. Handy sent a note to Schoepf about it, but he paid no attention to it.

July 22nd:—Another exhibition of the infernal cruelty and malice of our keepers! Among the officers is an old acquaintance of mine, George M. E. Shearer, of Marysville, California, but a native of Maryland, and Major of the 1st Battalion, Maryland Cavalry in our Service. He married Miss Annie, daughter of Governor Thomas of the latter state, and is regarded as a dashing, gallant fellow.

Recently quite a number of political prisoners, or "Copperheads" from various border states were put in prison, and among them were several whose actions and speech led to suspicion that they were not genuine copperheads, but Abolitionists, playing the part of spy upon the conduct of the prisoners. Finally one of these treacherous fellows was detected preparing a note to Captain Ahl, whereupon he threw off his mask to the extent of declaring that he was

about to "take the oath" and get out of the pen, as a great many others had done. Shearer, who is naturally impetuous, and perhaps rather rough in his ways, the result of life in the gold regions when he was a youth, at once called out: "Let's hang the infernal galvanized Yankee!" while others procured a rope, and threatened to hang the traitor. Not that there was any real intention, or even desire to take his life. The hypocrite immediately notified the authorities, and Major Shearer, with two others was called out of the pen. They were very roughly abused by Ahl and his understrappers; and then taken to the barracks of the "Galvanized Yankee," who, to the number of 150, occupy quarters outside of our pen, but in sight of it.

The term *galvanized* is applied to these wretches because, not content with deserting from our Army,—i. e., taking the Oath of Allegiance to the Federal government,—they even enlisted in the enemy's service; and though not *trusted* to the extent of allowing them to have guns, or leave the island, are clothed in Yankee uniform, and as it were *galvanized* into loyalty; though many of them are heartily ashamed of it, and excused themselves on the score that there was to be no more exchanging of prisoners, and they were starving in the prison pen.

Some of them however, became real Yankees, imbued with all the bitterness of renegades, all the zeal of new converts to a bad cause. To these men the three prisoners were turned over to be subjected to the cruelty and cowardly indignity of being tossed in a blanket.

The process is as follows:—each prisoner was thrown upon a large double-blanket, which was held at the four corners by several of the "galvanized." In fact, as many as could took hold of the blankets in order to assist in humiliating the victims, who were hooted at, hissed, and greeted with roars of laughter as they were sent *ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty* feet into the air, increasing the height of the throw at each rebound of the body. The victim is helpless, as he cannot catch the blanket, and can only exert himself to prevent coming down on the

back of his neck, which would mean instant death. Indeed the peril to life or limb is very great, especially for so large a man as Shearer who stands above six feet, and is stout and robust as an ox. A very slight deviation of his line of fall would have broken neck or limbs.

Let it be remembered that this cowardly maltreatment was inflicted upon Confederate officers, prisoners of war entitled to honorable and courteous treatment.¹

August 3d.—"Shoot the d—d Rebels! They've got no guns! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" Such were the shouts and vociferations that startled us all from sleep last night about half past eleven: while the rattling of musketry, and the sound of men running in all directions was bewildering indeed.

My own first thought brought me to my feet with a bound, and threw the barracks into instant commotion. "*Wake men! the Privates are rising on the Guards!*" I was not alone in the belief; it was shared by the Yankees; for the entire reserve Guard ran down the plank walk giving utterance to the above outcries as if actual fighting was going on. There has been unusual vigilance of late, as the cordon of exterior sentinels has been

¹ About this time the anxiety of Shotwell's family as to his fate was relieved by the receipt of the following letters from Colonel Berkeley, his regimental commander, to whom it will be remembered he had been reported by his companions on the scouting expedition as either killed, or desperately wounded:

Hdqrs., 8th Va. Inf., Aug. 1st, 1864.

"Rev. N. Shotwell, Rutherfordton, N. C.

"Dear Sir."

I was relieved to hear by "Flag of Truce" that your son, Lieut. Shotwell was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and in good health. Very Respectfully,

N. BERKELEY,
Col. 8th. Va. Inf.

Trenches, Sept. 3d, 1864.

Dear Sir:

As I know you will be pleased to hear from your son, Lieut. Shotwell, I enclose you a letter I received from him a few days ago. He was taken while making a *reconnaissance* for which he volunteered his services, and I hope he will soon be exchanged as our Country needs the services of all who are as faithful and unflinching in the discharge of their duty as he is.

I am dear Sir, truly your friend,

EDMUND BERKELEY,
Lieutenant-Colonel 8th Va. Inf'ty,
Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Div.
Longstreet's Corps.

To Rev. Nathan Shotwell.

strengthened; the heavy guns of the fort have been double shotted, and turned to bear upon the barracks, and there is reason to believe a number of spies have been taken out to the office to report the condition of feeling among the prisoners in view of the military movements.

So when the guards were heard running in the direction of the firing, yelling "Shoot 'em! Kill 'em! Kill 'em; They've got no guns, they can't beat us!"—the first thought was of an uprising by the privates, whose sufferings we knew, and whose desperation must be almost equal to the madness of revolt, and the speedy hanging of the miscreants who torture us so needlessly, even tho' quickly overpowered and butchered in hecatombs as the result.

It proved, however, to be only "a false alarm," caused by an unfortunate attempt of a few prisoners to escape across the dark channel. Poor fellows! they had actually reached the water's edge; but one ill starred soul no sooner began to swim than he was seized with cramp, and sank, giving a dying shriek that betrayed the party, and drew upon them a volley from the guards. The latter boast of having shot one of the fugitives through the head, but it may not be true. The firing produced a general alarm, accompanied by shots and shouts that could not be worse if the whole garrison was being slaughtered.

Unfortunately, this is not at all probable, whereas the reverse, to wit, the massacre of the prisoners is not at all improbable; for the guards were drunk enough and excited enough last night to empty their guns into the frail barracks. In fact, as the Reserve Guard (250 strong) was returning along the walks, which ran just outside of the barracks, they were heard to curse and rage against us; swearing they were sorry it wasn't a "row among the Rebels," for they were "just itching" to get a good chance at them!

Later:—One of the poor fellows who perished in the darkness and rain last night was washed ashore this

morning, and his pallid corpse, with canteens still strapped around the waist, is now lying in the slimy water of the beach near the sinks, tossing and moving as if yet controlled by the brave spirit which dared the triple risk of double guard-lines, the canal and the river—only to succumb miserably at last. Sad ending to so bold a stroke for freedom! And yet so young a life! for the face is that of a fresh young soldier; perchance one whose youthful hopes and dreams of “The Girl I Left Behind Me” in some far Southern village, incited him to join the others, and brave the miles of dark swollen waters! Bah! he is “out.” And like Sterne’s poor starling that is the end of all our dreams. We “want to get out.”

August 4th:—Among the officials who give us the most annoyance is an ugly, greasy, repulsive looking fellow named “Adam,” or “Fox,” who acts as Sergeant of the Police Squad (Rebels who are willing to do all manner of hard and disgusting work simply to obtain an extra ration of the miserable stuff issued to us); and we suspect purposely kept in the “Pen” the greater part of the day as a spy upon us.

“Fox” is a Dutchman from Vermont, who, on the morning of the battle of Bull Run deserted and ran two or three hundred miles before he felt safe from the terrible Rebels.

Captured and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment on the island, he was promptly selected as the very man to put over the Rebel prisoners, that he might badger them in proportion as they had frightened him. And gradually Fox proved himself possessed of the foxy craft and cunning fitting him for the largest liberty of conduct towards the prisoners, to whom he is now as dictatorial as the Autocrat of all the Russians.

August 7th:—Again a midnight alarm, firing, running, vociferations! No knowledge of the cause until this evening when a note from the other pen brings intelligence that half a dozen desperate men tried to escape, but were shot down; one mortally wounded, another losing an arm, the rest seriously hurt. Reports, also, state that the

privates are grown so reckless from starvation and the ill treatment they are receiving, they care little for death; and openly taunt the guards, and rush past them at the almost certain risk of being shot down. Others are joining the Yankee Army only to get sufficient liberty to escape from the island with the view of raising an individual "Black Flag," and devoting their lives to it.

These reports, which come from intelligent non-commissioned officers in the other pen, occasion much grief and regret among us; though they do not surprise us at all. Our own condition is miserable; the privates, crowded as they are, must be even more wretched.

August 8th:—Lieutenant Woolf was again detected in the pen last night, slipping from division to division disguised in Confederate uniform. Much good did it do him! It is said that an officer in No. 30 recognized him, and without saying anything to the rest, began to give his opinion of *sneak thieves*, and "such fellows as the Wolf, who tries to play Fox, but isn't half as smart as the damned Dutchman." Woolf looked wildly round for a few minutes, and then sneaked out.

August 10th:—How strange a thing it is to be *hungry*! actually craving something to eat, and constantly thinking about it from morning till night, from day to day; for weeks and months!

It did not seem possible for a man thus to *worry* over lack of nourishment, keeping his mind continually engrossed with anger against those who starve us, and with longings for food, the German philosopher's "earnest aspirations after the unattainable."

For the past month our rations have been six, sometimes four hard crackers and 1/10 of a pound of rusty bacon (a piece the size of a hen's egg) for the twenty-four hours.

But for five days past we have not had a morsel of meat of any kind; the cooks alleging that the supply ran short and "spoiled." (For a fortnight before it ceased to be issued, the rations were so full of worms, and stank so that one had to hold his nose while eating it!)

But now we receive *none at all!* Talk about Andersonville! We would gladly exchange rations with the Yankees there.

For my part I cannot swallow very fat meat, or any that is in the very least tainted, so that for a long time I have subsisted on little else than hard tack and water. And such water! There has been no rain for some time; the tanks are no longer adequate for the supply of the pen even when full; therefore the Yankees have a small vessel that is used as a water boat, and is designed to ascend the creek sufficiently far to obtain fresh water. But the boat doesn't go above tide water, hence brings back a brackish *briny* fluid scarcely one whit better than the water from the Delaware, which oozes through the ditches in the pen.

The standing rain water of course breeds a dense swarm of animalculae, and when the hose pipes from the water boat are turned into the tanks the interior sediment is stirred up, and the whole contents become a turgid salty, jellified mass of waggle tails, worms, dead leaves, dead fishes, and other putrescent abominations, most of which is visible to the eye in a cup of it.

The *smell* of it is enough to revolt the stomach of a fastidious person; to say nothing of the thought of making one's throat a channel for such stuff. Yet, when the tanks are empty—as they are for half a day once or oftener in the week—the cry for this briny liquid is universal, because it creates a thirst equally as much as it quenches it, but if it were not so, the intense heat which beats upon this flat, parched island would make us swallow soluble salts for temporary relief.

The surface of the Pea Patch being of alluvial mud, becomes very porous and damp in wet weather, but parched and as hard as rock in the long dry season. No shade is there, no elevation, no breeze; only a low, flat, sultry, burning oven! Today the heat is so intense that men by hundreds are seen sweltering on their backs, fairly gasping for breath, like fish dying on a sand beach.

August 11th:—Shocking reports of the ravage of pestilence both in this pen and the other. I remain so closely in my bunk, or walking to and fro in the yard that I had no idea there was so much sickness prevailing until two cases of smallpox had been taken from my own division.

Horrible to relate, the hospital is full and men are no longer taken out until dying or dead. One of the smallpox cases (since dead I learn) was poor C., who slept directly over my bunk. He was very dirty and annoying while in health, and we had some words about his stepping on my blankets with muddy boots while climbing to his bunk; but after he took the fearful disease I felt sorry for him, and helped to lift him down from his tier and carry him to the gate. Strange to say, I cannot realize the danger, though most of the prisoners are getting nervous. So are the garrison.

All of the prisoners who have not been vaccinated were called out this morning and are now being inoculated by the Tennessee Carpenter, assisted by several Yankee officials. I refused to take any of the corrupt *virus* into my blood, which I mean to keep pure and fresh as long as I can.

A good many of those vaccinated last week are now suffering severely; liable to lose their arms if not their lives. All round the barracks can be seen men holding their festering limbs in excruciating pain, the flesh livid, the arm swollen, and the sores putrescent,—surely not a great deal less torturing than the actual disease.

Some of us imagine there is a design in poisoning the prisoners with impure virus; as there have been significant sneers by the Yankee officials. "*That this isn't half as bad as shipping smallpox rotten clothes from Canada to Chicago and other Northern cities as Jeff Davis' agent, Blackburn tried to do.*" Yet, I doubt if it be so. Surely a sense of self-preservation will make them do all that is possible to stay the plague because of their own men, (there are 400 Yankees on the Island) who must fall a victim to it.

One thing is unquestionable, the epidemic of small-pox, scurvy, fevers and erysipelas is terrible, especially among our poor boys in the other pen.

It is said as many as forty corpses have been hauled down the river for shipment across the river to the Death-pits, as the gleanings from prisons and hospital for one single twenty-four hours!

Think of eight cart-loads (5 bodies in each cart) of dead men, stiff and stark, uncoffined, unshrouded, unattended; piled like cord wood one upon another—and cast into pits some head foremost, face downward, others rolled in like dumping rubbish; then a thin layer of dirt, and then left until tomorrow, when a new layer of dead will be tumbled upon them! And *this* is “civilization” as interpreted by the “Best Government the World ever saw.” Oh that these daily scenes might be photographed just as they occur and the heartrending picture be scattered far and wide throughout the land. Surely shame and remorse would be stirred even in Abolitionist bosoms; while the effect upon Southern men ought to recruit our weakening armies an hundred fold. I wonder sometimes if I take too severe a view of the Abolitionists, but on reading their journals, and the utterances of their leading men, both secular and religious, it is not easy to see wherein one could exaggerate on the subject.

I am sure, for example, that no degree of sectional bitterness could cause me to write to one of my northern relatives no matter how remote the kinship, who might be captured by our forces such a letter as I have this day received from a person named Abbott of Massachusetts, whom circumstances made to be my own uncle. I have never seen him, and I know him to be an Abolitionist of the Puritanic type; but as he is my old and very near relative, I sometime ago addressed a friendly letter to him, stating a few incidents of my situation, and that I knew very little of my New England kin, but entertained no unkindly feeling towards them. It was a foolish thing to do. See the result. He writes: “*I am sorry I have any connections that are Rebels, or sympathise with the*

Rebellion. It is one of the wickedest things that ever came over the country. See the lives lost, the property wasted. *See what you have come to!* and all the rest of the Rebel States. I think you had better renounce your views respecting it; get out of prison, come North and be a true Union man. All of us are true Republicans, and opposed to slavery, buying and selling human beings, one of the greatest curses ever carried on, and then above that, to come out as Rebels, and kill thousands and tens of thousands—some of your own blood relations, the S—boys, your own cousins. . . . Eddie S. went out at 18 years old, was shot, and died in twelve hours, *and I don't know but that your shot killed him!* . . . etc.”

Could an utter stranger write more unkindly and ungenerously to a suffering prisoner? He knew I was a prisoner when Eddy S. was wounded, and that with much more reason I might attribute Brother Hamilton's death to the latter, (had I been so wanting in decency and courtesy) because he was a participant in the very battle in which Brother Hamilton fell! But why grow angry over a letter which shows in every line the narrow-minded Abolitionist? Uncle A. like all the rest, made his wealth by the iniquitous tariff which so long wasted the South to enrich New England. So, too, his son is thriving on the war. The father writes: “*My son took to collecting war claims and bounties, etc., and has done so much at it, he has got rich.*” Why, of course! Hence no voice is louder for the war—“for the Union”—and—and, *plenty* of “war claims” to collect!

August 12:—I am disgusted with myself! The least excitement leaves me as weak as the traditional “cat,” though why should anyone say “weak as a cat,” when a cat can jump farther, run faster, fall lighter, and sit up later on courting or predatory cases intent than any creature of its class? Well, the cause of the sensation is no slight one. Rumors of a general exchange of prisoners have been prevalent for some time, producing many an afternoon flutter, and sleepless night; but today a practical development has set us all agog.

About nine A. M., a strange uproar was heard, such as schoolboys make on being turned out for a holiday; men jumping down from their bunks hundreds of men running; and a general cry of "*Turn out! Turn out!*" Looking into the Court I saw the crowd rushing towards the fence, where General Schoepf, Captain Ahl, Lieutenant Woolf, and others were visible on the parapet.

Schoepf with much flourish announced that he had received orders to send six hundred officers down to Hilton Head, S. C.,—to be exchanged for an equal number to be sent down from Augusta.

The announcement was received with cheers of delight.

Captain Ahl then ordered all into line near the fence, and directed each officer whose name was called to step into another line on the left. A certain number of field officers, captains and lieutenants were selected apparently at random; tho' it happened that among the lucky ones were most of the wealthy and dashing ones, and tonight there is much complaint of favoritism. It is alleged that Woolf whispered information of the coming exchange to several of those whose Northern relatives have furnished plenty of greenbacks, and part of the greenbacks passed into Woolf's possession. This is a good way to enjoy a lottery without risk. As the drawing went forward strange sights might have been seen. Occasionally a man was so excited that when his name was called he could neither move nor answer. No one knew whose name would be called, consequently the whole assemblage was in a state of tension not easy to describe; though a single glance at the long line of ragged haggard men, with trembling limbs and glistening eyes, standing in an attitude that might be designated as "all attention" listening to the harsh voice calling the lucky list—would suffice to show how deep was the universal and individual interest in the proceedings.

Alas! all my agitation and anxiety was for naught. When Schoepf and crowd turned away, my name had not been called!

Some men actually cried; I don't wonder at it; it means life or death to many. For my part, I felt stupefied, as if it was impossible that out of six hundred my name should be omitted.

I now understand the feeling of Robinson Crusoe on seeing a vessel approaching his desert isle for a whole day, and then suddenly turn and vanish!

August 14th:—The day has been a trying one,—the lucky six hundred having their baggage (by courtesy so called) packed and ready to march to the gate at the winking of an eye.

But the order to march is withheld, and gloom sits upon the six hundred brows that yesterday were wreathed with smiles. Well I do hope, and sincerely pray that they may get away tomorrow; for surely our little army needs every arm that can strike for her. It seems to me our Government could afford to give *two* or even *three* Yankee prisoners in exchange of any able-bodied Confederate, because we can always catch enough to keep up the supply; and surely one Rebel with the memory of Fort Delaware to spur him ought to be worth more to our side than three bounty-jumpers to the other side.

August 17th:—Two large transports are lying at the wharf; but there is no sign of movements; and the six hundred prize holders in the exchange lottery begin to fear they have been swindled.

August 19th:—Several of the ticketholders have been made sick by the week of suspense. One not situated as we are, without books, newspapers, or amusements can have no idea of our sufferings from mere *doubt* and *anxiety*. Will the exchange be general, or are these chosen ones a special party? What can be the cause of the hitch?

These and a thousand other questions are asked by one prisoner of another, though each knows the other doesn't know any more than himself.

A more gloomy Friday than today could not well be created.

August 20th:—Gone at last! Good luck to them! At an early hour this morning, the long expected order was given, and instantly the barracks were in an uproar as if upheaved by an earthquake.

Owing to the random selections, there was a general breaking up of messes and divisions with many ties of association and friendship, cemented by long co-partnership in suffering. The leave takings were hurried and unsentimental enough; but we who remain are saddened beyond telling. This evening the barracks seemed strangely lonely, and doubly irksome though there are still eight hundred of us in durance vile. Those who watched from the upper bunks say the six hundred were marched on a large transport, and packed in below decks—the upper decks being crowded with Yankee soldiers. Also that a gunboat accompanied the vessel down the river. This don't look much like going to be exchanged. *Nous verrons.*

August 21st:—Altho Sunday service was held as usual, the attendance was small, and an air of exhaustion physical and mental, prevails among the prisoners. Another day or two of this suspense would have made lunatics of some of us.

By the way, now that our luckier comrades are out of bounds it will do no harm to mention that there is great complaint of favoritism and bribery in making out the lists. The Yankee understrappers from Ahl and Woolf down to Nasty and Fox (how appropriately our keepers are named!) appear to have handsomely lined their pockets in return for the, to them, valueless favor of putting upon the lists the names of officers whose *luck* might not be so certain without the cash in hand! From all reports it would seem that one man in every half dozen must have “tipped” the turnkeys and bought a place on the lucky list.

I will mention a few out of the many instances reported. Lieutenant Mastin of Alabama gave a watch that cost \$300 at the beginning of the war. Captain Jones of Georgia gave an order for a new suit of clothes now en

route, and a good sum of money. Three others gave watches ranging in value from \$50 to \$150. More than a dozen are named who gave sums of money from \$25 upward. It is now told in explanation of the fact that more Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee men were called than from any other of the states, that as these officers were from points now within the Yankee lines they were more able to get pecuniary assistance than we. This will also account for the difference in the condition of some of the prisoners now in the pen; some of whom have plenty of clean linen, clothing, books, etc.; with three regular meals a day; including sugar, coffee, vegetables, etc., from the sutlers; whereas the majority, like myself, eat our four crackers and thimbleful of rusty bacon per day, and go wrapped in a blanket while our only shirt is being ducked in the filthy ditch! In some cases the wealthier officers seem to have bargained with men whose names were on the lists to allow them to answer in their stead yesterday. Strange that any man would *sell* his chance to escape this hole!

In other cases the substitution was made by Woolf and Ahl; resulting in the bitter disappointment of the man whose name after being first called was now left out.

I do not mention this bribing of prison officials as disparagement of our more fortunate brethren, who wisely used the means they possessed of purchasing their liberty, but only to illustrate the *purchasable* character of the Yankee officials.*

Monday, August 22d:—Rumor which assigns to General Schoepf an interest in the Shylock Shop where the sutler drains the last drop of blood along with the flesh of the starving prisoners, has received confirmation by recent events. It was learned on Friday that Schoepf

*These creatures were aware throughout the whole affair that the six hundred officers were not going to Hilton Head, nor to be exchanged; but were to be carried to Morris Island in Charleston harbor, to be placed *under fire of our batteries* in "Retaliation" so-called for a threat—alas, unfortunately, only a threat, of placing ten thousand Yankee prisoners where they could share the "*Greek fire*" which the brutal Gilmore was raining upon the helpless women and children in Charleston. Knowing this shameful design these harpies nevertheless accepted bribes and took the last dollar from prisoners to pay for the boon of sending them to their death on the fever haunted island!—[Author's note.]

had received orders to close the sutler's shop and cut off every avenue of comfort either of food, clothing, books or papers, from the prisoners.

The latter part of the order suited him well enough, because it forced the prisoners to hasten to the sutler and spend every cent of their money, (i. e. greasy "checks") laying in supplies; whereas if it were not for this pressure, the sutler would be left with a large stock of perishable articles on hand. So the news was sent, accidentally of course, into the pen that such an order had been received. It happened, however, that the excitement Friday and Saturday prevented the expected rush to the sutler; consequently to the surprise of all, he opened yesterday morning as if he had forgotten the Sabbath day, (he certainly had forgotten to "keep it holy") and as the prisoners passed the window, he called out, "*Better buy now; I'll close up shop this evening, and your checks won't be worth anything hereafter.*"

For my part, his opening or closing is a matter of supreme indifference to me. I never have had a penny wherewith to purchase from him, and do not expect any.

Indeed, were it not for the sake of my more fortunate comrades, I should prefer the shop closed, as it is hard to go to bed and awake day after day suffering the torture of craving hunger and thirst while at the Shylock's window are immense piles of bread, butter, cheese, ham, potatoes, sugar, coffee, and canned fruits which would "make the mouth water," even were one a free man and down in Dixie at the present date. Then, too, the extortion of the greasy Shylock, (He isn't a Jew, for Jews are, as a general thing kind and humane, however acquisitive), who charges on some articles as high as 500 per cent above the price for which he sells the same to the garrison soldiers, causes no little indignation.

I have seen many a poor fellow with his last ten cent "check" gripping it tight in his fist as he walked to and fro, debating whether he would spend it now, or try to hold out till tomorrow. Presently he would hurry away to the Shylock window, and return with a small loaf of

bread, about the size of a pint bowl; and soon the last morsel has gone the way of all edibles.

Great complaint is made of the inaccessibility of General Schoepf. It is said he is personally very pleasant to those he likes and quite willing to grant little favors, but he leaves all the business, the details of regulations and direct intercourse with the prisoners to the understrappers, headed by Captain G. W. Ahl, A.A.G., of his Staff, who appears to have completely subjugated the old Dutchman, until the man behind the throne is greater than the throne. No personal approach, no written application can be made to Schoepf except by permission of Ahl, who if he dislikes the applicant, utterly refuses to allow Schoepf to have a hint of it.

Thus it would seem that Schoepf is only nominally in control of the island, and the prisoners are altogether under the heel of the autocratic Bashaw of Ten Tails, who is all in Ahl, and Ahl-fired mean at that! Schoepf is said to have gotten his brigade by gallantry in the field; but I cannot comprehend that species of gallantry which makes use of "a little brief authority" to torture helpless prisoners of war. Perhaps he gained his ideas of humanity from the military service of the Austrian or Russian Governments which produced Haynau and Suvaroff.

Schoepf, at the outbreaking of the war was a clerk, or draughtsman on the Federal Coast Survey on the North Carolina waters, attached to the "Hetzel", commanded by Captain W. T. Muse. It is said he is well known at Elizabeth City and Washington, N. C.

August 26th, 1864:—Symptoms of unusual excitement among the guards have just been explained by a "grape vine telegram" (a note with a stone attached, thrown over the wall) announcing the brutal murder of W. H. Mowry, of the [*Number undecipherable*] Regt., shot by the guards without warning or provocation. "Great excitement about it, and you may hear of stirring times soon. We are starving and dying of smallpox and dysentery fast enough without being murdered in this way.

I've seen *nine men* shot on one excuse or another since I came here. Four of my division have died within two weeks.'" Thus ran the note which is from an intelligent Sergeant; so I am informed by Captain White. Well, poor fellows, death is a relief for those who have wasting and loathsome diseases, but if the more robust are driven to desperation! *on dit*, a rough row among the officers confined in the casemate of the fort. It seems Colonel — of N. C.¹ was recently assigned quarters there at his own request; he finding his relations with his mess-mates in this pen growing visibly less since he developed Yankee tendencies. He is a very handsome, striking looking and plausible man; and of excellent family; but even before his rather singular capture, his manners had bereft him of popularity among his comrades, altho' he then professed the most rabid, fire-eating, Yankee hating proclivities.

Soon after his arrival here queer stories gained currency, and it was discovered he held communications with the prison officials on the subject of taking the oath. They were willing to let him take the oath, but not to set him at liberty. He therefore asked to be put in the fort, away from the other prisoners. This being granted, he was put in a casemate with several other officers; and here he threw off all restraint, declaring he meant to take the oath; as the Confederacy was a humbug and failure, the government a disgrace, and similar offensive statements, alleging he had paid \$200 for a single meal in Richmond, and then didn't get enough to satisfy an ordinary appetite, etc. At this Captain Manning, who is, I believe a fellow county man of —'s, swore that a man who could eat \$200 worth of dinner, ought to be able to eat his own words with a little help, which he proposed volunteering for the occasion. A rough and tumble fight ensued, and Col. — was taken elsewhere. (N. B. He managed to get on the list of 600 officers sent to Hilton's Head. While at Fort Pulaski, on a diet of sour corn meal and pickles, his new loyalty became so urgent, and his

¹ Colonel John A. Baker of the 41st North Carolina.

denunciations of the Confederacy so violent, he was finally allowed to take the oath and go out among the "galvanized").

August 27th:—Daily the magnanimous representatives of the "Best Government, etc." are curtailing our food, liberty and privileges. Today we are informed that hereafter prisoners will be restricted to *two letters a week, ten lines to the letter*, or, half a sheet of note paper a week. Here is another needless annoyance. Why should we be restricted to *ten lines*? or what difference if we wrote a dozen letters a week? No harm can come of it, and the government is gainer by hundreds of dollars worth of postage. Not that it concerns me in the least. I have no correspondence I care to continue now that exchange and Flag of Truce boats no longer run.

August 29th:—"Fresh fish! Fresh fish." Do you remember the clamor that welcomed our Point Lookout party on our entering the Pen three months ago? Again it was repeated; and I, too, ran with the old fish to greet the new; not to give a farce of welcome *here*, but to gain news—tidings from the army—some real knowledge of the situation down in Old Virginia.

A pitiable spectacle they presented; these 119 newcomers direct from Dixie! Thin and haggard of face, depressed, dirty and dilapidated; worn out in soul, in body, and in clothes! The shadow of famine stands revealed in their looks; the fore-shadowing of failure colors every utterance of their lips! I turned away, sick at heart, after hearing their story of our wretched fortunes, for at last there is open talk of *Defeat!* and if these men speak the truth the demoralization of our armies must render defeat not only possible, but probable.

Yet I for one *will* not be guilty of so great a slur upon Southern manhood. It must be these newcomers are an exception; themselves demoralized by crushing defeat. Alas, there is no mistaking the deterioration of our troops, especially in officers.

The bravest, truest, most spirited are thinning out because they *will* lead; and upon them falls the brunt, until their fatal prominence proves their destruction. No one can avoid the contrast between our armies in 1861 and now! Then, there were thousands of the noblest men of the South bearing muskets in the ranks; men who afterwards became captains, colonels, generals and even major-generals. It was this element of personal worth, daring and dash, that made our infantry during the first twelve months of the war, the admiration of the world. "*That incomparable infantry*"—was a true term, worthily bestowed by Mr. Gladstone. In some respects it may still be claimed, but there is gradually coming a change in the *personnel* of the rank and file. The majority of the best soldiers in every company have been killed, or crippled, or promoted to an office where they no longer handled rifle, nor exerted that personal influence which arises from the example of a gallant citizen of worth, or talents, or other personal and social advantages doing duty humbly, but honorably.

This species of *personal spirit* gave occasion for Russell's remark at Manassas (which might more appropriately have been applied to Boonsboro and Sharpsburg) that "The Rebels were beaten several times, but *didn't know it* and *kept on fighting until after* a while the Yankees gave up the job."

I don't know what troops participated in the ill-starred Valley campaign; and if I did, it would be no clearer; for tho' the same divisions and brigades that fought at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg may have been at Fisher's Hill, the same men who won the former battles were no longer in the ranks.

The old "Volunteers" are now either promoted, slain, or captured, as a general thing; and in their places are the conscripts, the gleanings of the land, including many mere boys just entering their 18th year, and consequently unfit for severe service; and many old men who do their duty faithfully, but have none of the *dash*, and *elan* of the enthusiastic volunteers of 1861-62.

Sept. 1st:—Captain W. H. Stewart of the 5th S. C. Regiment was yesterday placed in a dungeon at the Fort, on some pretext of “Retaliation” for the confinement of an Illinois Captain in Richmond, or the *threat* of confining him.

Sept. 5th:—The Woolf came in, half drunk, as usual, and ordered the sentry on the roof of the shed at the rear where Colonel Jones was shot, to allow no more than four prisoners at a time to come to them. This is shameful cruelty. All night long there are dozens of half-clad, shivering, trembling and debilitated prisoners kept standing along the walks, exposed to cold and rain and excruciating pains. Any one who knows the dreadful effect of the vile stuff given us for food and drink—especially the latter—may be able to comprehend the unnecessary cruelty of such an order.

Evening—A terrible storm of rain and sleet is prevailing, so dark is the sky that I can scarcely see to scribble these lines. It seems incredible to our Southern ideas of climate that this is only the fifth of September. Yet I have suffered more than on many a winter day in the army. The barracks are as open as a sawmill; there is no fire; the icy rain and sleet rattles through the broad crevices, and sifts down through the ventilating holes and we are everyone, chilly, restless, and miserable! If this be September what will November and January be? I doubt if many of us survive in winter.

Sept. 8th:—Did you ever know the feeling of being too hungry to sleep, to sit still for a moment; or to take your thoughts off the subject of food? It is strange how little thought we take of our daily condition in ordinary life; but a little negligence, a few days of starvation, to throw the whole machinery of life “out of gear.”

During the past week I have learned several lessons in physical laws. Our allowance of daily food is barely sufficient to sustain life at its lowest ebb; and when the rations are depleted by being too rotten or rusty to be borne by any stomach, the prisoners become almost famished. I was today unable to breast the wind which blew

through the sallyport, at the cookhouse, and would have fallen but for the stouter arm of Lieutenant N. T. Burtley, of Orange, Va., who caught me as I staggered towards the ditch. It is true, the wind is like a hurricane on this island.

It should be stated that many of us—perhaps all of us—believe that no small amount of the rations allowed us by the Federal government, meagre as it is, sticks to the hands of those who furnish the provisions, then another portion sticks to the hands of the prison officials; finally a considerable portion is stolen by the cooks, and the sergeants who control the cookhouse, and make large sums by selling extra rations to those officers who can purchase. Some of the officers buy one or more extra rations daily. The cooks pretend that they sell their own rations, and live on the sutler's goods—but that of course is fudge! No one acquainted with the circumstances can doubt that we of the poorer prisoners are robbed to furnish a surplus to sell to our more fortunate comrades.

I might say more on this topic, but suffice it to remark that a little consideration for us, who are starving on two crackers and a morsel of meat twice a day, would restrain these officers from encouraging thieves by buying of them.

Alas, how much selfishness and thoughtlessness is divulged by army life, and above all by prison life!

Sept. 10th:—An officer suffering from sore eyes took a cap full of water from the tanks to bathe his face, whereupon the Yankee at the fence yelled at him, and kept him under aim of his musket until a corporal came and marched him off to the guardhouse! Yet who could blame the poor man for not wanting to bathe his inflamed eye in the salty scum that oozes through the ditches and is so full of waggletails that you cannot dip up a basin full of the stuff without lifting millions of them. Indeed, I feel disgusted every time I wash my hands in it. The stench of it is nauseating, and the effect of the briny elements renders the soap so hard and sticky, that after you finish your ablutions, you feel as

if you had rubbed yourself over with an ill-smelling greasy rag. It may be said these are small things to note in my journal but they are not too small to make us very wretched. How I long for a tub of real fresh water! Much has been said of Andersonville, but there, besides springs is a strong stream of fresh running water.

Sept. 17th:—Major Mills, Captains Stewart, Bailey, Dozier, Brown and Brierly again ordered to the fort on some trumped-up charge of Retaliation. This thing is abominable; though for my part I should enjoy being in more retired quarters than these. It is a great annoyance to have so many noisy men constantly around you; and never a single moment of privacy. I often wish with all my soul that I was a hermit far off in the recesses of some forest wild, where no *sound* of coarse voices, no *sight* of men in a half naked condition, picking vermin off of their shirts, would, or could occur!

Sept. 24th:—The Federals are firing off their big guns at the fort in honor of Sheridan's victory in the Valley. The officers are also getting drunk as they invariably do on occasion of a success over our troops; as if it was an extraordinary thing to whip a weak and wornout man half your size! Bah! Better save your gunpowder! There'll be more fighting to be done yet!

Nevertheless, I'll whisper *you*, oh familiar, and non-betraying page of my secret journal, we are most miserably hipped over this latest most miserable disaster. It has slaughtered a host of most steadfast hopes. Great God! What *has* come over our men? It is heart sickening to read of loss after loss; and then, too, how subdued and spiritless are the prisoners, one and all! It is the height of absurdity to fire salutes in honor of Grant and Sheridan as if they were famous generals; whereas they could not well avoid being successful against such crushed-out, half-naked, half-starved remnants as we still can muster.

Sept. 30th:—Wildest excitement throughout the whole pen! Or, there *was*! And how flat are we all after it!

Yesterday's Philadelphia *Inquirer*, this morning received, announced that *ten thousand prisoners* were to be exchanged *immediately!* Many times deceived by similar *rumors*, we yet jumped at this as *authoritative*, and all over the yard men could be seen rushing about, half crazy with excitement.

If this seems strange in men of intelligence and experience reflect that—But, no! you that were never cribbed in durance vilest of the vile; you who never gazed forth at the glorious landscape of animated Nature from behind the bars of a notched window, and never waited day after day with sickening heart and failing health for the life-renewing order, “Come forth, and be ye free!”—you cannot know nor comprehend the soul destroying anxiety that this day racked the breasts of ten thousand men who have faced death and peril on many a battlefield, and would gladly face it again, if only relieved from these horrible shackles.

Well,—the telegram in the *Inquirer* seemed an assured fact, and even the most incredulous could not escape the infection. But—Hark! “Fresh fish! Fresh fish!” Yes, and a plenty of them! above an hundred of Early's officers captured in the Valley last week. And now our exalted hopes take a tumble; an hour later after hearing the tale of the new comers the aircastle is a heap of ruins, and we lie tied hand and foot in its cellars.

Oct. 1st:—“Did you ever see such a lot of demoraliz^e men?” Remarks of this nature are heard on every side with reference to the new arrivals. They are by all odds the most woebegone, dilapidated, and dejected set of *officers* I ever saw, worse still, a good many of them are *whipped!* Their looks may be due to continuous marching and fighting and the long travel on the cars from Winchester here. But what can be said of such talk as this:

“The South might as well give up.” “We are beat and it's no use fighting any longer—” etc.!

God help us!—if the tone of these men be general in our armies! Their statements caused me to lie awake

the whole of last night. For who can foresee the outcome of the shadows that are fast settling on our land.

Oct. 4th:—The catching and eating of the huge rats which infest the island has become a common thing. It is a curious sight; grown men, whiskered and uniformed officers who have already “set a squadron in the field,” lurking, club in hand, near one of the many breathing holes, which the long tailed rodents have cut in the hard earth, patiently awaiting a chance to strike a blow for “fresh meat and rat soup”—for dinner! They generally succeed in getting one or more rats at a sitting. Indeed the surface of the earth in some portions of the yard seems to be honeycombed by these amphibious burrowers, which are not the ordinary house rat, but a larger species of water rat, something like the Norway variety.

They are eaten by fully a score of the officers, and apparently with relish. When deviled or stewed, they resemble young squirrels *in looks*. I have not yet mustered stomach enough to nibble at one—though once—three years ago on the Potomac island—their brethren nibbled at me in no pleasant fashion. The flesh of these rodents is quite white, and when several are on a plate with plenty of dressing, they look so appetizing one cannot help regretting his early mis-education, or prejudice. That our antipathy to rats is all prejudice the rat eaters firmly assert. “Why,” quoth one of them—“you eat wagon loads of hogs, and everybody knows a rat is cleaner than a hog. Rats are just as dainty as squirrels or chickens. Try a piece?” “No, thanks, my ‘prejudices’ unfortunately, are not yet abated.”—

Oct. 6th:—The long agony is over, and 126 of our poor comrades *en route* for Dixie! Let us now note the events that have kept every soul in a tremor of excitement for several days past.

Rumor announced two or three times lately that all sick and wounded were to be exchanged. Instantly there was a great increase of cripples among the patients. A good many smart fellows managed to “see” the Yankee officials; thereby causing an obliquity of vision on the

part of the latter in selecting the sick and crippled. Dozens of straight limbed fellows *broke their legs* by presenting Captain Ahl, or Lieutenant Woolf a watch, a costly ring or a roll of greenbacks. One officer gave a pair of new boots just received. These harpies will accept *anything*, and while literally murdering the majority by inches, will allow almost any privilege to those willing to pay these prices for it. It might seem incredible that officers of high rank would thus barter their favors, and break express "orders" from Washington, for pay if it were not a matter of daily occurrence; certainly ever since I have been on the island.

And does any one suppose Schoepf is ignorant of it? Absurd!

Well, today the welcome shout—"Turn out sick and cripples for exchange!" threw the barracks in an uproar. Eventually 126 men marched out, and are now on their way to Richmond! Joy go with them!; for none remains behind! Yet I do rejoice, if that be joy, that so many suffering comrades will escape the horrors of winter in this place.

Later:—A count of noses shows a great deal more of the metaphorical sickness than I had supposed. Dr. Woolsey, the examining surgeon, must have full pockets tonight! One officer paid watches and jewelry to the amount of \$600. One large fine looking prisoner, drew a draft for \$200, on friends in New York City, and passed out hobbling on a broom handle. Dozens of "Morgan's men",—Kentuckians—nearly all of whom have money—marched out regardless of appearances.

Well, I cannot complain, for I could not have gotten out even if they did not; and it is certainly the duty of every able-bodied soldier to get back to his command if possible. The sutler has reopened, but now intimates that it is against the orders of the Washington authorities, consequently he must pay a bribe for the privilege, and raise the price of his wares to make up the bribe. Was ever anything more shameful?

His prices I hear are: Butter 60c a pound; Irish potatoes \$4.00 a bushel; molasses \$2.50 per gallon; tea \$2.25 a pound, coffee \$1.15; sugar 60c, cheese 60c, tobacco \$1.25 per plug! The *cost* of these things, freight included, is about *one sixth* of what he charges for them! Profit enough to pay the bribe.

Oct. 8th:—At last a letter! How the prisoner's heart swells in anxious questioning as he hears his name called, the first time in many months of unbroken silence! Hurrying, stumbling at every step he reaches the fence, and from "Hole-in-the-wall" is handed the startling missive. A lightning glance and he discovers the familiar penmanship of a friend; or he is still farther puzzled if it be from a stranger.

My letter was one of the latter class. It was from another of my Northern uncles, to whom, some time ago, as before noted—I wrote in a foolishly friendly manner.

Having never seen either, and having the impression that our family had shown undue pride in holding so utterly aloof from these Northern kinsmen, I thought it would be kind to open up a correspondence with them, and perhaps I had the selfish thought of relieving the dreary monotony of our prison life thereby. Dr. Alexander Abbott, like his brother, reads me a long lecture on the sin of slavery and Rebellion—(as if slavery were a greater "sin" now than in the days of Christ, when it went wholly unproved! and as if the resistance of sovereign states to robbery and aggression was aggression!) and ends by saying if I will take the oath of allegiance to the Yankee government and come out of prison he will send me money to come North, "and help you in life. But if you don't—I wouldn't help my *own son* if he were a Rebel!" etc.

This letter has taught me a lesson,—a bitter and mortifying one. I knew nothing of the writer, except that he was a man of good character and family, doing a large business, owning two or three factories, etc., and I did not doubt his being a strong Loyalist—so-called.

But the whole nation are much alike, hardheaded, prejudiced, self-engrossed, self-righteous!

What an idea he must have of my honor and self-respect; to thus urge me to break my sworn fidelity to one Cause and swear allegiance to a government that is daily murdering hundreds of helpless prisoners, (our men and theirs) and waging an unjust war in my native State and section to gratify a spirit of sectional hatred! Suppose the last time I went through Libby prison, in Richmond (of which my old playmate, Major George Emark was 2d in command) I had said to one of the Yankees, whom I knew to be a gentleman—"Come! you are a villainous scoundrel, deserving of a rope for your murdering and stealing in our country. Still, if you will come out, and confess your sins and foreswear yourself, I'll give you something to eat!"

Instead of this, I took half of my month's pay, bought an armful of loaf bread, and gave it to them.

And that was the day before Dahlgren's raid, who came supplied with handcuffs and oakum balls, and written orders to burn Richmond over the heads of the helpless children, sick, aged, and crippled, while the women were to be handed over to the fury of the released prisoners from Libby and Belle Isle—a brutal horde of every race and tongue!

My answer to Dr. Abbott will teach him his mistake in attempting to lecture me, as well as to offer "help" in that shape. We are having a hard struggle for our lives in this vile place; but all of his wealth, and Boston on the top of it, wouldn't get me out on the terms he proposes.

Oct. 9th:—Ugh! Fingers too cold to hold the pen! Dozens of us have lain since breakfast, curled up under our blankets—thinking, thinking, and shivering with intense chilliness; not comfortable a moment in the day!

The wintry blasts sweep up the broad river, and across the flat island, with the keenness of an ocean cyclone; roaring round the prison yard, whistling through thou-

sands of crevices in the open barracks with a chill rasping sound that increases the cold by imagination.

As for comfort, it is out of the question for the well and hearty. How much worse for the sick and debilitated! God help us this dreary winter! I dread to see night come, for then I must surrender the blankets borrowed from my comrades, and have only half of one to sleep on and half for a covering.

And yet we are much better off than many of the poor fellows in the Privates' Pen! There are ten, or more, thousand men packed into a square of about six acres—thousands of them *barefooted*, not one in twenty supplied with underclothing. Even of those taken out to work the greater number are shoeless and hatless, and yet they gladly consent to go out and drag the heavy stone carts as long as they can stand, simply *for a few extra crusts of bread* to appease their constant, unsatisfied hunger!

Nov. 24th:—It may sound sensational, but from my own sensations I can fully credit it, that “*scores of the poor fellows in the Privates' Pen are freezing and famishing at this moment.*”

To most of our men, especially those from the Gulf states the climate of this bleak island is of arctic severity. Already the winter is severe beyond anything I have known in years, though I saw some extremely severe cold when at school in Piedmont Pennsylvania. Perhaps the inexplicable difference is attributable to our defective housing and clothing.

Few of us have any underclothing, or at best only an old cotton undershirt; and in most cases, as in my own, our exterior clothing is of the merest summer quality, what we wore when we were captured in warm weather—and totally unsuitable as protection against the icy blasts of this latitude.

The most shameful piece of barbarity of recent date was the robbing us of our blankets. No matter how many blankets a man may have brought with him, or purchased from the sutler with his own money, he is stript of all

but one single one! altho' it is a well known fact that in these open barracks no man could sleep comfortably under even three blankets, and lying upon as many more. I have never been able to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time since our blankets were stolen from us.

Stoves have been put up, one in each shed, but there is not fuel enough furnished to keep up even a semblance of fire more than half the time, and with a crowd of one hundred and ten shivering men to make a double circle around it, there is not much chance for a diffident person to get anywhere near it.

For three weeks I have not been comfortably warm during the day, nor able to sleep over two hours any night; have not tasted warm food; have not been free from the pangs of actual hunger any moment during the time. Our ration is still three hardtacks at 9 A. M. and three more at 3 P. M. with a morsel of rusty meat, and an occasional gill of rice soup. Stuff at which no ordinary respectable negro's *dog* would condescend to sniff at, down South.

The hardships that we, officers and gentlemen, *prisoners of war*, not criminals, suffer, and which have tumbled nearly ten thousand Southerners into the pits on yonder Jersey shore, are not *necessary*; are not the result of poverty, blockade, lack of supplies, nor from necessary vigor of discipline to prevent escape. It is sheer cruelty!

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH

Prison journal continued—New Year's day 1865—A sorry spectacle—History of the Six Hundred prize drawers in the "exchange" lottery—Bad news—Another crash—President Davis captured—Lincoln slain—Important announcement—Paroled—The return to Dixie—At City Point and Petersburg—Travelling homeward—At Charlotte—A perilous passage—Home!

Jan. 1st, 1865:—Awoke unrefreshed, for the clattering windows and fierce howling of the wind kept me in a condition of "half asleep half awake"; until near daybreak when a perfect calm fell upon the earth, the stamping of the half frozen sentries ceased, the rattling subsided, and the atmosphere grew warm enough for me to fall into real sleep for perhaps an hour. Dawn brought a resumption of the noises, for the garrison was well supplied with liquor, and ushered in the New Year with a general drunk. Looking out, I perceived the cause of the calm; the weather having moderated brought down nearly a foot of snow, which as it lay unbroken over the surface of all the island was undoubtedly the softest, purest, whitest element thereon, and one might imagine it had been sent during the dark hours of the early morning to gently mantle all the filth, the black mud, the greenish water, the dingy buildings with a white robe appropriate to New Year!

How terribly our poor comrades in the trenches round Petersburg must suffer in this storm!

Naturally our thoughts turn to the future, and we wonder what will be the fate of our struggle when this day year shall come again!

Rev. Mr. Kinsolving held Episcopal service at noon. Two men died of smallpox within this pen. No telling how many die in the privates' pen for their case is even more wretched than ours. God help them!

Jan. 6th:—For nearly a week I have taken what sleep I could get in the day time, by borrowing the blankets of my neighbors. At night the cold renders sleep out of the question. The intensity of the cold may be judged from the fact that the Delaware river, which is almost as briny as the ocean at this point, and more than a mile and half wide—subject to the daily rise and fall of the tide—is frozen solid, and I learn that the mail is brought on the ice.

Imagine the cold necessary to freeze this salty, changing tide! Of course the tanks and ditches are frozen and we melt water for both drinking and washing; that is when we can raise fire enough to melt it.

Jan. 16th, 1865:—Our hopes of a partial exchange have just received a crushing blow; in the arrival of eighty officers from our western armies, together with a party of citizens dragged from their homes in Georgia on various pretexts by Bummer Sherman. It is a shameful thing! Many of them are old, grayhaired, and decrepit men; others mere striplings of fourteen and sixteen. All alike miserably clad, half frozen, wretched alike in both looks and feelings. One is a downright cripple on two crutches! Think of a great commander who captures old men and boys on their farms, and cripples on their crutches and drags them to a far northern prison in midwinter as a proof of his prowess! The newcomers give a miserable account of the destruction, devastation, rapine, rape and ruin that follows in the wake of Sherman's armies. It is astonishing that people tolerate these things while hundreds of miles of railway are unguarded in Sherman's rear.

Jan. 19th:—What a mortification! I could have fairly cried with chagrin this morning when a letter was handed me, which proved to be from a Mrs. T.—a very wealthy lady of Milroy, whom I knew in my school days in central Pennsylvania. She had previously written in very friendly style, and in my answer I stated that our Confederate money, (all that I had) would not buy U. S. postage stamps and I would be obliged if she would send

me a few stamps that I might write to friends. She wrote to ask lawyer James Milliken of Philadelphia if it would be allowable, and sent him my letter. Milliken, fattening on the war, and therefore very "loyal" warns her not to do anything of the sort, declaring that "It would be as clearly *treasonable* as to take up arms against the government. To give aid to the enemy is treason. This man admits that he is an enemy, etc.—" It makes my ears burn merely to look at the fellow's envelope, but I replied in a way to make other ears burn.

I stated that while it might be "aid and comfort to a Rebel," so-called, yet it was not half so "treasonable" an act as the sending of food, of clothes, and sums of money as is frequently done by Union soldiers to friends herein—that I had seen a letter from Major-General Hancock, dated a few weeks ago, addressed to an old Army comrade, offering to send anything his friend, the Rebel, might need, from a pocket handkerchief to a suit of clothes. But I supposed the General "*down in Virginia daily exposing his life 'for the Union'—was not quite as loyal as lawyer Milliken in his Philadelphia office, speculating in War claims,*" etc.

Jan. 24th:—This morning General Robert Vance, Colonel Dick and Charlton Morgan, (brothers of General John Morgan of Kentucky), Major Mills and Captain Kilgore were all taken out of the pen, and given a comfortable room in the fort. They are well supplied with money, food, clothing, books, papers, etc.; daily receive dozens of letters from friends, and will be more comfortable than even General Lee, in all respects save freedom. As they shook hands with friends and filed out at the gate carrying great loads of baggage, was it wrong to *envy* (not covet) them? Think of the luxury of quiet rooms, clean clothing, and beds; plenty of clean water for personal ablutions, and enough food to satisfy hunger!

I have not a change of underclothing, a pocket handkerchief,—my last one was stolen,—a cravat, collar, nor suit of underclothing that a decent negro at home, would wear. Possibly I might get a suit of clothes, if I would

do as many have done—write to parties at various points begging for it. Shameful as is the fact, it must be stated that there are men here, claiming to be Confederate officers who stoop to write begging letters to Northern men—aye, and women, too!—asking for boxes of clothing, provisions, etc., although in some cases, there is not the slightest acquaintance between the parties. Sometimes the begging letter asks for “money,” a suit of clothes,” an officer’s hat,” a “pair of good boots,” a “box of books,” etc. Is not this scandalous? In these cases I suppose the fellow gets the address from some comrade who may have a chance acquaintance with the person and knows that he is rich and a Democrat.

Almost as shameless are some of the applications sent to the ladies in Baltimore and Philadelphia, who are understood to have in charge the supplying of the small wants of the prisoners. Prudence requires that I say no more than that Mrs. A. W. Emley of Philadelphia has sent quite a number of boxes to persons among the officers for general distribution.

However, I started to speak of the abominable impudence of some greedy fellows, who besiege Mrs. E. and others, with letters asking, as if a matter of right for clothing, books, overcoats, books, money, etc.—which she often sends; while no doubt wondering what manner of men we have amongst us! Of course these fellows are an exception to the majority of us, but they cast disgrace upon us all. At this point let me express the gratitude which I feel for the noble ladies who work so untiringly to benefit the poor “Rebels.” Many a valuable life will be saved this winter by the clothing sent by Mrs. Emley alone.

I have never received one thing from any of these ladies, but I rejoice to bear witness to the generosity I saw exhibited by them.

Feb. 9th.—Wild rumors of exchanges! Ten thousand to start South in two or three days! Too good to be true, far too good!

Feb. 10th:—General Vance has gone to New York on *parole* to assist General Beall in buying blankets for us. The Lord grant he may show more activity and zeal in our behalf than Beall has! The cotton sent by our government to pay for this clothing has been in New York for weeks; but not a blanket nor pair of shoes has come hither, altho' we suffer as no words will describe!

Feb. 13th:—Darker and darker come the tidings from the South. Sherman has started to join Grant, and is marching towards Columbia! Is it not a terrible fact that a hostile army can thus walk at its leisure for hundreds and hundreds of miles through the very heart of the South; and seemingly without having a gun fired at either his advance, or his rearguard, or his flanks? Could anything speak more clearly of the dreadful depression of our people?

It is true we see no paper but that negro-livered sheet, the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, and it prints only the most flattering story for the Yankees. Yet the bare fact that Sherman pushed Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta, captured that town and burnt it, and then sauntered leisurely across the whole state to Savannah, and is now moving northward to capture Charleston or Columbia and take Lee in the rear, this outline of *facts*, I say, needs no exaggeration. God knows I am true to the South, but my soul burns with rage at the folly and blindness of our leaders!

Feb. 22d:—It is Washington's birthday I suppose, from the salutes now being fired, tho' salutes are fired every day now. Yesterday there was a salvo over the capture of *Wilmington and Charleston*! "Capture" they say, altho' they were totally evacuated and abandoned to whomsoever chose to walk in and take possession.

However, the evacuation was necessitated by Sherman's march thro' the interior, so it was not voluntary after all. Sherman is moving on Fayetteville. There are reports that Joe Johnston confronts him. God grant that he may be altogether surrounded, as well as confronted ere he goes much farther.

Feb. 27th:—100 officers and 1,200 men, “sick and wounded,” have left us to go to Varina on James River for exchange! Ah! how I long to make one of the party!

This time last year I was tottering along the banks of the river above Varina wondering what the future would bring, but not once did it occur to me that within a year I would be wishing to be back there as one of the dearest imaginable boons! The departure of these lucky sick and crippled folk has made quite an excitement in “Camp,” as we anticipated an extension of the exchange.

March 2d:—Weather dreadful! all of us have colds in the head; but that is only one item; we are shivering from head to feet day and night. Dysentery is alarmingly prevalent. Little or no salt is boiled with the fresh beef being served to us, and the watery soup is equally calculated to throw the system out of order. The consequence is that hundreds of weak emaciated human beings may be seen every hour of the night, staggering through the cold, or snow or rain to the sinks, where the keen blast from the surface of the river cuts through their thin attire like a whip lash. Many slip on the icy walks and injure themselves, nearly all take cold, and in scores of cases it ends fatally. For the poor creatures, who have hardly vitality enough to keep warm while under their blankets come back through the rain and sleet (it is fully 700 yards from our door to the sink by the route they have to take) thoroughly chilled, and cannot get warm again all night. Looking at some of the sufferers is enough to distill bitterness in the mildest heart among us.

March 12th:—General R. L. Page,¹ captured at Fort Morgan near Mobile, was brought to this pen, along with fifty other “fresh fish” (officers) today. I kept away from them: they are sure to be worse whipped than we

¹ Richard L. Page, a native of Virginia. He became a midshipman in the United States Navy in 1824 and after wide service rose to the rank of commander in 1855. When Virginia seceded he resigned and served as engineer and ordnance officer on various special details, including that of establishing the Confederate Navy Yard at Charlotte, N. C. In 1864 he became brigadier-general and was placed in command of the defenses of Mobile, where after a gallant defense, he was forced to surrender to Farragut.

are, and I don't care to add any fresh mental torture to my hourly physical misery. I have been sick like so many of the others, for several days.

March 15th:—The survivors of the 600 officers, who left us in August ostensibly for Hilton Head to be exchanged, today filed back into the Prison Pen. It was a saddening spectacle to see these wretched victims of Lincolnite barbarity tottering back to the places they had left six months before, full of bright hopes and spirits! It will be remembered that General Schoepf, Ahl, Wolfe and the other understrappers gave out false impressions and then cleaned out the pocket of every prisoner who could afford to buy himself free, as we all supposed.

The officials, of course, knew the poor fellows were buying a share of the most shameful piece of barbarity that ever was inflicted upon helpless prisoners since nations adopted civilized modes of warfare.

The English army was censured for blowing Sepoys from the mouths of cannons; although they had forfeited every claim upon humanity by their atrocious treatment of women and children, many of whom they buried alive after nameless outrages. But if Nana Sahib's untutored, naturally ferocious and long trampled upon followers must be deemed worthy of being shot out of cannon for the war upon helpless women and children, what must be thought of the civilized *Nanas* who like Sherman shell, pillage and burn Southern cities like Atlanta and Columbia; or like Gilmore throw shells filled with the fiendish "Greek fire" into the city filled with women, children, and non-combatants, or that other Sepoy, Lincoln, (who is responsible for Stanton's atrocities) send 600 helpless prisoners to be exposed to deadly fire, and still more deadly fever?

The facts about this "Retaliation" procedure are as follows: General Q. A. Gilmore, after repeated failures in the attempt to capture Fort Sumter, the key to Charleston harbor, which even as a mere ruin, a pile of shattered brick, was sufficient to beat off the Yankee storming parties, determined to take revenge on the peo-

ple of the City. The idea was very gratifying to the whole North, and the same exultation that greeted the announcement that Charleston Harbor was forever ruined by the sinking of enormous masses of rock in its mouth, greeted the intelligence that General Gilmore had invented a very destructive species of Greek fire to rain upon the women and children in Charleston.

As the Greek fire cannot be extinguished like ordinary flames, it was believed these murderous bombs would carry death and destruction to every portion of Charleston.

To effect the dastardly purpose, the Federals stealthily erected a platform of logs, on a marshy island, and conveyed thither in the night a very powerful long range gun which was expected to throw bombs into any quarter of the city—altho' five miles distant.

This gun was named the "Swamp Devil"¹ significant of its devilish designs upon helpless non-combatants. At length all was in readiness; and without a word of warning the fiendish work began.

The sleeping citizens were aroused by the sound of bursting shells in their streets, or crashing through their roofs. At first there was some trepidation, but it soon appeared that the Swamp Devil's bark was worse than his bite. The Greek fire failed of its cowardly intention.

A few dozens of buildings were burned in the poorer quarters of the city, (the Yankee malice, as usual, falling upon the unoffending negro), and a score or two of women and children were butchered at their firesides. But the city was not destroyed, nor a single stone of its defences weakened. One tragic incident is now known throughout Christendom. A party of the best people in the city were assembled in the Pickens Mansion to witness the marriage of the daughter of the house with Lieutenant D. Rochelle. The venerable Episcopal Bishop in his white vestments stood ready to perform the ceremony when one of Lincoln's Swamp Devil's shells crashed through the roof and burst in the apartment,

¹ More commonly known as the "Swamp Angel."

striking down the beautiful young bride, as the vows of life long love were trembling upon her lips. Bandaged with the blood soaked bridal veil, she insisted that the ceremony should be concluded, and her last utterance given with a smile of content was the loving response, "Yes." Then her pure spirit passed upward, beyond the roar of the guns—the reach of further malice. Luckily, on the second day the Swamp Devil exploded with terrific fury, destroying those who were working it—So the Yankee rejoicings were premature. To comprehend the full enormity and malignity of this transaction, let it be borne in mind that *no* military purpose could be served by raining Greek fire upon Charleston. No amount of shelling of the city could capture it, because its defences are at the fort at the harbor's mouth, three miles in front of the city wharves. Charleston might be laid in ashes, but so long as Fort Sumter remained intact the fleet could not enter the harbor. And Gilmore well knew that the city could not surrender, no matter how willing they might be until the Confederate troops were dislodged from the fort. Hence the sudden bombardment of a sleeping city filled with women and children, the aged, sick or infirm non-combatants, was one of the most iniquitous, unjustifiable, uncivilized and unproductive deeds that figure in the history of this war.

Beauregard wrote Gilmore that *if* the shameless outrage was repeated he would bring a column of 10,000 Federal prisoners and expose them along the city wharves to share the consequences of the Greek fire.

Of course he did not intend to do any such thing for our government only *threatens* retaliation. The Yankees, however, seized the opportunity to practice what we only preached. And it was decided to ship six hundred Rebel officers to be put under the fire of our own batteries in front of Charleston.

Truly short sighted blind mortals we all are! My journal has already recorded the depth of my grief at being left behind when the six hundred were marched down to

the wharf to embark—as we all thought for James River and exchange.

And today these lucky ones are returned—except the *one out of every three or four* of them who will never more return!—to their old places in the pen; and from their tales of suffering it is easy to see that we were the really “lucky ones”—though the idea of there being comparative good fortune for people to be left behind in Fort Delaware Prison shambles predicates a terrible ill fortune to those taken out.

It appears that the six hundred officers were marched on board a crazy old transport, and were packed away in the foul dark hold until there was scarcely room to stand, much less to lie down. The weather was blustering and as soon as the vessel passed out of Delaware river, the rough tossing of the Ocean waves, joined to the stench of bilge water, and lack of ventilation speedily sickened every one of them. However, there is no use in trying to tell the sufferings of this voyage. Nor did they end with the passage.

During eighteen days, the prisoners were retained on ship board at the mouth of the harbor, in the broiling August sun, undergoing tortures that remind me of some verses by Freneau, the Patriot Poet of the first Revolution, describing the hardships of the “Rebel prisoners” of *those days* on the Hulks in Wallabout Bay.

At length, those of our poor fellows able to walk were landed on Morris Island, and penned in a stockade on the sandy beach midway between Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg, so that every shell fired was liable to tear to atoms many a gallant fellow whose helplessness should have been his defence from such barbarity.

As far as the guards around the stockade, they were only negroes—“not much loss if killed”—and having been badly cut up by the night attack upon Battery Wagner; (into which they were pushed by the bayonet of the white troops behind them) they were unfit for any other work, and took great delight in ill treating the prisoners. Here for forty-six days the prisoners underwent a fearful experience.

April 28th.—Vividly the end has come! After four years of super-human struggling against the organized hordes of vagabonds from Europe, Asia, Africa and America, the South has suddenly, startlingly, but finally and forever surrendered, submitted, laid her fair neck low to receive the victor's foot! Can this be true? *CAN IT?* Three weeks ago I should have insulted any man that asserted it; but look out yonder—in the Prison yard—this moment—*Nine Hundred Confederate Officers* of all ranks publicly taking the oath of allegiance to the Yankee Usurpation that has carried woe and want into every homestead in the South! Oh the deep disgrace of it!

About 10 A. M., Ape Ahl, or *All Ape*, came upon the parapet, together with a gang of flunkeys, and ordered the prisoners to form in double ranks at about fifty feet from the fence.

He then began a false, and foully conceived harangue about the triumph of Liberty and Freedom, the rout and capture of Lee, the flight of Jeff Davis, etc., etc.! In short, the Rebellion having been crushed the loyal bosom of the Government yearned to welcome the well thrashed prodigal; or at any rate, would give each prisoner below the rank of a field officer, a chance to foreswear his evil practices, repent and confess his crimes, and escape the punishment, or expatriation that awaits those who should prove obdurate, and refuse to bow the knee to Bael! It therefore behooved every man of wisdom and prudence to step forth ten paces, in public acknowledgment of his willingness to forswear his country!

Result! Nearly nine hundred officers, many of them among the most intelligent and comfortably situated in all the prison, stepped forth and announced their desire to swear allegiance to Yankeedom!

The event has crushed the spirit out of every man in the pen. Tonight we are like two hostile camps; the oath-takers as subdued and embarrassed as if they had really "swallowed the little yellow dog." To my mind there

is no excuse for their action, the fall of Richmond and Lee does not necessarily destroy the South; much as we fear it will. For my part, I shall not yield so long as there is an armed Confederate in the field. My oath, when I received my commission, was not merely to remain true and faithful to General Lee, or Richmond or Virginia, but to the Confederate States, and so long as they are unsubdued *so am I!*

April 29th.—Worse and worse! It is reported that of the 10,000 privates only one hundred refused to accept the Oath! Gallant, noble one hundred! What right has any soldier,—whether officer or private—to assume that the South is conquered because a couple of towns and Lee's scattered army have been captured by our foes? Think of 8,000 soldiers surrendering in consequence of *mere newspaper reports!* How do we *know* that Lee has surrendered?

True there is scarce a shadow of hope, and in view of caring for number one, the oath takers may have acted prudently. But prudence was never before considered in the scale when liberty and manhood were endangered. I do not so much blame the privates for they are suffering so much, and for so long.

May 1st, 1865.—Blow upon blow! Crash upon crash! and down goes the House—The Confederacy has been undermined for a long time, and every day some minor pillar or joist could be heard to give way with ominous sound. Yet so long as the great columns of Lee and Johnston were able to keep steady, the edifice, erected with so much care and pride, faith and hope was, if not safe, or such as to inspire confidence, at least a grand spectacle of patriotic valor. Unhappily, when Lee fell Johnston was pulled down in the ruined temple's fall. In these words, slowly spelling them out, letter by letter have I recorded the fatal fact—so unhappily anticipated—and which in three words tell the end of our dreams of Southern independence, to wit—*Johnston has surrendered!*

This second disaster shows the end of all things—

May 2d:—Again enters Schoepf, (Jack)-Ahl, Wolfe, Fox, and the other bluecoated brutes to insult us in the hour of our deep humiliation and despondency, by tender of the “Yellow dog” to those who gagged and refused to swallow it last week. Schoepf’s speech was exceedingly offensive to every prisoner who has a particle of self-respect. “Your Confederacy”—this Dutchman prefaced—“is gone up and busted! De bottom it did fall out de pot, an’ you’s better get out from under de rubbish. Dat’s what I tink; Git out, an’ take allegiance to de pest government vat ever vas”—etc., etc. He added that this was the last chance, that the Yankees had now offered two chances for “you Rebels” to come back, confess and repent, and say “I’m sorry, don’t skin me alive!” So we might understand those who refused this would never have another. They might be sent into exile; imprisoned for life, or hanged for their crimes. I do not quote his words exactly—but that was the general understanding of the spirit of the harangues. What ever may be the consequences of Johnston’s surrender—and of course it puts an end to all organized resistance east of the Mississippi, I for one will never take the oath of allegiance while an armed Confederate force is anywhere upholding the Southern flag; and Mr. Davis is capable of organizing any plan for farther resistance.

May 10th:—The prisoners were today informed that President Davis had been captured in Georgia with several members of his cabinet, and personal attendants. I discredit the report because the assertion is made that Mr. Davis was captured in disguise as a woman! which in itself is enough to brand falsehood on the whole story. If Mr. Davis has been captured he certainly was not disguised. Such a story is false to absolute absurdity. But the possibility of the capture has made me too wretched to write:

May 17th:—Great anger is observed on the part of the guards, who declare that Lincoln has been assassinated

by John Wilkes Booth, through a conspiracy fomented by Jefferson Davis and other Southern leaders! ¹

Another monstrous falsehood as regards Mr. Davis, who is as incapable of plotting murder as of cowardice.

The news of the assassination is terrible if true.

May 18th.—The slaying of the leader of the Abolitionists in the very hour of their triumph and ribald revelry over the capture of our great Leader, has created a deep sensation among the prisoners, as well as throughout the land.

It is so unexpected, so tragic, so far-reaching in its possible results that we scarcely know what to think. Had it come six months sooner we might have regarded it as a Divine Interposition, since it would have distracted our enemies, and rendered separation between the sections inevitable.

We should have heralded the name of John Wilkes Booth, as a modern counterpart of the mythical Swiss, whose arrow was to have twanged to Gessler's heart!

Alas! now it comes too late—it is useless—therefore cruel and murderous! Surely Booth is demented! The sudden crash of the Confederacy and wreck of all our hopes must have turned his brain.

God knows I can appreciate the man's motives; but how insane an action now! Now when all is over! The general feeling among the prisoners is sincere regret. Lincoln, of late, seemed to be softening towards the South, and it is possible he might, while full of the sense of utter triumph, have arisen to the stature of true statesmanship, and cut loose from the fanatics. Whereas, Andy Johnson, if the Tennessee officers' estimate be correct, is more of a fanatic against the section, which unhappily gave him birth, than Wendell Philips himself.

Later—One of the officers from Division 16, has been taken out, and thrown up in a blanket! until his clothes were torn off and his body covered with bruises, and for

¹It seems incredible that no news of Lincoln's assassination had reached the prisoners before this.

what? He was walking in the yard when a comrade called out—"Have you heard? Old Abe Lincoln has been shot in a theatre!"

"Good! You don't say so? Hurrah for that!" cried the other unaware of the nature of the shooting. He was instantly hailed by the Yankee on the parapet, marched out, and treated as aforesaid. How cowardly to take revenge on helpless prisoners for tragedies in which they neither shared, nor derived benefit from! Rumor says several of the guard threaten to kill a rebel in revenge for the killing of their master.

May 21st:—The furious crew at Washington are foolish in allowing the testimony in the examination of the so-called "conspirators" to be made public; for whatever be the outcome one thing is made clear, viz; Andy Johnson *lied*, wilfully and wantonly in his shameful and shameless accusations against President Davis.

The only evidence connecting Mr. Davis in any way with Booth was a statement that Booth, after returning from one of his frequent blockade running trips, had remarked that he met Mr. Davis, who had assured him that Richmond would be held at all hazards, with other casual observations. It is now evident that when Johnson issued his malevolent proclamation offering \$100,000 for Mr. Davis's capture, and falsely accusing him of the assault on Lincoln and Seward, he imagined the Confederate Chieftain was safely out of reach; in which case the money would not be paid, nor the calumny refuted; while the charges asserted in the proclamation would affix a foul stigma upon the defeated and crestfallen fugitive!

Thus did the wily Tennessean seek to revenge the treatment he incurred by his treason to the South. (He was expelled from the Confederacy in 1861). If Johnson and his gang really believed what they charged in the proclamation why do they not now put Mr. Davis on trial? The reason is obvious. *They have no evidence against him.* If they had, the poor wretches now being badgered so inhumanely might escape; the leader would be responsible for the acts of his subordinates.

No, they have no evidence on which to bring him even to a show of trial because that would proclaim to the world the blackness of the lies solemnly proclaimed by Johnson and his Congress.

May 22d.—Even in the one-sided partizan reports in the Yankee newspapers, the maltreatment of the poor creatures on trial at Washington is scandalous. They will be hanged, no doubt; but the murder will stand in history as a far blacker crime than poor, half-crazed Booth's pistol-shot. Poor Booth! How wonderful an illustration of the weakness which sometimes arises from a high-spirited, generous and sympathetic character—joined in this instance to rare native genius and personal attractions—unregulated by the cast of sound judgment and self control!

Booth was noble hearted, good and true, but he lacked the little "balance wheel" which in the costliest machinery is indispensable to correct running.

Nevertheless, and with all the regret we feel for his mad act—its impolicy and uselessness, I shall never cast obloquy upon his name, nor couple it with murder. He was young, proud, visionary, high-spirited, impulsive, and perhaps ambitious; but his arm was nerved by the same patriotic fervor that inspired Jackson, Lee, Davis and William Tell. He was not a murderer at heart. He could not have hoped to reap personal reward or honor for his act. He must have known the almost certainty of capture and speedy death.

Or, even if successful in escaping, what possible recompense could he obtain from the flying adherents of an overturned government, a ruined cause?

No, he struck with a patriot's arm, a patriot's blow—mistaken as it was. He hoped by the sudden slaughter of Lincoln's cabinet to create a panic at the North, stir desponding Southern hearts, and perchance turn the current to a resumption of resistance. It is likely the desperate measure was concocted in the desperation of repeated failures to *capture* Lincoln. After Lee surrendered, the young enthusiast probably hastily resolved

on the darker plot, and with his fervid spirit easily persuaded two of his companions in the abduction scheme, to take a share in the later one.

Perhaps he felt his life valueless under the rule of our foes, and resolved to die as Samson did with the triumphant and taunting Philistines going down in the general crash.

It was a mad desperate act, but not a base one from his standpoint.

May 23rd:—At length we have reached *Finis*! The war is over, the arms are grounded, and the last aggravating Rebel has gone into the “Bad Boy” corner to await the doom of the Defeated!

What astonishing events have we but yesterday witnessed! Less than a month ago there were two great Nations within the old boundaries of this United States; within a month one of them has vanished forever! It had four armies—now not a soldier owns allegiance to it! It had a National government, Executive, Judicial, Legislative, now not a man dares do it honor. It had eleven sovereign states, today chaos. Its flag which all nations saluted yesterday is a “rag” today. Its constitution ratified by eight million people is today a sheet of waste paper—or a relic for curiosity hunters. Its great leaders yesterday ranking among the proudest patriots of history are today “rebels”—fugitives—or prisoners. Well, there is a chance for the completion of Mr. Gladstone’s remark that “Jefferson Davis has made a new Nation,” let him now add, “And lost it!”

May 25th:—Hearing a party of officers cursing bitterly the delay of the Yankees in releasing them, and the starvation rations we are still receiving, I could not refrain from gently reminding them that it is not four weeks today since they (the complainers) not only avowed their desire to take the oath of loyalty to the “Best Government,” etc., but actually denounced and sneered at us “martyrs,” for refusing to also “bow the knee to Bael!”

“Really, gentlemen,” said I jocosely—“this is surprising conversation from men of your ‘loyalty’! can it be

that you were not fully regenerated by the Schoepfling (pronounced Shuffling) process? Well, to be sure we all have to come to it sooner or later, but it don't seem to have good adhesive qualities, you don't stay loyal very long."

'Twas bitter jesting, however, and like the Australian boomerang, hit a blow at the sender.

June 12th:—Important announcement! All the prisoners of war, not West Pointers, not former Federals, nor above the rank of Captain are to be paroled as rapidly as the papers can be signed! Great excitement prevails, and dignified officers are capering about like school boys. Roars of laughter echo down the yard! All things give place to the single impulse of "getting out", "getting home"—"getting something to eat," etc.

Yet these are men who four years ago swore to conquer or die! and who, a score of times imperilled their lives for their country! How utterly the physical or animal triumphs over the mental and moral fibre under duress!

June 13th:—Strange that such bitter torture should lie in simple suspense! A number of prisoners were called out yesterday, and all signing their paroles. Hence we are, every one of us—*en qui vive*, aroused to fresh excitement by each call for "more men!"

June 14th:—Sunset of another long day, and yet we linger like rats in a trap. The excitement of the past forty-eight hours leaves us all much prostrated. Six hundred officers departed yesterday and are now whirling away to their Southern homes.

The vacancy would be very enjoyable were it not for the suggestiveness of the deserted bunks. Gone home! not back to comrades at the front; not to resume the Rebel grey, nor even pause on the old camping and campaigning ground; but to stagger wearily back down through war worn Virginia, seeking out the ruins of what were once their happy homes.

How strange the thought that there is not anywhere today a single Southern soldier under arms, a single

flag flying, a single representative of the Confederacy in existence!

The "New Nation" has faded off of the map of Time. Out of the Present into the Past to remain forever only a romantic tale of Southern valor, and Northern pertinacity and unscrupulous use of the wealth and power gained through a century of Southern pride and folly!

June 15th.—Wander, Wander, Wander! from dawn till dark! around and 'round the pen! gazing into the empty barracks, watching the outer gate in the corner; asking a comrade for his address—wondering what under the sun causes the hitch in the business of paroling.

Thus we have passed two days since our comrades went away.

June 16th.—Sleepless night. Guess I am growing feverish. Wouldn't fancy being sick at the moment of going out into the new world without friends, money, clothing or shoes. Still we are in better spirits, as the Woolf says tomorrow will be our last day in this abominable place. *Tomorrow!* Can it be possible? We will get no sleep tonight either!

Those of my comrades who agreed with me to ask transportation to Western Texas, with a view of going straight on into Mexico, and bidding Yankeeland adieu forever, have reconsidered the matter.

And I confess my own resolution has decidedly weakened. It has been so long since I was at home—so many years spent among strangers that there is an irresistible seduction in the thought of going back to my own kindred once more. If the Mexican trip is made it means lifelong exile, for I will never come back if I once cross the Rio Grande.

Well, let me study the problem out through the coming twilight. It is already too dim for writing, and a solemn hush has fallen upon all who are left within the barracks.

June 19th, 1865.—Today we have been "galvanized" into true and loyal citizens of Yankeedom. Observe, I do not speak of the "Union." There is no longer any Union.

As Horace Greeley once said: "There can be no unity in Union of which one half is pinned to the other by bloody bayonets!" The South is no more a real partner in the so-called Union than Poland is a part of Russia, or India of England, or Cuba of Spain. Why then should this country be called a Union? The very term signifies equality of the parts. Let it be called Yankeeland.

At 9 A. M. all officers under grade of a Major were called out upon the grass plot in front of the two prison pens. Captain Ahl, was master of ceremonies, and had the other understrappers running hither and thither to form the prisoners into a "hollow square," the whole business being a hollow farce.

The three Yankees were very consequential and bustling in their arrangement of the lines, instead of merely giving the order—"Form in double rank; hollow square!" which we should every one have understood in an instant.

Having formed his square, Ahl harangued on the subject of the *solemnity of the oath*,—an insult to men who had remained in hourly peril of their lives rather than violate their oath to the Confederacy. Finally the bray ceased. I had heard but little of it—and the order was passed down the lines:—

"Hold up your right hands and turn your faces towards Captain Ahl. Repeat each word after him"—

* * * * *

Epitome of the rest of my Journal; Before leaving Fort Delaware each prisoner was given a printed blank as follows:—

"Special Orders No. 1167: In accordance with General Orders No. 109, War Dept. Adjutant Genl's office June 6th, 1865, R. A. Shotwell, prisoner of war, is hereby released confinement at this post. The Quarter Master's Dept. will furnish him transportation to Charlotte, N. C., by command of Brig. Gen. A. Shoenpf, Geo. W. Ahl, Capt. and A.A.A.G."

It will be noticed that the orders for our release were issued from Washington,—five hours ride from Fort

Delaware—on the 6th of June, yet it was two weeks before the first company of us was released, and probably much longer before all the privates got away.

But we thought little of this after our prison doors were thrown open, and we were on the boat steaming up the beautiful Delaware, whose green and flowery banks seemed one continuous peach orchard, interspersed here and there with white farm houses, and whitewashed barns,—an enchanting sight to our “war-wearied, prison-bound” eyes.

To me the right bank of the river held special attractions, for it was down that same beach that I walked from Chester one August morning—four years before—a boy only sixteen years of age; very verdant; very much troubled about the future; very footsore (with tight, high-heeled, light boots, very unsuitable for such walking, for the sand was deep,) very tired, very much sun-burned; and very anxious for a dinner that I didn’t know where to get! How little of life I knew then! How little worth knowing I had learned since despite all the suffering, danger and trials I had undergone in the lapsed four years!

But these retro-introspective reflections must not be indulged. The past is a chapter now historic and no longer susceptible of corrections. Another leaf has been turned whether the new leaf be good or ill.

By the sheerest accident, on the very morning of my release came a letter from Colonel Hastings, the Massachusetts guardian appointed for myself and brothers, (although he had never seen us) for the property left us by our grandmother Abbott. In the letter was a cheque for \$25.00. Colonel Hastings in a moment of good humor over the ruin of the South, opened his heart so far as to send this *morceau* to the ex-Rebel, his ex-ward, (altho’ I was not then of age.) True, the money was my own, or had been before it was “confiscated”; but he need not have sent it, therefore it was in that sense a gift; and I was really grateful to the Colonel, and so notified him.

In truth, the opportune arrival of this cheque, small though it was, exerted a marked influence on my life, for had I not received it, I should almost certainly have gone to Mexico, or at any rate Texas.

My clothing was not decent, and pride would not have permitted me to appear at home after so many years of absence in the plight of a beggar.

Indeed, I could get railroad transportation to no point nearer than Charlotte—sixty miles from home—and upon what should I live while travelling even that far?

Much difficulty was experienced in getting the necessary transportation papers. Instead of being furnished a ticket at Delaware City, (opposite the Fort) we must sail up the river forty miles to Philadelphia and spend two days trying to get our papers adjusted.

All that was required was the following line on the back of the "Release Order", already stated, viz, "Transportation furnished to Baltimore, Md. Henry Bowman, Capt. and A.Q.M."

Yet to get these five words with Bowman's signature, we had, first to find his office—not an easy task, for even the police sent us to two officers in entirely different quarters of the city. When found, the office was not available because it was ten minutes after "office hours." Bowman and a number of clerks were present in the office, but they glanced at us in derision when we begged the favor of "Just a pen dash across the back of the paper."

"Come again at ten, tomorrow," said Sir Donkey Red Tape. And back we must trudge to lose another day.

However, on second thoughts I was not sorry; for I needed a good night's *sleep* before starting on the long rough journey southward.

Fortunately the delay in the city cost nothing, as arrangements had been made with the proprietors of the old Merchants Hotel, on Fourth Street, to give free board for the day and night to all the released prisoners passing through Philadelphia; money having been contributed by Southern sympathizers for the purpose. This

kind and thoughtful provision was so generous that I would gladly give full credit to the donors if I knew their names.

To my question whom I must thank for the liberality which gave me a room and two meals free, the clerk waved his hand courteously, and smilingly replied: "Friends of course, but—!" and that was all.

After obtaining a cheap summer suit, and a clean outfit of underclothing I felt so much improved that I imagined I looked quite genteel; and so was foolish enough to set out to look for the residence of General James Pollock, a cousin by marriage, I believe, and the college mate of my father at Princeton.

Happening into Spruce Street, I concluded to call on the widow of my former preceptor, Mrs. Gayley. Well, the son and head of the household was cordial enough, but my haggard face, unshorn hair, brown skin, and coarse ten dollar suit, were very noticeable in the comfortable parlor, instead of a rude prison pen, surrounded by equally rough and shabby comrades; and at a glance I saw the impression upon the mother and daughter, who remembered me as a very different looking person. To make matters worse, two fashionably dressed ladies called, and the Gayleys while fearing to tell them I was a Rebel, were yet embarrassed at having so rough a looking visitor.

So I must needs take myself off in much bitterness of heart; though well understanding how natural was their embarrassment. Will accompanied me to the door and professed to have been much opposed to the war; had been drafted, and served some time on a gunboat, but got out of it as soon as possible, etc., etc.

Needless to say, after this I gave up my design of calling upon General Pollock and General Robert Patterson. Their handsome mansions would have taken "every bit of the starch out" of my new suit.

It is all very well to say "dress doesn't make the man" or that a man may be as shabby as a beggar and yet "a mon's a mon for a' that." Nevertheless, in these mod-

ern days of our Lord, dressing decently, neatly and in order is essential to proper recognition among genteel people; an indispensable requisite in social circles. Passports are demanded by custom as well as by the Government custom officers.

Returning to the hotel I addressed a letter of thanks to Colonel Hastings, gratefully acknowledging the receipt of the cheque; and also a letter to Dr. Alexander Abbott (my uncle) informing him that I had not starved to death as I expected to do when I wrote to him from the prison pen; and giving him a plain statement of my views of his letter last winter. Towards midnight on the following night I got away from Philadelphia and came to Baltimore, but instead of going on directly; must needs stop and lose another day in getting transportation to—somewhere else.

Was there ever such useless Red Tapery? The Government had arrangements with all the railroads and the requisite transportation could have been given us at Fort Delaware. Fortunately, there were Southern sympathizers here too; and the well known Fountain Hotel, was a free lodging place for penniless ex-Rebels going home.

Another vexatious search, another pompous Yankee, and again we receive permission to journey southward. This time we go by water to City Point. Why not land at Portsmouth and go straight through, you ask? But there is no use to ask why anything is done when the leading strings are Red Tape. So we went to City Point.

All the banks and hillsides in this vicinity were lined with red "earthworks," and beneath them the small caves or "rat holes," which had been burrowed by the soldiers of both armies to escape the immense iron flour-barrel-like shells that daily and nightly rained upon them. These were saddening sights. Nature was already covering the redoubts with her mantle of green; and along the trenches had sprung up thickets of peach sprouts and other switches from the seeds of fruit thrown over by the troops.

How hard to realize that all the mighty hosts that three months ago kept watch and ward on either side of these red ditches, were dispersed, dissolved, departed from existence, save on the historic page!

Of course we all were glad that peace had come, and blackmouthed guns no longer frowned from yon redoubts. Still it was bitter to remember that Peace had come only because the brave comrades who filled this same "last ditch", in this same month one year ago, had been killed, or worn out, starved out until so thinned out that the Conqueror was able to declare "Peace" as Russia proclaimed—"Order in Warsaw!"

Reaching Petersburg we found wretchedness on all sides. Although three months had elapsed since that eventful morning when the exultant foe rushed into the city over the dead body of the immortal Lieutenant General Ambrose P. Hill, the place still resembled a sacked village. The once fashionable old Bolingbroke Hotel was "open", just as a sawmill, or barn door is open in summer time. But not a mouthful of food could be had for love or money, and the crusty keeper grudgingly granted us a room on the fourth floor, without furniture save an old mattress minus covering or pillows, for the modest sum of one dollar per head, per night! Captain Henry Fry, Lieutenant Houston and I agreed to roost on the floor and give him \$1.25 for the three of us. Fortunately there was one other article of furniture in the room—a bucket of coal. You may wonder why a scuttle of coal was a fortunate find in summer weather?

Well, there had been a continual chafing between the Yankee soldiers and the "contrabands" of the town; of whom nearly a million had gathered in from the surrounding farms.¹

The Federals having freed the negroes felt that they had a right to "boss" them, as if there had been only a change of masters. Sambo and Cuffee held "obverse contrary-wise views," and the result was quite serious.

Several bloody fights had already occurred. On this

¹The figure is of course absurd.

evening I happened to be looking down the side street, between Dr. Robinson's residence and the hotel, as a soldier driving an express wagon rode down into the hollow. Opposite some grog shops he was set upon by a mob of negroes, who knocked him off the wagon and beat him savagely.

His cries soon collected an hundred or more Yankees of an Ohio regiment, who attacked the darkeys with clubs and stones—both parties appearing to be unarmed. The negro mob instantly swelled to a thousand, and the soldiers fled up the slope, till meeting a reinforcement of an hundred or two soldiers, they in turn ran charging back, yelling:—"Kill 'em! Kill them! Kill the black snipes of Hell," etc., etc.

But the darkeys had rallied in swarms, and soon pushed the Hoosiers slowly backward, until the intermingling mass of howling, raging, pounding, wrestling, fighting Ohioans and Africans were seething directly under our windows.

It was almost dusk, and the blue coats of the Yankees and the black faces of the darkeys were so difficult to distinguish from our lofty perch that we concluded to distribute the bucket of coal *impartially*, and no questions asked! That shower of coal was more effective than Blucher at Waterloo, or Kirby Smith at Bull Run!

Falling from the fourth story the pebbles scattered, and as each side got a full share of the lumps—(about the size of a bird's egg) without realizing whence it came, each thought the other side had reinforcements; so the negroes ran one way, the Yankees another! And before either could rally, a line of bayonets of the Provost Guard trotted up to command the peace! After which we went to bed in high glee, feeling that we had united pleasure and patriotism in the most impartial manner; like the Old Quaker on ship-board, whose principles forbade his engaging in battle, but, seeing the enemy about to clamber up the sides, and one burly fellow coming up a rope, hand over fist, he seized an axe and whacked the rope in twain above his reach, saying mildly:

“Friend, since thou seem’st to want that rope I’ll cut it off for thee.”

Pen cannot picture the sights and sorrows of our slow journey through Virginia and Carolina! Three months of peace had done little to obliterate the evidence of universal ruin.

The railways, themselves, were wonderful spectacles of faith in Providence; since the wheezy old locomotives could with difficulty be kept upon the tottering track. The bridges in most cases creaked and ground with war weariness and overstrain; and the cars in many instances had no backs to the seats, no tin cup even, for water, and were dirty beyond description. At Salisbury and other points there were no depots; a mass of blackened ruins telling of Stoneman’s plundering raid, *after* the general collapse.

At Charlotte our transportation ended, and as I had eaten nothing since leaving Petersburg, and was an utter stranger in the place, it became necessary to swallow pride, and also—Yankee rations. Following a stream of returning prisoners to the office of the “Post Commissary”, I was permitted after two hours’ waiting while some “Freedmen” were served, to “draw one day’s subsistence”, namely half a pound of salt pork, and five hard tack, crackers.

“Gwine to eat y’ur meat, ’er tote it?”—inquired a fellow wayfarer, with both mouth and hands full of similar stuff. “Neither”!—I cried in great disgust, and pitched my rations over the fence into a vacant lot. Fat pork is a special abomination to me.

“That’s an awful waste”,—said my companion, looking longingly after the fat white chunk which had fallen on the grass—“but I reckon you’re ’shamed to tote it through the streets.”

There was enough truth in this to make me ashamed of myself at any rate, so I climbed over the fence, recovered the chunk, and toted it ostentatiously through the streets to the Lincoln depot where we passed the

night, sleeping on the bare ground with a couple of brick bats for pillows.

It needed but a few steps next morning to show me that Nature's machinery had run down during the twelve months of close confinement, and semi-starvation, and I was as feeble as a child.

The rain sodden landscape, through which we were slowly making our way, was desolate in the extreme. Happily I met Dr. V. M. Palmer, of Rutherford, himself returning from prison, who knew and loved my father, and he at once took me in charge, and gave me such assistance as was possible.

The Charlotte and Rutherford Railway had shared Stoneman's torch, and was utterly broken up. The long bridge over the Catawba was gone; and that stream ordinarily an hundred or more yards in width was now swollen by heavy rains until the bottoms seemed a sea of turbid yellow water.

The main current was an ugly sight of itself; having that strong swift sweep, which bespeaks the powerlessness of man as compared with Nature's strength. Twenty or thirty returning soldiers were collected on the hill-tops watching the stream; but fearing to attempt the passage, as there were only a couple of small canoes or "dugouts"—i. e.—logs hewed into boatshape and hollowed out like a trough.

They were hardly large enough for eight men to sit in, Indian file, one behind another; hence were very liable to turn over in an angry seething current.

However, it was that or stay on the river bank for an indefinite time.

The first party shot out into the stream like an arrow, and had nearly gotten over when a sudden lurch hurled them all into the tawny flood.

Fearful screams went up from stream and shore. Three men were engulfed like lead! One poor fellow clutched at the blackened pier of the railway bridge and shrieked for help. But it was only for an instant. Before those on shore could reach the spot to which we rushed—he had vanished forever.

Two, or possibly three, managed to save themselves many miles down the river, I afterwards learned.

How sad to think these poor fellows after serving their country for four years; after escaping the deadly hail of battle, and no less deadly pestilence of prison, yea, and after reaching almost the verge of their own farms—for all of them lived in Lincoln and Cleveland counties—should perish thus miserably, and fill unknown graves, perhaps within sight of the humble fireside where anxious eyes of loved ones were watching for their coming!

This catastrophe saddened me inexpressibly, and that chorus of despairing and horrified shrieks rang in my ears for many a day.

We also shot down with fearful velocity, but chanced to have steadier heads, and gradually obliques towards the opposite shore. Our greatest peril came at the moment of landing, as we attempted to glide in above a tree, where the pendant branches formed a slight *slack-water*. Unable to manage our narrow craft, we struck the tree itself with a tremendous crash, and swung around like a boom! Luckily Dr. Palmer and I, who had been first to enter the dug-out, were able to clutch the willows, and thus hold the canoe steady until its equilibrium was restored. As I could not swim a stroke even in placid water, and have a constitutional terror of the deep—it was a close touch.

And so wearily, and dispirited, with manifold adventures by “field and flood” we plodded on until at last, on the evening of the fourth of July, 1865, as “a stranger in a strange land”, for it was my very first visit to Western Carolina,—my father having moved from Virginia while I was in Pennsylvania at school,—I passed down the long hilly street in Rutherfordton to the door of my father’s house.

The four years of the war rolled up like a black scroll behind me. A thousand memories of my childhood rushed over me. Six years of absence had ended. I had reached home.

THREE YEARS IN BATTLE AND THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS

PART II

RECONSTRUCTION

Retrospection—Superb bearing of the South in her hour of overthrow. General Grant, the victor, after personal consultation with the officers in every Southern State, reports an extraordinary quiescence and forbearance on the part of the ruined people.

But to secure power the Sectionalists in Congress determine to over-ride the Southerners, and beat them down with iron hoofs for ten years to come.

Positive proof that this policy was to be carried out regardless of any submissiveness on the part of the victims.

Military rule. The Freedman's Bureau establishes a petty despotism in every Southern village. Systematic efforts to antagonize the races. Influx of swarms of swindlers and sharpers. Cruel deception of the ex-slaves in respect to their rights, privileges and expectations. Race conflicts provoked for party purposes. Organization of oathbound leagues. Murder, robbery, rape, arson and anarchy reported from all over the South. Riots and assassinations in North Carolina, Black Brownlow overruns Tennessee with bands of hireling soldiery. Twelve hundred crimes committed by these cut throats within twelve months.

Organization of the Constitutional Guard, or White Brotherhood, to protect women and children. Gen. N. B. Forrest, Commander-in-Chief. Rapid spread of the Or-

der into all the Southern States under the spur of local race troubles. Consultation of Southern leaders in New York. Seizure of Southern State Governments by scoundrels and invaders. Extraordinary scenes at Raleigh, Columbia and elsewhere. The Kirk-Holden war. Gov. Holden's impeachment. Development of Grant's military measures for capturing the electoral vote of the Southern States, by force and intimidation, beginning with the Carolinas. Spies and soldiery overrun the States. Judge Bond, little less infamous than his English prototype, Judge Jeffries, establishes his spider web in the Capitol, and inflicts the full power of an unlawful law upon all whom he can catch, the innocent and the guilty alike. Partizan precautions whereby about one hundred Southerners are sent in shackles to Albany penitentiary, Grant's Bastille. The whole comprising a connected narrative of Carolina's captivity from 1865 to 1875 inclusive.

CHAPTER FIRST

In the Valley of the Shadow.

Yes, the war was over, or at any rate, the fighting! The three months we had remained in prison, refusing to take the oath, had been that much lost time; except that it had satisfied our sense of duty. So long as a single soldier remained standing up for Southern Independence we had remained faithful to the Cause, useless though the sacrifice, the allegiance vain!

Lee surrendered on the 9th of April; we reached home on the 4th of July. Three months' interval had done much to restore the atmosphere of Peace to the land. The battered sword was steadily resolving itself into the husbandman's blade, where it had been rudely fashioned at the village smithy. The shattered spear readily became the crook of the pruning-hook. The blood-stained army ambulance relapsed into its olden service as a market-cart.

Afar over the fields were to be seen the quondam warriors, "bearded like pards", with little flags of truce fluttering from various bullet holes in their faded grey garments, laboriously ploughing with a broken down mule or horse, branded in big letters "C.S.A." or "U.S.A.," for generally the Yankee raiders had robbed the country of all stock except such as "fell by the wayside" from exhaustion or sickness.

Following the plough came the women and children of the farmhouse, wearily plying the hoe, or dragging a heavy brush as a harrow; for every arm must toil early and late, to keep starvation from the door for the coming winter. All over the South on May Day, 1865, were hundreds of thousands of homes without a dollar, without a pound of meat or of flour, or any sort of provisions, without clothing or tools or implements of labor, wherewith to take up the new struggle for a livelihood; and in very many instances there was not a door or win-

dow left to the house; not an article of furniture; not so much as a bundle of straw for a bed! Let it ever stand as recorded to the disgrace of the Lincoln Government that during the closing eighteen months of the war, when, as they assert, the issue was no longer to be doubted; the Federal armies were given virtual permission not only to pillage and plunder private property, but also to wantonly *destroy whatsoever they could not use*.

Many a widow, many an aged couple, many an orphaned family were turned into the darkness of night, or the howling of wintry storms, not for any offence or insult, not for any military object, but solely to gratify an hellish delight in deviltry; burning the house and torturing the inmates.

In this connection let us all be thankful for the honor of our common name as Americans—that, as the recently published military statistics show, only about one man in four (possibly five) of the Federal soldiers were native-born. All the rest were foreigners, representing every race and rascality under the sun; thousands of them unable to speak our language; and large shiploads of them sent direct from New York harbor to the armies in the field.

As a matter of course such fellows cared nothing for the honor of their flag, or for the decencies of civilized warfare. They were mere hirelings. It was a frequent remark by Federal officers—particularly “old army” officers—“Well, Madame, I am ashamed of this but we have a good many roughs, and it is hard to keep them under discipline on a long march.”

But here, kind reader, let us pause a moment, at the threshold of the dreadful decade of Reconstruction, to briefly review the historic pathway down which the American people had marched to the year of our Lord, 1865.

Starting far back in the 16th century, with the dawn of Liberty’s star in the West, we saw the venturesome barque of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain John Smith, and Hendrick Hudson, and Roger Williams, [*sic*] and

the Pilgrim Fathers, slowly beating their way against wind and tide through unknown seas, to raise the standards of the old world civilization on the wild shores of Carolina and Virginia, Manhattan, Rhode Island and Plymouth Rock; establishing colonies that were as mere specks upon the map of the world.

But these dots we saw expanding along the Atlantic Coast until the colonies were merged into thirteen great Nations grouped into clusters by the ties of neighborhood and trade. Thus the New England colonies looked to Boston as their chief centre; the Hudson river country to New York; the Delaware country to Philadelphia, the Chesapeake region to Baltimore; Virginia to Hampton Roads; and the more Southern coast to Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah. Gradually the clusters of States became blended, interwoven into two sections, latitudinally North and South. Baltimore and Philadelphia were as neutral territory between the two sections.

In the original settlement we saw the Cavalier, the Huguenot and kindred spirits peopling the South; the Roundheads, Quakers and Knickerbockers settling the North. Ere a century's lapse we saw these Nationalities merged into the American people; but with sectional characteristics intensified rather than lessened.

The Southerners grew light-hearted, liberal in hospitality and religion, a little lazy, and likely to lean to loyalty, or the established order in politics. The Northerners daily grew more earnest, energetic, sharp-eyed, saving, sobersided; believing in Blue Laws, and witchburning; and disloyal in politics particularly in respect to "paying tribute to Caesar."

And here, by way of illustration of the Sectionalistic spirit that prevailed even in the hour of National enthusiasm following the Battle of Bunker Hill, I will quote a couple of letters from the Revolutionary Leader and Commander-in-Chief of the Patriotic Army, General George Washington.

The first letter, written while the American Army was besieging Lord Howe in Boston, is dated—"Camp near

Cambridge, Mass., August 1775," and is addressed to Richard Henry Lee, urging Congress to make appointments of officers in the Army instead of allowing them to be chosen by the various corps. The latter plan, he argues—"Damps the spirit and ardor of volunteers from all but the four New England Governments, as none but their people have the least chance of getting office. . . . I have made a pretty good slam among *such sort of officers*¹ as the Massachusetts government abounds in . . . ; having broken one Colonel and two Captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunker Hill, two Captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their company; and one for absence from his Post when the Enemy appeared and burnt a House just by it. Besides these I have at this time, one Colonel, one Major, one Captain, and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short I spare none yet. I fear it will not all do as *these people seem to be too inattentive to everything but their own interest.*"

This second letter is even more snappish than the letter to Lee. It is addressed to Lund Washington, who was his cousin and acting as his farm overseer at the time. It is dated August 20th, 1775; and after writing very freely about farm and domestic matters; he says:

The people of this government [New England] have obtained a Character which they by no means deserved—their officers, generally speaking, are the most indifferent kind of People I ever saw. I have already broken one Colo. and five Captains for Cowardice, and for drawing more Pay and Provisions than they had Men in their Companies—there is two more Cols. now under arrest, and to be tried for the same offences—in short they are by no means such troops in any respect, as you are led to believe of them from the accts. which were published, but I need not make myself enemies among them by this declaration, although it is consistent with the truth. I dare say the Men would fight very well (if properly officered,) although they are an exceedingly dirty and nasty people.—Had they been properly conducted at Bunker Hill (on the 17th of June) or those that were there properly supported, the Regulars would have met with a shameful

¹ Italics are Shotwell's.

defeat, and a much more considerable loss than they did; which is now known to be exactly 1057 killed and wounded. It was for their behaviour on that occasion that the above officers were broke, for I never spared one that was accused of Cowardice, but brot 'em to immediate Tryal.

What does Dr. Craik say to the behaviour of his Countrymen and Townspeople?—Remember me kindly to him, and tell him I would be very glad to see him here, if there was anything worth his acceptance; *but the Massachusetts people suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay hands upon.*

Bitterly enough were we to learn, not a century after, that “these people care for nothing but their own interest!” We have seen how National Independence was gained. Chiefly through Southern Statesmen in Congress, Southern Generals in the field. How a civil Union was formed, and a few years later, reformed; not with any intent to constitute an autocratic national government—since that was the sole objection to British rule—but for the better regulation of interstate affairs, and better security against foreign aggression.

How this civil arrangement was so well understood that for half a century the standing threat of New England was that she would withdraw, and dissolve the Union if this thing were done; or that thing left undone. How at that date all the States held slave property, and all willingly accepted the clause in the National Constitution protecting this species of property; but how New England finding the slaves unprofitable for climatic reasons—set them free?—Oh, no! *sold every “man and brother” of them to the Southerners*; and then, (because of increased Southern legislative representation on the basis of population), began to hint it was a wrong, a sin and a crime to hold the property *sold* by them; How New England with the proceeds of the sale of Negro slaves, as well as the importation of natives from Africa, grew rich and prosperous, and became the manufacturing, importing, and shipbuilding section of the country; the more so because they were continually con-

¹ Italics are Shotwell's.

triving to secure legislation favorable to themselves at the expense of the Southerners; the latter being a free-living, agricultural, conservative people who gave little attention to the laws of trade or finance, and were careless of their own interests as well as patriotic enough to rejoice at the prosperity of the North; supposing that the growth and wealth of that section would glorify and strengthen the Union, instead of becoming an engine for breaking their own heads, freeing their slaves, and ruining their sunny land.

But the historian must tell of these things and much more! He must portray the growth of the South-hating spirit with the Anti-slavery fanaticism as its nucleus; the steady encroachments of the dominant party in the richer, and stronger section; the wholesale robberies of Southern property, the long forbearing remonstrances of the South, the exultant onrush of the fanatics, and their final seizure of power. How the Yankees urged on by the furious fanaticism of the Abolitionists left no other course open to Southern manhood and patriotism but to fight!

The daily increasing virulence of the abolitionists might have told even a blind man that the South must fight, or become a submissive prey to open robbery and abuse. I defy any honest, fair-minded man, be he who he may—to deny that every development of the war period, every feature of reconstruction legislation, and every biography of the Republican leaders of that epoch, go to establish the correctness of the Southern view at that time; and the certainty that there was no alternative for the South save submission to abolition demands or armed resistance.

She mistakenly thought there was an alternative, viz., a peaceable withdrawal from the Union, "thereby removing the contamination of slavery and slaveholders from the Northern skirts." This, of course merely precipitated the crisis; giving the South-haters the opportunity to disguise their onslaught upon slavery under the pretence of preserving the Union. Upon this plan they

hammered the public ear, until, at length, the majority of the Northern people, and the world at large came to believe that the war was being waged solely for the supremacy of the Union. But for this vile deception half a million of men, and more than half the list of Federal generals, including McClellan, Hancock, Sickles, Butler, and others, would never have handled gun or sword.

But for this false plea, two hundred thousand Unionists of Southern birth would have stood with their section, instead of becoming renegades.

As has been well said—"There never was a war that ended so suddenly, and left so little resentment in the minds of the vanquished. They might have kept up a guerrilla warfare indefinitely, and bankrupted the Union:" for as is now well known the Federal Government had strained its credit to the last notch, and "its military resources likewise."

On this point, General R. E. Lee, when asked what he would do if compelled to evacuate Richmond, replied—"I cannot say what I should do, if such a contingency arose, but I know that I could retire to the mountains of Augusta, and *carry on the war for twenty years.*" That he spoke not boastfully, it needs but to recall the long and successful rebellion of *La Vendee*, in France, that defied the veteran armies of the Republic flushed with victories that changed the map of Europe. So, too, the life-long struggle of the Caucasian Chief, Schamyl, against all the power of Russia. Or, the weary war of Independence by the Swiss Cantons.

But Lee, and his Southern compatriots were sensible men, and honorable citizens. For their country's sake they fought so long as there was a particle of hope of success; then, for their country's sake they offered emphatic surrender; besought their followers to accept uncomplainingly the arbitrament of arms upon the great questions dividing the sections; and at once, in their own conduct, set the example of calm, brave, resigned, submission. It is here worthy of remark that through all their trials,

through all their successes, the Southerners never ceased to be Americans. In the first flush of secession, when sectional antipathies ran high, they formed a Constitution which was more free Republican, and American than the Federal instrument. They declared the Mississippi—though for a thousand miles intersecting the Confederacy—a free river always open to the commerce of the North Western Country. And in the darkest hour of their fortunes they had nothing to offer to foreign intruders. Who can doubt that if the Confederate Government had offered to England the exclusive market of its cotton for a term of years; or had offered to France a re-cession of Western territory—(New Mexico), an asylum for Maximilian, if driven out of old Mexico—that recognition would have been extended and material aid furnished by one or both powers? Yet so strong was the American feeling that a common remark with the ragged Confederates, shivering around their camp fires,—ran in this vein—“Seem’s like the Yankees are bound to get into a fight with them furrin’ Kingdoms, an’ I reckon that’s about the only thing’ll ever bring us folks together again.”

The Southerners, shut up within their circle of fire, with few newspapers of their own, and none from the North, were not aware how far the virulent fanaticism of the Abolitionists had inoculated the whole Republican party. They knew that slavery was doomed, but that was something they had been taught to contemplate for so long that it was no great hardship when it came. And thousands upon thousands of Southerners comforted themselves amid the humiliation of defeat by reasoning in this wise: “Well, the struggle is over; we have done our duty; slavery is gone, but I don’t much care; and now that it is gone, perhaps we shall get along better without it. The Union has been restored, and I ain’t much sorry for that; for the truth is it always grieved me to think that the only Republic that has stood the test of time should split up, and give the monarchists of the old world a chance to say that Man isn’t able to govern himself. And now that the Slavery question

has been fought over, and settled, there don't seem to be any reason why we all shouldn't get along peaceably in the Union once more!" etc., etc.

Let it be borne in mind that Congress had formally and explicitly declared at the beginning of the war that the sole object of the struggle was the *Restoration of the Union!* Let it be remembered that this declaration was repeated at intervals during the war. Let it be remembered that President Lincoln continually declared in Proclamations and in private, as well as in official interviews with envoys from the South—that his only object in waging war was to restore the Union. All the Northern speakers harped on this—declaring that all that was wanted was for the Rebels to disband and disperse: and the seceded states to resume their allegiance to the Union. Southern "Peace Party" newspapers harped upon this idea,—and proclaimed Jeff Davis as a tyrant because he insisted on fighting to the bitter end instead of submitting, and allowing the South to resume her place as a part of the Union. In short, there was a distinct understanding between the Peoples of the two sections that as soon as the Rebels should cease their resistance and acknowledge the supremacy of the Union, all things should go on as formerly. This was so distinctly understood that as fast as a state submitted,—(Viz. in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Louisiana), and set up a Union government, it was recognized, and its delegates admitted to Congress.

In addition to the foregoing let it be borne in mind that formal negotiations between President Lincoln on the one side, and Vice-President Stephens on the other, had been opened at Hampton Roads, and that Mr. Lincoln's only demand was—a cessation of Resistance to the Supremacy of the Union Government. Such a thing as wiping out the Southern States, and holding the Southern Leaders as Rebels who had forfeited their lives was never hinted at. And it is safe to say, if Mr. Davis, or any of his followers, from Lee down, had anticipated any danger of the hanging of a single Southerner for treason they would have indeed fought to the

bitter end, and probably in the end would have won success through some sort of arrangement with foreign governments. So, when any Radical Yankee speaks of "Northern Clemency to Southern Rebels" he is either a fool, or a knave; since they would not have had a chance to "Swing Jeff Davis from a sour-apple tree," had not they begged and protested that surrender should bring peace and oblivion for the past. It is well to remember that in 1864, a year before the war ended, General George B. McClellan, running as a "Peace" candidate on a "Peace" Platform, and denounced by the Republican journals as no better than a Rebel, and who if elected would stop the war as soon as he could send word to Jeff Davis, received actually 1,880,725, or nearly two millions of votes out of the *four millions* cast; showing that about half the Northern people were in favor of Peace—on almost any terms of compromise. Moreover of the 400,000 majority of Lincoln in that campaign nearly 172,000 were cast in slaveholding states, chiefly by the renegades and soldiers from the other Southern States.

Is it strange, then, the South readily yielded to the delusion and snare of supposing that if surrender were promptly and frankly made, and the duties of citizenship resumed in the Union, all should be well,—save and except the fearful losses of the war?

Had not Grant, the conqueror, generously notified Lee to send home his men with their cavalry horses so that they might at once resume plowing on the farm? Had not every soldier from Lee down, been given a Printed Parole, declaring he should not be molested in any manner, so long as he obeyed the laws, and refrained from acts of hostility against the Union? Had not General Sherman gone so far as to arrange for a resumption of duty by the Southern civil authorities? Considering these things, would it not have savored of extreme suspicion and sullenness, had the South refused to place confidence in them, and yield cheerful submission?

Alas!—for the Rarity
Of Yankee-doodle charity!

Trusting to the above recited Pledges, the Southern people quietly went to work to make a livelihood, and restore their shattered fortunes; (thousands of daintily bred gentlemen taking the cast-off tools of their former slaves to dig and delve, and toil and strive, for the maintenance of their families. No sullenness was manifested, no revenge on returning Unionists was sought; no effort to curtail the freedom of the stolen slave; nothing of the kind. All thoughts were intent upon building up our waste places; obliterating the scars of war, and studying the needs of the new order of affairs. As witness of the wonderful temper of the Southerners at this time we need but introduce a single witness of approved "loyalty" in the person of the conqueror—Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant, himself—who upon his return from a protracted tour throughout the whole South, from Potomac to Rio Grande, officially reported, under date of December 18, 1865:—

Both in travelling, and while stopping I saw much and conversed freely with citizens of those states, as well as the officers of our Army, who have been stationed among them. The following are the conclusions come to by me:—

"My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self government within the Union as soon as possible; that while reconstructing they want and require protection from the Government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens; and that if such a course were pointed out they would pursue it in good faith. It is to be regretted that there cannot be a greater commingling at the time between the citizens of the two sections, and particularly of those intrusted with the law-making power.

"U. S. GRANT,
"Lieutenant General."

Two years later, viz, in July, 1867, under oath before a Congressional Committee he still retained the honest manliness to testify as follows:—

“I know that after the close of the Rebellion there was a very fine feeling manifested throughout the South, (mark the words!); and I then thought we ought to take advantage of it as soon as possible.”

These words tell the whole story. They show that even in the first bitter hour of defeat the conduct of the Southerners was so far removed from sullenness and resentment that even the conqueror, and his “Army officers” in the hundreds of garrisoned cities, men who were naturally watching for symptoms of secret hostility, were forced to admit that the South was keeping her Parole “*in good faith*”; that she was “*in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government*”; and that, in short, a most excellent spirit was “manifested,” (not hidden, but openly “manifested”) that only needed “to be taken advantage of”—to insure perfect Peace, and lasting Re-Union! What an opportunity was there presented! How easy to have slain the Monster sectionalism, and healed the bitter breach in the American Brotherhood then and there, by a little wise magnanimity—a little of high-minded forbearance—on the part of the North, who as the triumphant Victor, flushed with the attainment of their desires both as to the Union, and to slavery,—might well have shown a conciliatory spirit even had the South held aloof in pride and sulkiness. Alas!—How shameful the real spirit manifested by the Victorious Section! The hour had come for unmasking, the old cry of “The Union and the Constitution” gave place to fiendish calls for Revenge, for Spoilation, for the Concentration of all Power, Place, and Plunder, in the hands of the Shoddy Crew whose cunning manipulations of Northern War-Fury had secured for themselves the virtual control of the Governing machinery of the Nation!

At this date of retrospect (1880), they have all passed away—passed down to an Eternity of Retribution—(if

indeed there be Retributive justice for men who fattened upon their country's undoing)—but what a record they have left! What a legacy of curses wrung from the souls of ten millions of tortured, down-trodden, devastated, desolated, outraged people during the ten years of Radical Orgies,—they have left their Posterity!

Verily, it would seem as if the Iron Hand of Retribution began to descend upon these malicious Plotters ere yet the oblivion of a Grave closed over their heads. Is it accident, is it mere incident, that nearly every one of those who hounded on the war against the South, and figured in the villainy of the Reconstruction Plots, died under a cloud, or yet lives under it?

First to fall was the first Abolition President, *Abe Lincoln*, who by a strange coincidence perished miserably at the hands of a second-class actor, in a second-class theatre, on the night of the anniversary of his Proclamation, beginning a brutal War upon the South! Following him fell his vindictive Lieutenant, *Edwin M. Stanton*, Secretary of War, whose own hand gashed the throat whence so long had issued threatenings and slaughter against the South. *Gen. Jim Lane*, the bloody-handed Jayhawker of Kansas infamy, blew out his own brains. *Joe Holt*, and *Preston King*, participants in the murder of Mrs. Surratt cut short their own existence; the latter by drowning. Senator Sumner, insulted by Grant, who charged him with falsehood, and had him removed from the Committee leadership of his Party, unpopular in his native state, childless, and threatened with disgusting exposures by his wife to force a divorce, passed out of the world, stricken to the heart *in mind*, if not *in body* as has often been stated. *Horace Greely* died a raving maniac in a private madhouse, after vainly attempting to induce his former confederates to make some sort of restitution. *Old Thad Stevens*, author of the first Reconstruction Scheme, died wretchedly, with an old negro woman, his nurse and mistress, already laying claim to portions of his property. *Gerrit Smith* died in comparative obscurity and suspicion. *Senator Nye*, whose virulence so

often fired the North to renewed hatred of the people, lost office, lost character, lost fortune, and finally lost his reason, and was found wandering through the South, dirty, ragged, penniless,—shivering with dread of unseen, avenging furies! He too died in a mad-house. Seward, after a life-time of unscrupulous work for his faction, died under a cloud, and virtually cast off by them. *Vice-President Colfax* descended into oblivion loaded with the shame of Credit-Mobilier bribery and stealing. *Henry Ward Beecher*, who with his sister—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, (of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” notoriety) did so much to foster the abolition and South-hating Sectionalism, incurred a crushing weight of exposure, trial, and world-wide scoffing which utterly destroyed his reputation—in his last years! *Anson Burlingame*, one of Lincoln’s Ministers, died under a cloud. *Cassius M. Clay*, another of Lincoln’s Ministers, and a life-long abolition ranter, finished his career by killing a negro, on Sunday morning in a moment of passion because the “Freedman” showed some “insolence” in demanding certain personal rights! The Second Abolition President, *Andrew Johnson*, so long and virulently South-hating, died without regret in either party, after narrow escape from impeachment. *Zack Chandler*, a Roaring “Bull of Bashan” against the South, died suddenly, after a speech of furious sectionalism, almost if not entirely alone in a Chicago hotel.

Ex-Senator “Parson” Brownlow, died, out of office, and under a load of popular execration. And the Military Oppressors? *Canby*, our Carolina Satrap, fell under the tomahawk of Capt. Jack, in the lonely Lava Beds. *Pope*, the bully and braggart, was exiled to the far West, reduced in rank, and after winning infamy by the massacre of women and children, (whose skin happened to be *red* instead of the holy *black*), was shown by the Fitz-John Porter Court Martial to have been guilty of lying, slander, and malicious persecution of a subordinate commander that may yet cost him his rank.

Where, too, shall we find the lesser lights of the Recon-

struction Villainy? *Senator John Patterson*,—disgraced, hunted, a price upon his head! *Governor Moses*, a self-confessed scoundrel, and thief, saved from the Penitentiary by services as “State’s Evidence.” Governor Scott, and Governor Bullock, escaped criminals, constantly dreading arrest. Judge Dick Busteed in disgrace.

Gov. Holden impeached, removed to private life, and career closed. Senator Pool, thrown aside by his own party, and . . . ¹intent upon plunder they demanded rigorous conditions from the lately surrendered South before citizenship should be resumed by them.

Incredible though it may seem, all these requirements were executed to the letter and without a semblance of complaint, repining or sullenness. With surprising facility, the shattered State governments were resurrected; conventions were called; the ordinance of secession in each state was repealed, and declared beyond the power of resurrection; slavery was abolished in due form, as it had been in fact; every amendment to the Federal Constitution was adopted; and in all things the new administration sought to put themselves *en rapport* with the authorities at Washington.

A single fatal error nullified and neutralized all these excellent endeavors. The South, in selecting members of Congress had the temerity to chose Representative men, well known gentlemen in whom she had confidence and whom she believed best capable of legislating for the whole country, as they must do when admitted to Congress. Bear in mind that although these were Representative men they were not of the advanced Southern, or “Fire-Eater” type: but on the contrary were without exception of noted conservatism. From the State of North Carolina not a single “Secessionist” was elected to Congress; every member of the delegation—in both houses—having been a warm Union man—battling on the stump or elsewhere—for the Union cause up to the hour of actual conflict. But the entire representation from the Reconstructed States were turned back from

¹ A page of the manuscript is missing here.

the doors of Congress with scorn and contumely. It was a deliberate blow in the face to Southern Reconciliation.

The fact that a few members from one or two states were admitted—and that these few were not Representative men, but a low order of demagogues who secured their election by playing on the credulity and the fears of the mountaineers of West Virginia, East Tennessee, and elsewhere—and that each and every one of the admitted members was ready to out-Herod Herod in abuse of the Democrats and the South,—clearly evinced that the Southerners had made a fearful mistake in supposing that simple submission and loyalty to the Union were required; they must also swear allegiance to the *Republican party*, and give pledges that for twenty years hence they should eat the bread of bitterness as vassals of the ambitious demagogues at the head of that party.

Nay, more,—it was manifest that the Radical leaders were not desirous of admitting the South on *any* terms, no matter how humbled, abject, and humiliated. These unworthy creatures were planning assaults and robberies upon the South, that even the basest scalawag must secretly resent; therefore it was desirable to have the entire Southern Section without even the pretense of representation on the floors of Congress. Gov. W. W. Holden, who had been appointed “Provisional Governor”—with autocratic powers—in North Carolina, about that period visited Washington, and was present at several private caucuses of the Radical managers. At one of these Thad Stevens, author of the “Stevens Reconstruction Bill” (a man of strong will and intellect, but violent passions and prejudices) whose bitterness against the South no doubt arose from the burning of his iron mills by Stuart’s cavalry, in 1860—together with the promptings of his negress concubine in whose arms he died—this fit mouthpiece of the virulent conspirators against the Peace and Prosperity of the Continent, thus spoke—“Go home! Gov. Holden, and rule your state, as you see fit: but waste no time sending delegates to this body. We have whipped the South back to the door of the

Union, and there we mean to keep her! Yes Sir, by God sir, she shall knuckle on her marrow-bones for ten years to come! Ten years, Sir, before she shall have any voice in this House, Sir! It will do her good! It will take pride out of her! And furthermore you may tell your people they shall have no peace until a negro is free as a white man, votes like a white man, and is treated like a white man! Mark what I say—we mean it!”

Gov. Holden repeated this conversation to me with his own lips in 1880. He declared that he was astonished at the utterance, and doubted its verity until subsequent developments confirmed it.

Yet there was little reason to wonder at any performance of the singular collection of fanatics, demagogues, and self-seekers whom the wild throes of civil war had brought to the control of the government. Startling changes had occurred in the general tone, no less than in the composition, of Congress during the six years of unrepressed Radical supremacy. For six years there had been no Southerners, and few Democrats, upon the floors of the National Legislature so that nearly all the old-time conservatism of views, gentility of character, and statesmanship in legislation had vanished from the place. There was no longer anything *broad* and *national* in the composition of the body. It was mainly made up of new men, strange creatures, representing every note in the gamut of folly, fanaticism, and filth; each member intent upon schemes of personal aggrandizement; and all intent upon perpetuating their power, and opportunities for plundering the South.

And herein perhaps was a mistake of the South. Had she sulked and pouted and *starved* for a few years, all might have been forgiven. But the Southerners clattered home from the armies of Lee and Johnston in the spring of 1865, and ere mid-summer were cultivating their crops of corn, cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar,—whose aggregate at the existing prices (cotton at 50 cts per pound; and tobacco at \$1.00) amounted to millions on millions of dollars. The very fact that all manufacturing enter-

prises were broken up, and that all men must extract a livelihood from the fruits of the soil served to augment the aggregate product of the Southern Crop. And though slave labor was gone, and farming stock and implements exceedingly scarce, these drawbacks were more than counter-balanced by individual energy, born of necessity. In hundreds of instances poor young farmers, joined strength with the family milch cow, or with a brother, to draw the (light corn) plows, while the wife, or daughter, held the handles. Grey-haired and distinguished clergymen might be seen toiling in the broiling sun, with the hoe or spade, assisted by little negro girls, or decrepit old family servants whom no speciousness of "Yankee talk" could seduce to desert the old homestead.

Alas! the hardened fruits of this National struggle against poverty and starvation, did but arouse the cupidity of the revellers now in charge of the American Republic.

Measures were promptly taken to plunder the Southerners in every conceivable method. They must, of course, expect to incur their proportion of the War-Debt,—hard though it were to make men pay the expenses of the very armies which had over-run their country, swept away their homes, houses, barns, fences, and [*torn*] cattle, robbed them of *four thousand millions* of slave property (\$4,000,000,000); and killed, or crippled, fully a quarter of a million of her bravest and best people! This, we say, could but be expected under the circumstances—hard though it was. But it was scarce a tithe of the burdens about to be imposed. The South must not only pay for her own destruction and humiliation: but she must set at work to enrich her oppressors for generations to come!

As has been stated, the six years' absence of the Southern Statesmen from the Halls of Congress had brought a marvellous change in the character of that body. Within thirty days after the Southerners withdrew a number of measures such as the Morrill Tariff Bill, had been adopted, solely in the interest of the wealthy manufac-

turers of the North. "*A system had grown up*"—says an eminent writer—"by which innumerable great moneyed monopolies were fostered and enriched—at the expense of labor,—particularly of agricultural labor—and it was feared the Southern Representatives would not sustain monopolies and measures of this character!" So they must be excluded! Besides, there would be less outcry—less comprehension of the villainy of the schemes about to be put upon the South,—if there should be no Southerners in Congress to complain of it, and thereby arrest the attention of the general public at the North and throughout the world.

Thus it was arranged; the Southern delegates were thrust back—after having complied with every requirement of the victors; and though without a Representative in Congress, the South was made the subject of all manner of unclean political beasts and flesh-eating harpies.

Our ancestors rebelled against the mother country because taxed without Representation in Parliament,—taxed a petty three-pence on tea—which at that day was a rare article of luxury—used by not one in five thousand of the Revolutionists. But the Radical Congress led by sons of the elder "Rebels" imposed tax after tax upon their "unrepresented" fellow-citizens of the South; and not simply upon articles of dainty luxury, but upon the everyday crops,—the hardgrown products of every farmer's toil and care!

Cotton, an exclusively Southern crop,—not a pound of which is grown North of Mason's & Dixon's line,—was made to pay a direct tax of "3 pence a pound" (the old "tea tax" repeated!), in addition to indirect taxes on the iron bale "ties," and the jute "bagging,"—the whole, averaging \$16 of taxes on each bale! This tax alone would aggregate near seventy millions of dollars (\$70,000,000).*

Tobacco, at that time an almost exclusively Southern crop, was taxed.

*Estimating the Cotton crop at above 4,000,000 bales, of 500 lbs. each at 3 cts. tax, and about the same duties. [Author's note].

Rice, an exclusively Southern Crop, was taxed.

Sugar, an exclusively Southern Crop was taxed.

It is needless to say that these taxes were unlawful and unconstitutional as well as unjust and ungenerous.

A portion of these lawless impositions were so manifestly unwarranted that after numerous appeals to the United States Supreme Court the collection of them—i. e. the Cotton tax,—was suspended. But too late, of course, to benefit the thousands and tens of thousands of Southern farmers who had been robbed by it.

Thus ere the second year of so-called “Peace,” the Southern people were made to realize that all their dreams were futile; that while the country was “crying ‘Peace! Peace!’,” there can be no Peace”—until the South were utterly plucked and plundered, Radical malice gorged, and all that was noblest and best in the Nation transferred to the vilest uses.

Oh! my countrymen, could the faculty of forecasting the future have been yours, through what a vista of villainy—adown what a corridor of corruption and crime,—for twelve long years to come, you must have looked! How wearily distant,—how rough the ways,—how dark the overhanging shadows,—of that long march through the valley of tears and humiliation,—to reach the blessed goal of peace and self-government! To some,—to a few, here and there,—it was given to see the coming epoch, with its Pandora-Box of Crime (crimes against the State, against society, against the individuals: crimes against Nature, and against civilization; crimes against God’s laws in respect to Race, and against the moral restraints based upon the wisdom of centuries!): and these fortunate ones made haste to pass out of the door,—either in calm adieu of a world wherein every living creature from the atom-insect of the dust, to the lordly man, Lord of the Empire, is in ceaseless struggle against its fellows, or in the less heroic method of self-exile from the land of their nativity and the burial-place of honored ancestors.

He whom a supernatural gift permitted to read the

political horoscope of the South at that period would have seen a series of developments which I shall hereinafter depict under the heads here outlined: to wit—

1st. The rapid and arrogant advent of the Freedmen's Bureau with its petty despots in every town and village holding courts at all hours of day or night, and devoting every effort to create antagonism between the whites and their late slaves.

2nd. The military satrapies, set up by act of Congress, and inspired with intense malice against the better classes of the South by the Radical leaders, (aided by the Press, Platform, and Pulpit) who required the bitterest partizanry at the hands of all their agents and instruments for ruling the South. Without such display of malicious partizanship there was no hope of preferment, or reward or even permanent employment by any officer in the service.

3rd. The Coming of the Carpet bagger, called by the "Bureau"-crats to seize, and rend, and tear, the helpless people whom Grant's bayonets held pinioned to earth!

4th. The organization of secret, oath-bound Leagues among the negroes, under the direction and control of the carpetbaggers, as a means of more thoroughly carrying out the designs of the Bureau agents, in respect to a conflict of races, and the banding of the blacks for base purposes.

5th. The Organization of the White Brotherhood, commonly called The Ku Klux Klan, as a defensive association to protect the women of the South against personal assault at the hands of the Negro assailants, who were protected by the United States representatives in all their outrages both against the person and property of Southerners.

And such an one, so foreseeing, like Saul, King of Israel, would have had no strength left in him save the strong desire to have perished as perished Saul, and the man of his house on Mount Gibbon, clad in their armor like fighting men, and each with a weapon of war in his dying grasp!

CHAPTER SECOND

Causes of the Ku Klux Klans of the South.

For the better explanation of matters set forth in the following narrative, it will be proper to consider briefly the nature and purposes of the Secret Orders which sprang up in the South subsequent to the War, the circumstances to which their origin is to be ascribed; together with some account of their operations in different States. Unfortunately, at the very outstart, I am confronted by extreme difficulty of obtaining information, owing to the intimidation and alarm created by the arbitrary persecution of innocent citizens, for base partizan purposes, by the minions of our present despotic Chief Magistrate, in consequence of which many persons entirely guiltless of criminality in act or intent, are concealing their connection with the Klans, while as a matter of course all tell-tale books, papers, formula, etc., were destroyed as a precautionary measure during the height of the excitement arising from the Presidential crusade. I have been enabled, however, by careful study of authenticated facts, and collateral evidence, to arrive at general accuracy of statement in the account given herein, especially in those transactions occurring within our own cognizance; and, in conclusion of these prefatory remarks, I shall ask of my readers, only to be accredited with a desire to recite the truth, solely and wholly, concealing no fault of my own, nor exaggerating the wickedness of my enemies: but aiming to unfold a plain unvarnished tale.

Should any one deem me too severe in characterizing the deeds of those, who without provocation, did me deadly irreparable wrong, let him recollect that for all the torture, insult, and ignominy, heaped upon my head by unrelenting hands during years of captivity, I have sought neither revenge nor recompense, am without hope

of redress, and must go to my grave vindicated only to a partial, local degree from the shameful calumnies scattered broadcast in the land to stain the name I bear! Shall I, then, be denied the poor privilege of a manly denunciation of the authors of this villainy? Poltroons and donkeys alone are meant to hang their ears in stolid silence under unjustifiable abuse.

Without considering the abstract rights of citizens to take the law into their own hands for the redress of grievances, not to be redressed in any other manner, we shall merely remark that Nature's first law of Self-Protection is above all legal statutes, especially those which a despotic power may enact; and resistance to oppression is one of the axioms of Freedom! "We owe an allegiance to the laws but an higher one to the communities in which we live, and if the former be perverted to destroy the latter, *it is patriotism to disregard them*," wrote Postmaster General Kendall to his agent in Charleston in 1835, when the people of that city would not permit incendiary matter to be distributed at the post office. The same sentiment is found in one of the political essays of the eminent constitutional writer, and historian, Sir James MacIntosh, and is the more striking because written by a subject and supporter of monarchical government. "It can hardly be doubted"—says Sir James—"that the *highest obligation of a citizen* is that of *contributing to preserve the community*, and that every other political duty, *even that of obedience to magistrates*, is derived from, and must be subordinate to, it!"

* * * * *

Secret associations for redress of grievances in politics and morals are no "new thing under the sun." They have existed in all ages and countries, and are liable to re-appear as often as oppression prevails, or the administration of Law and Justice be perverted to unholy purposes. Bad government breeds political disorders as certainly as bad blood foment physical eruptions.

“When the wicked Rule,”—saith the scripture, “the people mourn.” But the majority of people are apt to interpolate the ‘mourning’ with more or less conspiring and contriving to better their condition. Resistance to tyranny is the first principle of Nature. The worm, the beetle, the meanest reptile that crawls in the dust, will turn to sting the foot that crushes it. The clod may be ground under heel with impunity; and utterly clod-like, indeed, must be that nature which passively submits to long-continued wrong and outrage without thought of resistance.

The same is true of Society,—the aggregation of individual natures. When the Regulations established for the welfare of the many are converted to the selfish uses of the Few; when the power of government has fallen to weak, or tyrannical, hands: when the laws are perverted to personal ends, the courts of Justice prostituted to partisan purposes; when the public peace is disturbed by lawless, and law-defying deeds, when private rights are invaded, and unoffending citizens subjected to the whims of arbitrary authority; and when for all these ills there is no constituted remedy or means of redress, Men who are Men will resume the natural Rights conceded by them to society, and will seek relief as best they can.

Unhappily, oppression is ever backed by physical power; it sits surrounded by battlemented walls, and an army of mercenaries. Even under ostensibly constitutional forms of government, it controls the machinery of office and authority,—which in evil hands becomes a veritable Juggernaut to crush the puny efforts of the individual citizen. It follows that there can be no hope of successful resistance or revolution, save by combination and concert of action among the oppressed. Hence the inevitable resort to secret associations. History abounds with accounts of them. England had her “merrie Troopers.” France, her “Free-dances,” and “Knights companions.” Ireland, her “United Irishmen,” “Ribbon men”, and many kindred societies. Italy, Hungary, Po-

land, Russia—all lands where Despotism trod upon the necks of the masses,—their chapters of confederated revolution, failure, and fearful vengeance.

In truth, so far as I can recall, all great movements for human freedom took their first step amid the secrecy, darkness, and anger of a midnight, oath-bound conspiracy. The story of William Tell and his confederates, whether myth or fact, has been oft acted out by other patriots in other lands. It was the secret association of “sea beggars” that enabled William, Prince of Orange, to uphold the banner of Protestantism in that dark hour when the Netherlands seemed its sole resting-place. It was the death of Robert Emmett, on the scaffold, that awakened the British conscience to the wrongs of Ireland, and prepared the way for a better state of things. It was Mazzini’s conspirings that unified public thought in Italy and permitted Garibaldi to organize successful resistance to Austrian power.

Far back amid the darkness and despotism of the feudal ages, when the persons and property of the common people were mere foot-balls under the whim of the roystering, hard-riding, hard-fighting, hard-drinking, “Lords of the Castle” who divided the earth among themselves, and made war on each other for pastime and plunder, there shone but a single star around the whole horizon of popular freedom and manhood. It was the gleam of the dark-lantern; the flitting agents of a secret society organized in caves, and deserted ruins, and having for its purpose, the protection of the weak and lowly by the infliction of sudden and deadly vengeance upon the high and haughty. Whence it originated none now can tell. Probably the first founders perished under their own device. But there was need for the Society in all lands at that period, and its ramifications eventually spread to every quarter of Europe. Then the name of the terrible *Vehme Gericht* became known to all men, and its anger was dreaded as if a lightning stroke from the sky. Kings on their thrones, noblemen in their castles, generals surrounded by their armies, alike

trembled before this mysterious power, whose authority no man questioned, whose summons no man dared disobey, whose vengeance no man could escape! It was truly a fearful thought for him who had incurred the Death-Ban of the Holy Vehme that there could be nevermore any rest nor peace for him; that whithersoever he might fly, the human bloodhounds would follow on his track, and that howsoever he might disguise himself, the day must come sooner or later, when his corpse would be found pierced by the Vehmic dagger, which once seen by those who found him would close all inquiry as to the cause of his death!

To comprehend the power of the "Holy Vehme," it must be remembered that the age was one of universal ignorance and superstition, together with a political and social anarchy which precluded any systematic attempt to crush out the secret tribunals such as would be made in any country at the present day. And as Mahomet's warriors were inspired to fanatical fury by promise of glory in Paradise for every wound received in behalf the prophet, so the agents of the *Holy Vehme* were taught to incur all risks and dangers in carrying out their orders; being assured of absolution if they fell.

The fearful hold exercised by the Order over its members may be judged from the initiatory oath; particularly when it is remembered that in those days an oath was deemed so binding that men gave up all their wealth to make pilgrimages, and even Kings walked bare-foot in the snow, in fulfillment of vows, private as well as Public. The Vehmic Oath was as follows:

I swear by the Holy Trinity, to aid and to co-operate without relaxation, in the things belonging to the Holy Vehme, to defend its doctrines and institutions against father and mother, brother or sister, wife and children; against fire, water, earth, and air; against all that the sun enlightens; against all that the dew moistens; against all created things of heaven and earth, or the waters under the earth; and I swear to give information to this holy judi-

cature, of all that I know to be true, or hear repeated by credible testimony, which by the rules of the Holy Vehme, is deserving of animadversion or punishment; and that I will not cloak, cover, or conceal, such my knowledge, neither for love, friendship, or family affection, not for gold, silver, or precious stones; neither will I associate with such as are under the sentence of this Sacred tribunal, by hinting to a culprit his danger, or advising him to escape, or aiding and supplying him with counsel, or means to that effect; neither will I relieve such culprit with fire, clothes, food, or shelter, though my father should require from me a cup of water in the heat of summer noon, or my brother should request to sit by my fire in the bitterest cold night of winter. And further, I vow and promise to honor this holy association, and do its behests speedily, faithfully, and firmly, in preference to those of any other tribunal whatsoever—so help me God, and his holy Evangelist.

The history of this extraordinary secret Order extends over four hundred years. But its character underwent great changes during the first half century of its existence. As its power became manifest, large numbers of nobles, Landgraves, Dukes, Princes, and even reigning sovereigns sought admission to its Councils as the best means of escaping its interference. Thus at one period the President of the Order was the King of Bavaria; and he was succeeded in office by the Arch-Bishop of Cologne. As a matter of course, the infusion of this aristocratic element gradually altered the purpose of the Order; so that in later epochs it partook of a political caucus rather than a social correcting agency. Yet here and there the seed-idea of resistance to tyranny had been sown, and were destined to silently but steadily germinate. *Palgrave* in his *History of the "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth,"* thus remarks:

As to the Vehmic Tribunals, it is acknowledged that in a truly barbarous age and country, their pro-

ceedings, however violent, were not without utility. Their severe and secret vengeance often deterred the rapacity of the noble robber, and protected the humble suppliant; the extent, and even the abuse, of their authority, was in some measure justified in an Empire divided into numerous independent jurisdictions, and not subjected to any paramount tribunal, able to administer impartial justice to the oppressed.

It is not necessary to search the records of effete despotisms for annals of patriotic conspiracy. Our New World History has abundant examples. First in chronological order, I might mention that famous combination against the long continued rapacity and malfeasance of the British Crown officials in North Carolina, which culminated in the Battle of Alamance, two years before the National Declaration of Independence; but I shall have occasion to speak of the North Carolina "Regulators" in another chapter.

Following the "War of the Regulation", perhaps no single act did more to precipitate the Revolution, (i. e. by arousing the war spirit in America, and intensifying the stubbornness of Great Britain), than the famous midnight raid by the "solid men of Boston"—(the first Ku Klux Klan Raid in this country)—disguised as savages, upon the taxed-tea ship in Boston harbor. Every stroke of their mock tomahawks splitting open the fragrant "Young Hyson", and "Bohea" resounded from Nantucket Point to the Savannah River. True, there were braver deeds than this night-attack upon an unarmed merchant vessel tied up at the wharf and judging from the descendants of the "Red Raiders," we may assume that tea was as cheap as water in Boston for a great while after the event. Still it was an act of incipient treason, and no doubt went far to encourage the patriots of Baltimore, and of Wilmington, when two weeks later they bravely boarded the stamp ships in their harbors, in open day, and without disguise; burn-

ing the vessel in the one case, and burning the stamps, and an effigy of the stamp-master, in the other.

Passing by the "Society of the Cincinnati", which threatened to become a political power after the Revolution; passing the conspiracy of Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset; passing the plots of General Wilkinson, et al, for a Grand "South Western Empire;" passing the "Anti-Rent League" in Northern New York, that almost produced war; passing the "Whiskey Rebellion" in Western Pennsylvania, that called out the United States army and threatened the existence of the Republic; passing (for the present) the numerous "Vigilantes" and "Regulator" societies of the Western frontier, and California; passing the Secret Conclaves which gradually took shape as the Know-Nothing, or American Party—let us come down to a period within the memory of my readers, and speak of a vast sectional conspiracy that for half a century destroyed the peace and concord of the entire country, and eventually precipitated the terrible Civil War, in whose wake come all the ills hereinafter related. This extraordinary plot has only of late been unmasked in its full extent and significance. Formerly only suspected, (and *charged*—but without positive proof), [it is] now known that its founders were identical with the organizers of the Republican party; and that its membership embraced the most prominent and influential of the Republican party-leaders, comprising United States Senators, and Judges, Congressmen and Governors, college presidents and celebrated clergymen, editors, lecturers, men of every class. Many gave personal services to carry out the lawless designs, others contributed regularly in money; still others assisted in misleading public opinion, and apologizing for the Raiders by articles, speeches, sermons, and tracts. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe printed a book called "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," with intent to throw an aid of sentimental philanthropy around the schemes of the plotters, and thereby work up public opinion in their favor. Let us pause to reflect a moment! Can it indeed be true that the revered leaders of a great

Party—the most prominent public men of a great Section of the country—and, worse still, the sworn officials, the Governors, Judges, National and State Law-Makers,—actually conspired and plotted to break the laws, (not alone the Statute law, but the moral law as well!)—by making “Raids” upon their fellow-citizens, invading their section at night to seize and bear away their most valuable property, ruining their estates, terrifying their women and children, and in numerous cases burning their very homes over their heads? Yea, verily! It is the truth; few now deny it; many of the plotters now glorify themselves for their deeds, and enjoy high offices and honors as the fruits of successful conspiracy!

The reader will surmise that I allude to the Abolitionist Organization to defy the Fugitive Slave Laws, violate the Federal Constitution, invade peaceful states, and involve the Land in Civil War, known as the “*Under-Ground Railroad*.” Gerrit Smith told me, personally, he had given more than \$6,000, and many years of his time to assist in operating this gigantic scheme of robbery. A Northern member of Congress, speaking upon the floor of the National Legislature boasted that more than 50,000 (worth near \$100,000) negroes were every year carried off from Southern plantations by this midnight Clutch Klan! The financial damage, however, was but a trifle, considered with the aggregation of annoyance, alarm, demoralization, and distress, joined with fierce anger and thirst for retaliation, provoked by these lawless inroads. And who can measure the detriment to the cause of humanity—to the slave himself. It is well-known that Southern Servitude was of an unusual character—(partaking largely of the patriarchial family service universal in the days of Moses, and Solomon and Christ,—the three great chiefs of scriptural Religion)—*until* the Abolition, South-hating agitation taught Southerners to draw the lines more closely, curtailing the privileges, and circumscribing the liberty of the “Man-servant” and “Maid-servant.”

It will be unnecessary to trace the entire career of the "*Underground*" conspiracy. Suffice that in 1859 it had grown so powerful and so arrogant that little attempt at concealment of its "Raids" was made after the raiders succeeded in getting beyond the reach of Southern vengeance. Many of the most notorious and popular public men, ministers and laymen, boasted of having harbored, or otherwise assisted in sheltering, both the midnight Klan's men, and their stolen booty. And Southerners were taunted with being unable to prevent it; as the very judges, and officers of the law, connived at the Klan. (My reader is familiar with the fact that General John Brown, the man made infamous by bloody deeds in Kansas, was taken as the agent of the conspirators, and sent into Virginia to throw off the mask, and wage open warfare, with intent to precipitate a general stampede of the coveted chattels. It is now well established that Brown's murderous raid was planned by the Abolition leaders, and approved by thousands of sworn officers of the government, such as Senator Wm. H. Seward, Chas. Sumner, Gerrit Smith, Thurlow Weed, and others,—who furnished the means to buy arms, and transport the troops. It was believed the sudden and startling onslaught of such a fanatic as "Old Ossawottamie" Brown, with his gang of cut-throats, would paralyze resistance on the part of the whole Southern land to be swept by a whirlwind of insurrection, fire, sword, pillage, rapine, rope, and death! There can be no doubt that this was the programme; for Brown and his fellow conspirators staked their lives upon it. Having secretly reached a point far down in the heart of the Southern Country, they knew their sole hope of escape from the gallows, or the rifle, lay in stirring a bloody servile revolt, that should spread like wildfire, carrying dismay and destruction to every Southern homestead; thereby delaying any organized resistance until an army of fellow-Klansmen should flock down to his support, as had been pledged him.

General Brown, on his death-bed, [*sic*] said— "*My failure is due to my allowing that night-train to pass. It*

gave the alarm, and brought the Regular troops upon me. Had I been able to hold out for forty-eight hours longer, I should have had an army at my back. I had arms for 5,000 men; and reinforcements were to follow me as fast as needed."

Brown discovered too late to save his own neck, but not too late to embitter his last moments on earth, that his "failure" was a pre-determined thing with his superiors in the conspiracy. They knew that even "ten thousand" men must soon be crushed by the wild gathering of the Southern gentry, seconded by the Federal authorities who were Democrats. But they, also, knew that the sooner, and more violently, Brown and his gang were destroyed, the more sympathy would be aroused for them at the North; while the effect of the onslaught would be fully as great on the Southerners. That is to say, it would first alarm, and then infuriate; their anger being enhanced by the mortification of discovering they had been so terrified by a mere handful of men. Besides, the greater the number of Raiders sent with Brown, the greater the risk of some one turning traitor, and revealing the real wire-pullers of the Klan. It will be remembered that when General Brown's carpetbag was found, with numerous letters, and cheques, from prominent Republicans including Gerrit Smith, several of these parties left the country, and Smith was conveniently shipped to a lunatic asylum until it was seen that Brown and his Klan's-men all died with mute lips.

Alas!, the plottings of the Abolition League went forward to far more calamitous consequences.

Having traced the Abolition Klan to its fruition in Civil War, and the infliction of calamities, Destruction, and Death, without a parallel in modern History, we come to the inception of counter-organizations or Klans looking to the protection of the Conservative, National, Democratic, Union men, who being harrowed by Abolition officials, taxed to impoverishment by abolition lawmakers, and robbed of every right—not excepting lib-

erty, and life itself, at the tinkle of Seward's and Stanton's little telegraphic bells—

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At the head of all the instrumentalities for annoying, harassing, and humiliating the vanquished South stands that remarkable contrivance for benefitting yet belittling, helping yet hindering, pampering yet plundering, the fugitive Freedmen; whose history like many another Yankee "Philanthropic Society," began in "Loyalty and ended in Loot."

It is unnecessary to sketch the rise of the "Bureau" further than to say, briefly, that when the operations of the armies in the field became hampered by daily increasing swarms of stolen slave-property, the Washington Government was forced to establish large camps of "contrabands" at various points along the Atlantic Coast; and as the Negro's idea of bliss is a plenty of food, clothing, idleness, sunshine, and companions "to help enjoy it," these camps rapidly swelled to the size of towns, and even cities, of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand persons. Ignorant, idle, insolent, these poor creatures,—the off-scourings of humanity, and of their own race (for the more vicious among the slaves were ever the first to fly to the Yankees)—were indeed a serious charge upon the Government.

In due course, act after act of Congress was passed until an extensive Department grew up, for the sole care of the Freedmen. Among others an act was obtained by shrewd and long-sighted rascals to authorize the Bureau Agents to seize, and appropriate to their own uses any property of Rebels found "abandoned" by the owners. Here was an open door for all manner of crime and robbery! As the Confederates were driven back from the coast—leaving wide areas of country open to the Federals,—it was easy to send a squad of cut-throats to either kill, or terrify the owner of some rich plantation,—causing in either case the "abandonment" of the plantation

¹ A page dealing with the Knights of the Golden Circle is missing.

with all its crops. If even an old "Union man," he could be "ousted" by secret application to the torch; and though he might in after years recover his estate from the "government," his direct loss of crops, rents, implements, etc., could never be "made good" to him.

Millions on millions of dollars were thus "appropriated" by the Bureau agents who in nearly every case accumulated wealth as if by magic. Some of them held many miles of valuable farms and employed thousands of the Freedmen—paying nothing for either labor or lands—and making immense crops of cotton which was then worth 60 cents a pound.

Particularly "fat pickings" were the "abandoned" plantations on the Sea Island, off the Carolina and Georgia Coast. These Islands, which produce the noted "Sea Island Cotton"—are rarely inhabited at certain months of the year; and of course, were deserted when the Yankees appeared. They were at once seized and used as Freedmen's colonies,—under the supervision of the Bureau agents—who held them for many years after the war, and could only be dispossessed by order of the Courts.

The close of actual hostilities instead of reducing the power of the Bureau, speedily enhanced it. Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, at the Head of the Bureau, began to exert autocratic authority in all the South. From a mere philanthropic succoring society, the Bureau became a gigantic political-military organization, charged with the duty of pampering and petting four millions of besotted ex-slaves (Africans) while plundering and oppressing eight millions of highbred, free-born, and chivalric white men, connected by race, lineage, and patriotic associations, with their oppressors! The Bureau, in short, was transformed into a vast net-work of gens-d' armes, (men who unite the offices of spy, policeman, and petty magistrate) trained to watch, harass, and domineer over a conquered territory. Rapidly as possible the web of "agencies" was extended to every town of any considerable size, in the South. The majority of agents

were captains, lieutenants, sergeants, clerks, and camp-followers of the recently abandoned Yankee army. Thousands of them were foreigners, or worthless characters, who would have been thrown out of employment but for this opportunity. Such men naturally were ripe for such work as was wanted of them; and were sure to do their utmost to prevent the continuance of peace and good feeling among the Southerners, as any such tranquility must tend to shorten their own term of easy living on high salary.

In other instances the Agents were Northern "Missionary" "preachers"—so-called,—full of hatred of the South, and greedily watchful for every excuse for assaulting some of the "Rebel Aristocracy" on the plea of defending the Freedmen's interests.

As may be supposed, it proved an unhappy day for the Southern town or village—the date of the arrival of the pompous Understrapper, with his squad of Yankee soldiers, and his big sign board announcing his Head Quarters at the "Agency For the Freedmen's Bureau." With lightning rapidity the news ran through the adjacent region that any darkey who preferred idleness to work could come in town, and "draw rations" from "de Burore." In a week's time many plantations were deserted, and there was no longer need for a sign at the Agency; the swarms of lazy, vulgar negroes flocking around the doorway, lounging on the side-walk (driving white ladies into the gutter), or fighting at the nearest grog-shop, betokened that the agent—"De Capt'n."—was in town, and at work encouraging the credulous Blacks in anger against the Whites. If the town were large, a company of Federal soldiers camped near; though a single Yankee in uniform would have sufficed to arrest ten thousand citizens; and in hundreds of instances to my own knowledge, the Agent simply sent word by some passing darkey—"Tell So and So to come to town—I want him"—and the person, no matter what his standing would mount his conveyance, and ride 10, 20, 40 miles to "report," and "stand examination" for some frivol-

ous charge brought by drunken, or villainous darkey. I have known of scores of the best citizens of Rutherford County being sent for to go 36 *miles* to Morganton, there to be arraigned, brow-beat, threatened, and insulted, by the Bureau Agent—and for what? Solely for the “crime” of having remarked, in a moment of irritation,—“Well, you black rascal, it’s a good thing you are free, else I’d give you a sound threshing for your lying about that matter!”

Moreover above 500 of the first citizens of Rutherford, Polk, Cleveland, and McDowell were required to ride from 20 to 50 miles merely to “register” before voting on local affairs. I presume this occurred at all other points.

Frequently the Bureau Autocrat, without a shadow of warrant save his own perverse, or avaricious will, seized upon valuable property, ostensibly “for the good of the service,” or on pretence of some violation of his regulations—previously unknown to the victim, and the community. Buildings were seized for offices; and residences taken for the use of favorites, of both sexes, and both races. No protest by the owners was of any avail, and soon the people learned the folly of attempting resistance. All appeals must pass through channels no less vile than that of the local depredator. It may be doubted if the government knew of all the rascalities of its agents in the South: but even in cases where the injustice and robbery was known the Washington authorities knew that it was good policy to wink at the rogue, and decline to interfere so long as he took care to execute the aims of the Radical leaders in respect to Africanizing the South.

I well remember that a friend of mine, Dr. Walter Duffy of Newbern, was for several years kept out of his own dwelling by the local “Agent” who not only refused rent, but threatened to have the property condemned and sold as “captured property”—the estate of a Rebel lady—the residence belonging to Mrs. Duffy. Such cases were common.

The policy of arraying the five millions of Southern ex-Slaves in bitter antagonism and hostility against the eight millions of white,—but yesterday their masters,—this policy deliberately adopted by the Republican leaders of the North,—was the most fiendish experiment ever recorded in History; surpassing even Brant's massacre of women and children in Wyoming Valley, because that was a war-time venture,—accompanied by risk to the perpetrators—and planned against an hostile nation. In the Southern instance, the nation was not foreign, nor hostile; its people were allied by nature, race, lineage, marriage, and political associations with those who plotted against them.

Nor was the mere alienation of the races intended. What! anything worse than this? Yes, the schemes of the political parricides provided for the conflict of races merely as a preliminary for reversing the order of nature and humanity by placing "the bottom rail on top." The ignorant, embittered, and inebriated African slave was to be given supreme control over the life, person, and property of his intelligent, free-born, and God-created master! No one pretended that the Negro was the equal, morally, mentally, socially, or otherwise, of the Whites,—North or South,—but it was intended to make his enforced supremacy a never-ceasing fount of gall and bitterness to the Southerners; while at the same time contributing to maintain the Radical Rings in power at the head of the Nation.

And here it may be admissible to say in all candor that while the South may have a fearful accountability for failure to properly protect and care for the unhappy blacks in the years of her prosperity, yet will her reckoning fall far short of that of our sectional enemies, whose pretended philanthropy has proved one long curse to the Negro, from the beginning. The first Abolitionists in America were Virginians; the first to oppose the slave-traffic were Southerners; and the first to move in all manner of liberal and tolerant principles.

Who does not know how Washington, Jefferson, and Madison spoke and acted on the slave question until Northern sectionalism forced them to tighten the reins and close their lips? Like John Randolph, they set free hundreds of slaves—worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—and not simply turned them loose naked and ignorant into the world,—but gave them means and lands to live until at ease.

But the whole history of Yankee Negrophilism is marked by boasting and self-exaltation on the one hand, and suffering and detriment on the other. Had New England abolitionism taken for its aim the real welfare of the blacks, instead of revenge on the Southern whites,—the slaves could have been gradually freed by purchase, emancipation, etc., without damaging either master or man.

The Abolition South-Haters, on the contrary, *perpetuated slavery* by a full thirty years, and tightened the condition of the blacks from mere pastoral servitude prior to 1830, to the real enslavement which followed. Here was a first great wrong and infliction of torment under pretense of Philanthropy.

The war was begun.

Then came the Emancipation Proclamation—a politico-military measure—intended to please the Abolitionists, and to weaken the Rebels.

The close of the war created a new and extraordinary relationship between the Government and the Negroes. The strong armies of the Government had overpowered the Southern masters, and forced them to submit not only to the overthrow of their dearest hopes, ideas, and customs, but also to the instant surrender of any sort of control over five millions of slave property. All the world knew that these millions of freedmen were totally unfitted for self-support, and self-guidance; intellectually as weak as babes, but in passions, superstition, and excitability, as strong as their native races in the wilds of Africa.

Sprung from such ancestry, they could not have attained the capability of self-care, self-support, and self-government even after half a century of schooling. Whereas instead of any such education they had been born in servitude, reared to patient labor, used from infancy to depend on their masters for every want, clothing, food, medicine, protection; untutored in self-restraint, or reflective providence for future contingencies; ignorant of even the first principles of citizenship; knowing nothing of the country beyond their immediate communities; utterly without knowledge of ordinary business transactions,—unable to tell whether a bank note was worth \$5, or \$500:—in short, having no higher degree of intellect and civilization than the well-trained horse which daily goes forth at certain hours to take his place at the wheel.

To increase the difficulty the African possessed qualities which were harmless in his old status, but very perilous in his unexpected freedom. By nature, credulous and child-like, he was plastic as wax in the hands of plausible scoundrels who came in guise of friends. By nature, imitative and unreflective, he was ever ready to adopt manners, and pursuits, at the instance of his blue-coated patrons, that were utterly unsuited to his peculiar condition. By nature, vain and assumptive, he was quick to ape the airs and actions of the conqueror and begin to think and talk of confiscating the best tracts of his master's lands. Strange enough, the Negroes themselves comprehend the existence of these weaknesses in their race—though never willing to admit it personally. Thus no Negress ever praises her children, no matter how well they may act. On the contrary the mother will rebuke any outside commendation saying—"Don't soft-soap dat nigger; he's done got de big head already, 'cause you tole him he was 'dustrious." Or one black will say of another,—“Look at dat stuck-up nigger! Thinks 'cos he's got an ole Yankee cap, an' jacket, dat he done whip de big War, an's gwine ter okke-py de lan';” On hundreds of instances the more insolent ne-

groes actually passed over their former master's lands, measuring with old ropes, and settling pegs to mark the favorite tracts they designed taking possession of as soon as the word was given. And such ideas were generally prevalent until 1874-5, ten years after the close of the war! As a matter of course the credulous blacks during all this period, were restrained from any serious and contented labor, or endeavor to secure a settlement in life, and tens of thousands of the poor creatures perished through idleness, privation, squalor, and villainous whiskey, while awaiting for the oft promised reward of political fidelity,—the “40 acres and a mule!”

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ere be noted the deliberate cruelty and wrong of the Government towards its so-called wards!” The title, by the way, well comports with their history; recalling the tales of English “Wards in Chancery”—heirs to “Great Expectations,” reared in idleness, and helpless of self-support,—surrounded by sharks,—restrained from any real effort by the possibility of suddenly discovering, after seeing the colossal fortune of their “Expectations” reduced to a shadow from which the contesting “counselors,” and “government officials” have absorbed the substance!

The Federal authorities (by which term I include Congress, then ruled despotically by Radicals) well-knew the ignorant, incapable, uncivilized, naturally imbecile, and totally unfitted condition of the “Nation’s Wards;” knew how fearful would be his perils even under the best of surroundings; and above all how important it was that the New Race should begin its steps with the good will, and kindly aid of the Superior Race, upon whose bounty they must live for many years, and from whose hands they must receive the first lessons in self-government.

True Statesmanship would have said,—“Our first aim must be to prevent any chafing between the Races, such

¹ A portion of the manuscript is here torn off.

as will be natural on both sides, but particularly on the part of the Masters, since human nature never before was so tried; these high-bred, high-spirited Southerners having to submit not only to vanquishment in arms, together with loss of their sons and brothers, loss of their homes, lands, and business, loss of their political and social supremacy, but also the total overthrowal of their hereditary systems, manners, and customs, together with \$500,000,000 of slave property; and on the top of this, an enforced admission of their stolen slaves to a state of political and business equality with them! That the Southerners should accept all these things without chafing, and occasional outbreaks cannot be expected. It would be asking from them the forbearance and wisdom of supernatural beings. But insomuch as we are determined to make them submit to these unparalleled changes, we can at least endeavor to assist them in swallowing the pill by enforcing a policy of firmness and statesmanship in respect to both Races. Let us, then, try to show the ex-master that it is to his interest to help the ex-slave to secure education and property, so that he may the sooner comprehend that citizenship means responsibility and Duty as well as protection and privileges. Let us, at the same time, firmly teach the Negro that he has acquired with freedom the necessity of self-support, self-care, self-control, self-culture, and race-development. That he is the Nation's ward for protection solely, and not for petting. That he should not distrust his late masters, who can never more enslave him, and even if they wished so to do, as very few desire; and that as no one can know them so well, or feel so much interest in them as those with whom they were born and reared, it would be wise to cultivate relations of friendship and business with those around them.

Having thus arranged for amicable relations between the races, we will seek to fit the freedmen for citizenship. Schools shall be established in every county at national expense, drawn from solid national lands in the far west. The right of suffrage shall be given to all who

can read, write, and pay one dollar poll tax,—which shall go to the support of normal schools for the training of colored school teachers. These regulations will limit the number of Negro ‘citizens’ for a number of years, but will serve as a mighty spur upon the race in the direction of self-education, and industry, as every Freedman will feel that he has not entirely attained the stature of manhood until he can show his certificate of education and steadiness,—his ballot,” etc., etc.

The nearly simultaneous appearance in nearly every Southern State of secret associations, or Klans, differing in names and constitutions, yet identical in design and methods of operating and while confessedly usurping the functions of legal authority, manifestly receiving the countenance and sympathy of the best classes of citizens, was a strange anomaly, perplexed the comprehension of the outside world unacquainted with the calamitous condition of affairs throughout the South at that period. Viewed now through the lens of the historian which reveals the local lights and shades as well as the anterior causes and springs of action, the finished fact no longer inspires any special wonder, but is easily read as a chapter of History repeating itself; the old, old chapter of Man’s endeavor to protect and right himself amid surrounding circumstances of anarchy and oppression.

For “Surely oppression maketh even a wise man frantic”—saith the Scriptures!

The rise of the White Brotherhood, or Ku Klux Klan,—to use that generic title for all the Southern Secret Societies of similar character,—is directly attributable to the Policy of hate and robbery, adopted by the Republican Leaders in the stronger section of the Union, two years after the War ended, and enforced for ten years, with a blighting, desolating effect unparalleled in the history of conquered Nations—scarce excepting Mexico, Ireland, or Poland, itself! I repeat, the Ku Klux Klan was the legitimate and inevitable offspring of Radical malice, mis-rule, and outrage, engendered and protected

by what are termed the "Southern Reconstruction Acts!" "*Had there been no wanton oppression,*" said the carefully drawn Report of a Congressional Investigating Committee,—"*Had there been no wanton oppression, there would have been no Ku Klux Klan!*" This was the truth concisely stated. It was penned in 1871; five years later, the South had recovered self-government, and with that recovery, the Klan vanished from her borders forever.

The Congressional Report referred to was made by the Minority of what is today infamous as the "Washington Outrage Manufacturing Committee." The Minority Report, which flatly and indignantly contradicted the Radical Majority (comprising the most fanatical and unscrupulous partizans in Congress), was signed by men of the loftiest character for Truth, Fairness and Patriotism, such as Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; General Frank P. Blair, of Missouri; Senator James B. Beck, of Kentucky; Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York; Hon. P. Van Trump, of Illinois, and Hon. Alfred M. Waddell, of North Carolina. They did not speak of [torn] but gave facts, data, sworn testimony, collected during months of patient investigation, in the troubled district. And the reader mark well their utterances:—

We think no man can look over the Testimony taken before the Committee without coming to the conclusion that *no People* had ever before been so *mercilessly robbed* and *Plundered*, so *wantonly and causelessly humiliated*, and *degraded*, so *recklessly exposed to the rapacity and Lust* of the *Ignorant and Vicious* portion of their *own communities* and of *other States*,—as have been the People of the South for the *past six years!*

History, till now, gives no account of a *Conqueror so cruel as to place his vanquished foes absolutely under the dominion of their former slaves! That* was reserved for the Radical Rulers of this great, enlightened, 'Free' Republic!¹

¹ Italics are Shotwell's. The passage is inaccurately quoted.

Yea, and these South-hating, power-loving rulers not only exalted the suddenly emancipated serf far above his natural and qualified station, but also, at the same time, struck down the rights of the master, and disfranchised a large proportion of the ablest and best men in the naturally dominant race; thus literally making good the boast of the idle negroes that—“*De Bottom Rail is a-comin’ on top!*” meaning that henceforth the base-born African should, by the force of Yankee bayonets, lord it over the freeborn American!

Mazeppa, weak, bleeding, defenceless, lashed to the back of an untamed steed, and driven into the wilderness, the prey of wolves and vultures, was in scarce more pitiable plight than were the war-stricken, sorrowing Southern people when suddenly seized and bound by the cords of insensate Radical legislation to political citizenship with four millions of ignorant, embruted, and infuriated serfs, by whose aid the South was given over to human wolves and vultures far more ravenous and pitiless than the brutal denizens of the forest!

But let us continue the masterly Report of Messrs. Bayard, Blair, Beck, *et al*:

When the Testimony taken before us is analyzed, and the ignorance, and degredation of the Southern Negro is understood: when, as General Grant shows in his Report in December, 1865,—they believed the property of their former master now belonged to them, and was not entitled to any protection; when, as all the testimony shows, the Carpetbaggers, Bureau Agents, and Loyal Leaguers who went to these States made the “wrongs the Negroes had suffered”, and the “Right they held to take whatsoever they pleased of the property their former masters’ had acquired by their labor”, the theme of continual harrangues; when in midnight sworn organizations, the minds of these ignorant negroes were instilled with hatred of the white race, by every art and wile that bad men could devise for base purposes; when the Africans were trained in military organizations,

while the white people were denied the use of arms; when Arson, Rape, Robbery, and Murder were of daily occurrence, and the Night's lurid with the glare of burning crops and barns, when the great mass of the most intelligent whites were disfranchised and the ballot was put into the hands of the negro by the Government at Washington; when every law enacted was broken and disregarded by the Federal authorities whenever it suited their purpose to do so; when even the courts were closed, and the Federal officers, who were made by Congress absolute rulers and dispensers of what they called justice, ignored, insulted, and trampled upon the rights of the ostracized and disfranchised white man, while the official pandered to the enfranchised negro, on whose vote he relied to obtain a seat in Congress, or to be made Governor or other high official in the State over which he ruled; in short, when that people saw that they had no rights which were respected, no protection from insults, no security even for their wives and little ones, and that what little they had saved from the ravages of war was being confiscated by taxation and rendered valueless by the debts for which men who owned nothing had pledged it, and saw that all their complaints and remonstrances, however honestly and humbly presented to Congress, were either wholly disregarded or regarded as evidence of a rebellious and unsubdued spirit, many of them took the law into their own hands.

. . . And when the corruptions, extortions, and villainy of the government, Congress has set up and maintained over the Southern States are fully understood and made known, as we trust they will be some day the world will be amazed at the long suffering and endurance of that people.¹

Such were the thoughtful deductions, drawn from immense tomes of testimony, of a committee of well known statesmen, all Northern Union men, save one, and all

¹The passage is inaccurately quoted but with little alteration of meaning.

outspoken in denunciation of real outrage and lawlessness whensoever committed.

They wrote, be it remembered, in the latter part of 1871, at a time when the Radical presses, and "Outrage-Factories" were flooding the country and the world with infamous falsehoods respecting the "Bloodthirsty Ku Klux," that made even thousands of Democrats, whose sympathies were with the South, turn away sick and disgusted at the supposed fiendishness and brutality of the Southerners. Moreover at that period the Southern States were swarming with armed soldiers, Revenue Agents, spies and sneaks, preparing for the Reign of Terror which was about to be inaugurated to make sure of the re-election of Grant; so that the committee were unable to hear the Southern side of the question as any witness testifying directly of the intent, purpose, and workings of the Klan would have been liable to go from the committee room to jail, and thence, with scarce the farce of a trial, to Albany Penitentiary.

In the extract from the Congressional Committee Report is the true and only key to the Birth of the Klan, and the tolerance of Law-abiding citizens towards its operations. It is easy, of course, to adduce many moral, legal, and philosophic reasons why such proceedings should have been frowned upon, and suppressed in any well regulated community. But there is the point. When communities are *not* well-regulated, when the laws fail to protect in person or property, then extra-judicial measures naturally occur. To persons residing in peace and comfort under foreign governments, to whom the War was as "a King afar off," many phases of Southern society and politics, seem incomprehensible, and inexcusable. Whereas in truth all History may be ransacked for a parallel to the forbearance, the meek tolerance, the suffering submission, of the Southern people during the dozen years succeeding the surrender of Appomattox.

Consider, if you please, that this people were neither base-born, nor accustomed to humiliations. They were descendants of the most aristocratic of the colonists who

settled America; their grandsires had won independence at the point of the sword (and as they were a settled, conservative people, rarely changing their abodes, every old mansion had its Revolutionary sword or musket as a remembrance of their inheritance of Civil Liberty); and through years of political control in the country had acquired the most lofty ideas of their personal and political freedom. Consider that this high-spirited people, after protesting for a century against encroachments by the Northern half of the Union, (which a yearly deluge of immigration from the Old World had rendered the most powerful section numerically, and whose chief leaders were seeking popularity by encouraging even greater inroads upon Southern Rights), were forced to take down the rusty arms of their ancestors, and once more battle for home and freedom. Recall their wonderful struggle for four years against the "world in arms," wherein they *slew more of their enemies* (by the printed records of the Federal government *than they had men in the field, averaging nearly three Northerners to every Southerner under arms!* Reflect that when the South could not longer keep an army in the field; when she had nobly and grandly accepted the fiat of Fate and within a single month laid down every musket from the Potomac to the Rio Grand, instead of keeping up a futile struggle, or selling her birthright to some foreign Nation for aid to revenge herself on the North—when she accepted without a murmur the robbery of her five millions of slaves, worth five hundred millions of dollars; when she lay as it were in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," war-wasted, homeless, half-starved, grief-torn and wretched beyond all description,—there descended upon her a succession of Plagues worse than the Seven Plagues of Egypt. Fire, Sword, Famine, and Pestilence she bore uncomplainingly, because they belonged to the fierce retinue of savage war. But were they not enough! Great God! these tortures took the hue of mildness compared with many that followed.

To the burning, plundering, slaughtering Armies of Attila and Alaric, Goth and Hun, came swarms of that "Vermin Plague" that did—"consume the substance of the land!" Oh! that second "Loyal Army" of Bummers and Rogues, a very Spawn of Hell crawling down from unknown corners and crevices to suck the life-blood of our helpless people,—how shall I paint it truly! Or how shall I depict the progress of that fearful Revenge whereby the most high-toned, free, and independent People on earth were subjected to the rule and mastery of their yesterday's slaves, a race scarce human in the depth of its degradation, ignorance, and natural bestiality of instinct.

From the beginning it seemed to be the unceasing effort of the Bureau Men to bring about a war of races. No stone was left unturned in the use of means to embitter the freedmen against their late masters. In all quarrels between whites and blacks, the autocrat acted as a paid advocate before *himself as judge*, to throw the blame on the white man, and at once provoke both whites and negroes present at the examination. The African, naturally impudent, quickly caught the cue, and hearing his former owner mocked and insulted by the petty Gessler, grew puffed with *pride* and arrogance, exceedingly offensive to the whites, who were already sufficiently sore over the robbery of their slave property. On the other hand, the Bureau men, and Federal officials, both of military and civil service lost no opportunity of teaching the negroes that the Southern whites were their deadly enemies, watching and waiting to remand them to slavery; that they would defraud them of their rights, civil and political, as well as their just share of property: would cheat them in business dealings: and, in short, were not to be depended on in any particular. The whites saw the schemes of their enemies, but were too proud to take any measures to counteract them: thus leaving the Carpetbaggers and Bureau men undisturbed in their villainous plots till they gained supreme control of the

credulous blacks, and by their aid vaulted into place and power.

One method of influencing the freedmen was by promising "forty acres and a mule"—or confiscation, and division of "rebel property." It is indisputable that for years the large majority of the negroes were in expectation of partitioning the estates of their former masters.

Free rations were, also, issued at Bureau headquarters to all indigent blacks; and as may be supposed the effect was to gather immense gangs of lazy dissolute creatures at the towns and cities, where they became not only a nuisance but a terror to all decent people. Sure of a support at government expense they not only would not work themselves, but sought to entice away the few industrious negroes that remained on the plantations. I recollect that when there were ten thousand shiftless negroes hanging about New Bern, the planters in the adjoining counties were offering extraordinary prices for hands to save their crop.

The idleness thus encouraged gave leisure for crime; and the teachings of vicious incendiaries, joined to the natural ignorance and superstition of the Negro, made him a fit tool for any deed of lawless violence.

As has been stated, one of the first schemes of the Carpet-baggers and Bureau officials was to band the entire population of male freedmen into secret oath-bound Leagues, whereby they could be kept in subjection to their new masters, and instilled with bitter hatred of their former owners. The Leagues soon embraced almost every negro in the South; for if any failed to come forward voluntarily they were sent for by the "Captain" (Bureau Agent, or Commander of Post) and cajoled or frightened until willing to "jine in!" And once initiated, they were told they were bound for life.

The constitution and oath, of these midnight organizations, probably amounted to little, and for the benefit of a class of uneducated whites, sometimes enticed into the Order, were made to seem very loyal and very harmless. But the real object of the League was to bring together

the blacks at regular intervals, and under the protection of the Oath of Silence, to poison their minds and stir up their excitable natures, making them pliable as melted wax for the purposes of the villains using them. One clause of the League oath bound the member to vote for the nominee of the party; hence as all the negroes were in the order, it was easy for the unscrupulous Carpet-baggers to cheat their dupes and get the nomination, insuring them the election.

In selecting a few extracts from the sworn testimony of respectable citizens of the South, we find one difficulty, that of condensing the vast quantity offered in the reports of Congressional Investigating Committees, and otherwise.

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As the Minority Report of the Congressional "Outrage" Committee justly remarks in commenting on a mass of similar testimony—"With such a government, it is easy to see how men thus driven to desperation would do almost anything. . . . It is so everywhere; like causes produce like results. As a rule, the worst governments produce the most disorders. . . . There never was a Ku Klux Klan in Virginia—nobody pretends there ever was. Why? *Because Virginia escaped Carpet-bag rule.* Why are the States of Alabama and Georgia today in an infinitely better [condition] than they were one or two years ago? *Simply because they have got rid of their oppressors; and in spite of the wanton malignity of the Radical wing of the Republican Majority in Congress which persists in keeping their most intelligent men under disability, excluding them in order to produce discontent, from all power to hold even local offices, they are, as states, as peaceable and orderly to-day as any states in the Union!*"

¹ There follows in the manuscript many pages of fragmentary extracts from the testimony given before the Ku Klux Committee by General John B. Gordon, General A. R. Wright, General Nathan B. Forrest, General James H. Clanton, Emerson Etheridge, and Dr. Pride Jones, describing the operations and influence of the Union League.

* * * * *

All the information I have been able to obtain points to East Tennessee as the theatre of the inception of the secret organizations subsequently known as the Klan. There were, of course, various secret societies, such as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Red Men, and Knights of Pythias, etc., in the larger cities of the South, the Southwest in particular, but they had been in existence previous to the war, and were of limited membership. The East Tennessee organization was a necessity of the times, and was meant for defence, not offence. The State of Tennessee was the first of the seceded states, leaving out Kentucky and Missouri, to be dragged wholly and permanently under the Federal Yoke; and this was due in a great measure to the divided sentiment of her population on the subject of the war. There was from the outbreak of hostilities a considerable portion of the State in which the "Union" and "Southern" elements were closely balanced; and during the one or two years of Confederate occupation of the State, the whole North was overrun with long-legged, long-haired, loud-mouthed "Loyal Tennesseans." After the fall of Donelson, the evacuation of Nashville, and especially after Bragg's unfortunate campaign, a large part of the State fell under Yankee rule, whereupon all the loyal refugees wandered back to their old haunts, and lost no time in making their neighbors of Southern proclivities feel the sting of retaliatory persecution.

In East Tennessee, a rough mountainous region, with a rougher population, except the wealthier and more cultured class, the Loyalists were more numerous than the Southern sympathizers, even under Confederate supremacy; and no sooner was the restraint of the Confederate authorities withdrawn, than this element threw off all disguise, and ran rampant in its bitterness against the obnoxious Southerners, and all who had sons, fathers, brothers or other kindred in the Confederate service. The result as may be supposed was deplorable in the ex-

treme, and family feuds were excited that even to this day are producing deadly riots, assassinations, and open murders in the streets. Bushwhacking and partizan forays, planned and executed with more than savage ferocity, marked the progress of this terrible civil strife even after the termination of hostilities between the sections; and East Tennessee might justly claim the title of her Northern sister—"The Dark and Bloody Ground." Neighbor arrayed against neighbor, life held cheap as water, revenge sought and gratified with the fierceness of the Venetian [*sic*] Vendetta, and every man made the judge between himself and his adversary in all disputes—such was the condition of local anarchy and discord existing at the close of the War in East Tennessee! For a single illustrative instance, let the reader recall the sad story of Champe Ferguson, who was hung by order of a Yankee Court Martial (after being regularly paroled) at Nashville, in 1867, on the charge of bush-whacking, killing prisoners, etc. Ferguson appears to have been an inoffensive countryman, with a disposition towards "Loyalty," until on one occasion he returned home—*returned to the spot where the ashes of his home were still glowing, and to find his wife, stripped to the skin, wandering in the snow, a raving maniac, ravished by a dozen or more of the blue-coated brutes, so-called "Union Rangers," who, not knowing his sentiments, had burned his home, and sent her forth in this condition!* By the embers of his cottage, the man kneeled to register a fearful vow to go forth an unpitying deadly foe to every creature in Yankee uniform! Well did he keep his vow! Mercy knew no place in his heart, and his exploits would fill a volume. It was said he confessed to a score of homicides done by his own hand. The indictment on which he was convicted and executed enumerated more than an hundred Yankees slain by him!

Such is one of the very numerous pictures of the horrors of "Jayhawking" warfare in the mountains of Tennessee about the close of the War!

When the Confederate armies disbanded, the Tennesseans, embracing many of the bravest, and most decidedly Southern soldiers in the service, were in great doubt whether they would be permitted to return quietly to their homes, as they were very obnoxious to the Loyal element, and in frequent instances, their property, farms, houses, etc., had been seized and held either by low characters among the natives, or by equally vile creatures who had come down in the wake of the Yankee invasion. The same difficulty and danger was also felt by thousands of the better class of Tennesseans, who had retired with the Southern armies, and lived as "Refugees" during the war but were now desirous of returning to their homes.

In this condition of things the returning "Rebels," in East Tennessee especially, deemed it necessary to go in companies for self-protection, and afterwards when the trouble they apprehended became an established fact, it was imperative that some common undertaking or organization among the Southern soldiers and refugees should be had.

Finding themselves objects of hatred, and liable to be set upon, assaulted, robbed, beaten, and perhaps murdered by gangs of vindictive "Loyalists," the jayhawkers and bushwhackers of the war, they agreed to associate, or organize in a mutual protective society, each member pledged to give warning of any threatened danger to any one of the Brotherhood, to rally to the assistance of all brethren in danger or distress, to have all women, children and helpless persons under their especial care and protection, and to endeavor to preserve order and morality in the community. Thus was this famous Klan first originated and no one can deny that there was necessity for it. How did spread to other portions of the State? How could a society organized for specific, local, purposes rapidly extend to all parts of the South?

Answering these questions in their respective order I shall have to ask the reader to glance briefly at the

history of Reconstruction in Tennessee. As has been shown the population of the State was much divided in political sentiment, and a considerable minority never gave in a hearty adherence to the Confederacy, while many Unionists "refugeed," and only returned when the State was completely under Yankee control. As early as 1864 a provisional government had been set up, with Andy Johnson as Governor, and Andy had spent more than \$130,000 of the United States "Secret Service Fund" in bribing persons to co-operate with him in making a show of "Loyal Reconstruction." On the 22nd of February, 1865, a constitution abolishing slavery, repealing the ordinance of secession, and reducing everything to a loyal basis, was adopted by a vote of 21,000 voters including several thousands of so-called "Tennesseans" of the "Tennessee" regiments in the Yankee Army.

The character of the Convention which framed these amendments to the Constitution, may be judged from the following extract from the proceedings of a meeting presided over by Hon. Emerson Etheridge, and for which he was arraigned before a Yankee Court martial, on charge of "encouraging resistance to the enforcement of the laws." The resolutions read:

"And whereas during the early part of the present year, 1865, a few desperate political and pecuniary adventurers, assembled mainly from the military camps in and out of the State of Tennessee met in the city of Nashville and inside the fortifications which had been erected by the Federal government professedly for the purpose of maintaining the law; and whereas said persons, so assembled, fraudulently and without the knowledge or consent of 19/20 of the people of said State, then and there proceeded to subvert and abolish the most important provisions of the constitution of said State, (including the main provisions of the Bill of Rights which are excepted out of the General powers of the government) and whereas Wm. G. Brownlow, since that time has usurped the office of the governor of said State, and cer-

tain other persons have usurped the places of senators and representatives in the Legislature, and claiming to be the General Assembly of the State have declared themselves a "permanent body until October, 1867," although the constitution and law of the State in full force for more than thirty years provide for an election for Governor, and a legislature the 1st Thursday in August, 1865; and whereas said Legislature have promulgated certain illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary and despotic decrees in the form of statutory laws, and its members are now boasting that they can call in the military power of the United States to enforce their pretended laws upon the people of the state without their consent, and in opposition to their wishes and in palpable violation of the U. S. and the State of Tennessee; therefore," etc., etc.

One of the first acts of this self-constituted Legislature was to pass an act reviving an obsolete sedition law, designed to muzzle the press, cut off freedom of speech, and prevent any complaints of the unlawful exercise of power by the Governor and his satellites. This act imposed fine and imprisonment, on any one "*guilty of uttering seditious words, spreading abroad false news, writing scurrilous libels against the state or general government, obstructing any lawful officer, instigating others to cabal, and meet together to contrive, invent, suggest or incite rebellious conspiracies, or any manner of unlawful feuds, thereby to stir people up maliciously to contrive the ruin and destruction of the peace, safety and order of the govt., or shall knowingly conceal such evil practice.*"

It will be seen that the meshes of this net were able to entrap the most orderly citizen of the State if the ruling faction desired his overthrow. Anyone so caught was made "incapable of bearing any office of honor, trust or profit . . . for space of 3 years."

Three days after the passage of the sedition Act, a still more villainous measure was enacted, restricting suffrage, and disfranchising three-fourths of the native

population of Tennessee, embracing the entire wealth, intelligence, and I might say, honesty of those sections. This act denied the right of suffrage to every citizen of Tennessee *who had not* "from the outbreak of the rebellion been *publicly known to entertain unconditional Union sentiment;*" to every citizen who had aided, comforted, or assisted in any way, the Confederate cause; and in short to every man who could not take the "Iron-clad test oath!"

These restrictions shut out fully four-fifths of the native-born inhabitants of the state; yet it was soon found that the measure was so odious it would be necessary to make still more sweeping proscriptions to maintain the rule of the usurpers. Accordingly on the 10th of July, Brownlow issued his decree requiring every voter to "actually prove by testimony under oath" that he has been "publicly known to have entertained unconditional Union sentiments from the outbreak of the Rebellion till the present time;" requiring every candidate for office to first take the "Iron-clad oath" ("and I do declare that any person pretending to be a candidate for Congress, or other office, who shall fail to take and subscribe said oath, and file the same in the office of the Secretary of State will not be treated as a candidate, and all votes for such persons will not be taken into account"), and calling upon the civil officers to "arrest and bring to justice all persons who under pretence of being candidates for Congress, or other office are traveling over the State denouncing and nullifying the constitution and laws of the land, and spreading sedition and a spirit of rebellion," etc., etc., etc.

It will scarcely be necessary to comment on a proclamation so plainly despotic and subversive of freedom of speech, and constitutional privileges. Two days later he issued an address threatening the people with military rule if they refused to bow to his will. But the people were not dismayed, and when the election came on in August, it was found that enough votes had been cast to foil the usurper; whereupon he boldly threw out the en-

tire vote of *twenty-eight counties*, thus practically disfranchising above 50,000 voters. Five months later in a message to the legislature (*his legislature*) he explains this high-handed act as follows:—

“Believing that an applicant for registration must either be known to have been a man of publicly known Union sentiments, at all times, or must produce proof under oath that he comes within the provisions of the law, I have in the application of this construction ‘thrown out and not taken into account’ the votes cast in the following counties, as illegally registered, viz: Hawkins, McMinn, Monroe, Meigs, Marshall, Maury, Madison, Macon, Montgomery, Coffee, Cheatham, Grundy, Gibson, Putnam, Lawrence, Lauderdale, Stewart, Sumner, Weakly, White, Williamson, Robertson, Humphreys, Benton, Van Buren, Jackson, Franklin, and Davidson. . . . The entire vote of the State is 61,783. [Note—This means the loyal vote that registered under all the ‘test oaths’ and other restrictions]; Omitting the vote illegally registered it is reduced to 39,509.”

Could anything be more shameless and despotic than this acknowledgement of a base usurper, an ex-Methodist, ex-Baptist, ex-Whatnot, preacher, after disfranchising nine-tenths of the intelligence and respectability of the State to coolly cut down half of the vote his own obsequious officials had admitted to the polls! Is it strange that the people of Tennessee grew restive under such a ruler, and such rulings?

The ex-Parson, ex-Secessionist, was not the man, however, to stop at small matters, or confine himself to the obsolete requirements of law, justice or decency. He followed up his lawless interference with the ballot-box by still more provoking trespass upon public opinion. Registrars were removed; registration set aside; many counties put under *martial law*; negro troops, raised for the purpose, quartered on the people, and licensed for any act of rapine and outrage; while the so-called Legislature, being composed of Brownlow’s creatures, would

legalize these usurpations whenever it was thought necessary to cloak them with the forms of law.

For a time Brownlow and his crew vehemently denied any intention of admitting negro suffrage; but when it was found that their deeds had driven off a large portion of their white supporters, it was decided to change tactics, and take up the darkey. Brownlow sent in a message commanding the Legislature to give suffrage to the negroes. "Onward"—said the ex-Parson "is the watchword which shields and inspires two continents! Now is the time for Tennessee to show to the world that she belongs to the advance-guard on the great question of equal suffrage! With the *loyal men* of the State allowed to vote, *the government thereof will remain in loyal hands*. Without their votes, the State *will pass into disloyal hands*, and a *reign of terror will result*."

It might be supposed that after imposing restrictions which virtually proscribed four-fifths of the population, and allowed the ballot to none but men of his own politics, the ex-Parson ought to have made sure of re-election: but he was forced to admit that unless the brutal, credulous negroes were enfranchised the sceptre would pass from his filthy hands! The People grew more restive. Brownlow now determined to coerce public sentiment with the bayonet. He procured by mingled bribery, cajolery and intimidation, a bill authorizing him to organize and equip, and call into active service a volunteer force to be known as the "Tennessee State Guard" to be composed of "loyal men." This "State Guard" was soon raised, and no such collection of desperadoes and cut throats probably ever was known on this continent. In a few weeks they spread terror over the State, and made themselves infamous for all time.

The mass of testimony showing the lawless, tyrannical despotic character of the Governor, and his subordinates, is too great to be even alluded to in these pages; but a few extracts from the evidence in the case of Sheape vs. Tillman (Supreme Court) will substantiate the statements foregoing.

Mr. A. A. Steele, a lawyer and for many years a member of the Tennessee Legislature, and [who] was elected in 1865 as a Union man on the ticket headed by Brownlow testifies as follows:—

I was in Lewisburg all day during August election, 1867. Mullins and Cooper were candidates for Congress and Brownlow for governor. This was the first State election in Tenn. under the franchise law, *enfranchising the negroes* and *disfranchising* a large majority of the whites; the first time the negroes voted, most of the negroes in this county were first sworn into the radical League by white leaders, and then certificates to vote were given, and in some cases to negroes under 21 years of age, or not residents of the county. It was difficult, if not impossible, for any colored man or white man to get a certificate to vote unless he either belonged to the League, was vouched for by men of the radical party, or had voted in the February and March elections in 1865. I know that several good Union men were refused certificates by our register of votes solely, as I believed, because he thought they would not vote for Brownlow; at least, it was very difficult for any of them to get a certificate, and quite easy for any man, even of rebel antecedents, to get a certificate to vote if he had voted right, as it was called; that is, was “loyal” and for Brownlow. The radical party in this county held a convention in Lewisburg, and the negroes came to it from the different Leagues, with their arms. There was no occasion for this. At the election in Lewisburg the negroes generally voted the “red” or republican ticket, handed to them by their white friends. They reminded me of a drove of sheep huddled to be driven into an inclosure, or a flock of partridges into a net. Very few, if any of them, could read their tickets. They voted in a body, like soldiers deliver their fire under orders. There was then stationed here in town a company of Brownlow militia, under the command of

Captain Rickman. They were all at the fair-grounds on that day, except a squad of fifteen men, sent that day to the third district of this county. The militia were under the control of partisan influences, and had much to do, as well as the Loyal Leaguers, in persuading, overawing, and securing the colored vote for the radical ticket, and, in effect, intimidating or keeping away from the ballot-box many white voters. The election was not what I would consider a free one; it was a burlesque on republican government, and conducted entirely in the interest of the dominant faction and its candidates.

Mr. Steele goes on to state that in 1866 a proposition to grant equal suffrage to all whites and all blacks was voted down by the Brownlow, or Congress Radicals, who determined to disfranchise the bulk of the whites, and enfranchise all the blacks; whereupon he resigned. "I resigned"—he says—"my seat because I was satisfied the radical measures of disfranchisement of the white people would ruin or greatly injure the peace, happiness and property of the State, and try to prevent the government of Tennessee from becoming an oligarchy and military despotism, which it has been ever since."

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From the facts and statements thus far reviewed, it appears that,

1st, The Ku Klux Klan, formed in general after the Vigilant Committees, and Protective Associations of California, and the North West, first sprang up in East Tennessee, having been adopted by the returned refugees and Confederate soldiers—as a means of mutual protection against the vengeful Unionists, and lawless characters that infested the mountain region.

2nd, This nucleus in East Tennessee soon expands to other parts of the State, as the result, and necessity, of "Parson" Brownlow's violence and usurpations together with the disordered condition of public affairs,

¹ An extract from the testimony of Edward Cooper is here omitted.

the laws being in abeyance, crime rampant, and the negroes closely organized in secret Leagues, wherein they were instigated to hate, rob, ravish, and murder their former masters and mistresses.

3d—A similar anarchy and Radical, Loyal, Negro Carpetbag misrule prevailing throughout the South, prepares the way for the propagation of the Klan in all the states. The public mind is prepared for it by the insolence, tyranny and rapacity of the army and Freedmen's Bureau officials, the constant plundering of the carpetbaggers; and the daily increasing need for some extra-judicial restraint upon the negroes taught as they are in midnight Leagues to go every length in crime. All testimony agrees that the Klan was an indispensable organization in some parts of the South; and the general [disorder?] caused the order to spread like fire in the prairies.

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¹ Several pages are here missing.

CHAPTER THIRD

The Red Strings and Union League in Rutherford.

Such, then, briefly glanced at, was the real origin and objects, rise and progress, and successive changes, of the much talked of Ku Klux Klan. We have seen that it originated among the returned Confederate "Refugees" of East Tennessee, who in consequence of deadly feuds with their more numerous "Tory" neighbors were forced to adopt some such plan of secret association for mutual defense.

We have seen how the teachings of the Radical agents, the Freedman's Bureau officials, the cunning carpet-baggers, and even more corrupt native renegades, speedily paved the way for the spread of the Klan to every section of the Southern States. With four and a half millions of rude Africans, ignorant in mind, and brutal by instinct, suddenly set free, and virtually vested with superior political privileges over their late masters; with vile political adventurers swarming into every Southern community, unblushingly bent upon the acquisition of public office for purposes of public plunder, by means of negro majorities; with the petty military minions of the Government, clothed with absolute and autocratic powers, by virtue of "*The Freedmen's Bureau Agency*"—holding daily courts in every city, town, and county in the South, and losing no occasion to instill the most arrogant and unprincipled ideas into the minds of the ex-slaves in relation to their former masters; and, finally, with these ignorant, credulous, and inflammable, Africans secretly organized into dark-lantern mid-night "Leagues," bound by blood-curdling oaths; and between their prejudices, and their superstitious fears, held in utter mental bondage to their unscrupulous white leaders, by whom they were incited to nightly deeds of murder, arson, rape, rapine, and outrage, against which

the honest conservative citizens could find neither protection, nor redress, because those same Mongrel White wire-pullers of the "*Leagues*" also held every Executive office of the laws, both Federal and State, and allowed perfect immunity to their secret agents in crime, rendering the laws a nullity, and the pretended administration of the laws *a bitter farce*. With such a state of things prevailing everywhere throughout the Reconstructed Provinces, is it surprising that such an association as we have shown the Klan to be, became rapidly disseminated in those localities where Radicalism, and Leaguery were most rampant? For it is well to note the fact that in these states, and those portions of states, where the laws were faithfully administered — where Radicalism and carpet-baggism took least root, and where, as a natural sequence, the crimes and violence of the mid-night Leagues were unknown—*there* the Klan never came, or if it came, never manifested its existence by any sign. In short, all the mass of testimony shows that the Ku Klux Klan sprang into life, and continued to spread, as a "Counter-irritant and corrective of "Loyal League" lawlessness, and abuse of law. "To pollute the fountains of Justice"—says the Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of England—"is indeed one of the greatest evils which can be inflicted upon Society. It is like poisoning the public wells, or the air we breathe or the bread we eat. *Its inevitable result is anarchy. Denied justice*, by those who should dispense it, despairing of protection to life, liberty, and property, man will—as our forefathers did—*take the law into their own hands*, and become a law unto themselves;—and executing vengeance on the workers of iniquity, commit deeds which it is easier for us to condemn than it was for them to refrain from and which no man will harshly condemn who remembers those words of the scripture—"Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad."

Proceeding more minutely, we have seen the Klan under the name of the "*Constitutional Union Guard*," or "*White Brotherhood*," spreading through Tennessee,

propagated by the hourly outrages of "Gov." Brownlow's armed cut-throat State Troops whereby the respectable White Conservatives were harried like outlaws. We have seen the election of Lieut.-General Napoleon B. Forrest to the head of the order.

We have seen its rapid expansion to Georgia (where such men as U. S. Senator John B. Gordon, were connected with it) to the Carolinas (where thousands of the first citizens were its members; and eventually to all parts of the South. The field was ripe for its propagation, because almost everywhere the same terrible state of negro insolence and outrage, Radical scheming and mal-administration of the laws, and universal disquiet among the better classes of citizens, was in existence. The field was ripe, and the idea flew, and took root, and sprang up, like certain seeds that are wafted by the winds, far and near.

We have seen its eruption in Eastern North Carolina, where midnight assassinations by the League were of appalling frequency. When reprisals had been made, and a wholesale check given to the lawlessness, the Klan disbanded, or relapsed into somnolency. A year later the schemes of the carpet-baggers and negroes forced the "mobilization" (to use a common military phrase) of the Klan in Central Carolina. Then followed the Holden-Kirk War, wherein many of the worthiest citizens of the State were imprisoned, maltreated, bullied, badgered, hung up by the thumbs, and actually *by the neck*, until three times unconscious, in a vain attempt to manufacture evidence to criminate innocent persons. We cannot follow the many shameful incidents of this cut-throat crusade, beginning with the arrest of Judge John Kerr, Hon. Josiah Turner, and others, in defiance of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and the perpetuation of countless crimes under pretense of carrying out the laws; all of which eventually resulted in the impeachment, and expulsion from the state of the so-called Governor, together with his infamous tools. Meanwhile the organization, in some one, or other, of its different branches, had spread

to nearly every county in the Carolinas; exhibiting special activity in the border counties of South Carolina where a succession of extremely brutal outrages had been perpetrated by the armed negro troops known as "Scott's Constabulary". They who take the sword shall fall by the sword, was tacitly understood to be the principle upon which the Klan was conducted in that region. For instance when the one-legged Confederate soldier, Owens, was foully murdered near the village of Union, by a gang of "Leaguers," who were also armed with Gov. Scott's revolving rifles, the Klan came into town, took the negroes (who confessed the crime) from the jail and shot them dead. It was known that they would be removed the next day to Columbia, which would be equivalent to acquittal; for were they not the Governor's "pets?" So the Klan did its work, and bloody, and irregular though it was, no one can deny that *justice* was done, and a great terror laid upon evildoers. Not a doubt existed in the minds of many of the most intelligent citizens of South Carolina that without the restraining, nameless, indescribable influence of the Klan at that period a war of races must have ensued. Gradually the Order became vitalized in the counties of North Carolina bordering upon the disturbed section of South Carolina. Most of the exportation of grain—the chief crop—from Cleveland, Rutherford, Polk, McDowell, and adjacent counties is to upper South Carolina; York, Union, Spartanburg, Lancaster, and Greenville Districts. Hence it came about that large numbers of farmers and waggoners in their frequent trips to market were sworn into the Order, and eventually organized lodges in their own neighborhoods. These scattered "camps" or "Dens" were irregular; that is, had no "charter," constitution or by-laws, and were really subject to no superior; each acting as it saw fit, somewhat as the Baptist churches are organized, tho' having the same oath, and acting under a kind of general understanding, and "Common Law." This applies more especially to Rutherford, Polk, and McDowell counties; as in Cleveland, Lincoln, Gaston,

Catawba, Mecklenburg, and Burke there was a more formal organization, with county chief, council, etc. Col. L. M. McA. was Chief of Cleveland; Maj. A. C. A. in Burke; Maj. W. A. G. in Catawba; Col. H. C. J. in Mecklenburg;¹ etc., etc., etc., etc.

We will, however, confine our observations for the present to the county of Rutherford, where the Radical Leagues were first organized in North Carolina, and which now had the unenviable reputation of being the blackest Radical county in the South. Probably no section of the State contains a population so widely diversified in politics, wealth, morals, and general intelligence. In the village of Rutherfordton, and upon the rich lowland farms lying along the rivers and creeks, are many families that in culture, education, gentility, and staunch adherence to right principles may compare with the best classes of the South. They were generally slave-holders, and "good-livers" before the War; they were true as steel during the War, and they have never given an inch to Radicalism since the War, though hopelessly outnumbered by the joint forces of Red-Stringism, and Africanism.

Of this intelligent class there are, perhaps, several hundred; and there are, in addition, several hundred of well-meaning, respectable Conservatives, who are not intelligent, or, at least, not educated nor informed on other than the practical affairs of backwoods life.

Leaving out all these, there still remain the numerical majority who are neither intelligent, (with very rare exceptions), nor particularly respectable; mainly poor tenants of small farms, or parts of farms or still ruder mountaineers, dwelling in squalid log huts, and living by fishing, by occasional days' work in the gold mines, by illicit distilling, roguery of all sorts, and other *invisible* means of support. Hundreds of these cabin-dwellers are scattered in every mountain cove, and every half-

¹ The names indicated by initials are Lee M. McAfee, A. C. Avery, William A. Graham, Jr., and Hamilton C. Jones. But there is considerable reason to doubt if any but McAfee were members of the Ku Klux.

mile of the barren "Old field" regions, on the upland plateaux, or ridges, where the soil is so poor that cultivation is almost waste labor. This class was largely recruited during the War by deserters from the army, who at first swarmed through the mountain fastnesses, but in 1864-65 were strong enough, and sufficiently encouraged by the citizens, (refer to the so-called "Peace Party," under George W. Logan's leadership) to come down, and take permanent location in the country.

For their protection, the much-talked of "Red String League" was organized—the first secret political Society ever originated in North Carolina¹—if we except the "Know Nothings" which had nothing in common with this. The term "Red-Strings" was simply a colloquial epithet, just as the "Klan" is applied to the "*Invisible Empire*," "*White Brotherhood*," "*Knights of the Camelia*," etc. This name grew into use from circumstances that a *scarlet cord* was the distinguishing sign—worn on the coat, or pendant from the door-latch, the idea apparently taken from the scriptural story of Rahab, the harlot, who hung a scarlet cord from her door to secure the protection which had been promised her, for concealing in her house in Jericho the spies sent by Joshua. So these "*Red Strings*" adopted the cord as the signal by which they were to be known and honored when the Yankees came! For this secret, oath-bound society was rankest treason in all its acts, ends, and teachings. It was originated to bind the Confederate deserters and the lowest classes of our ignorant mountain population into an organization that, while embarrassing the Confederate, and State, governments, should elevate to office and authority certain of the basest political demagogues that North Carolina, or any country, ever produced; and at the same time place them in a position whence they could make selfish terms with the enemy, so soon as the end, which was now inevitable, had finally come. Thus W. W. Holden, while secretly pulling the leading

¹ Shotwell is here in error. There is no adequate evidence that the Heroes of America or Red Strings originated in North Carolina.

strings of the treasonable League, openly aspired to the governorship of the State. Thus George W. Logan, while acting as chief manager of the treasonable League, actually had the affrontery to put himself up as a candidate for member of the Confederate Congress; and was elected by means of the Red String organization, which called in thousands of deserters (from every state in the Confederacy, of course) who had no right to vote. Logan openly boasted that he was elected on a platform of hostility to President Davis, and that his object in going to Congress was to move for proposals looking to peace, by separate State action. Yet the traitorous old schemer sat quietly in his seat, drawing his pay like a veteran, and never failing to cast his vote to his own eternal disgrace.

How happened this Dis-“Loyal League” to acquire so large a hold upon the people of Western North Carolina?

To understand the matter it will be necessary to glance briefly at the character of this population, at that time. From the dark lines on the map, one might suppose the whole Western section of North Carolina, the Eastern Section of Tennessee, and a considerable portion of Virginia, Georgia, and other contiguous states, to be covered with mountain ranges, with inter-coursing rivers, and inaccessible forests. These several sections compose the great Appalachian Mountain plateau which extends for a thousand miles from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The system has its grandest development in North Carolina, wherein it divides, into the two great parallel chains—the Blue Ridge and the Smoky Ridge—with a network of heavy cross chains, Black, Balsam, Cowee, etc., connecting them, and numerous spurs thrown off to the east and south, some of them as lofty as the parent chain and more than fifty miles in length. The whole range of this rocky rampart is above 400 miles in the State. There are also several disconnected minor chains to the eastward, having the same general trend with the seacoast. This region embraces the highest land, and the wildest, most picturesque scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. At almost every point there are scores of cloud-capped

peaks within sight—standing like grim sentinels above a world of sleeping giants. Some of these are pyramidal in shape: others rise square, precipitous and bald, like mighty blocks from the quarries of the Gnomes. From the pinnacle of Roan one may count an hundred mighty cones in nine different states. Towering above all stands Mt. Mitchell, 7,705¹ feet above sea-level, the highest point between the Mississippi and the Ocean. There are a dozen peaks almost as high, standing as a guard of honor around the grave of the lamented Mitchell, after whom the mountain is named.

But these rock-ribbed ranges do not comprise the whole of Western Carolina. Between the chains, and cross-chains, are many comparatively level benches, and broad plateaus, and areas of tableland,—some of them hundreds of square miles in extent, and admirably suited for cultivation, and occupancy. There are also many hundreds of fertile valleys, with level tracts following the margins of the streams, which commonly traverse them. Looking from the mountain tops, one perceives far below him, on every side, numerous bright seams of verdure with broad fields of golden grain, and patches of wild flowers, and green meadows, and little knots of houses, and straggling roads, with a hedging of chinquapin, laurel, yellow honeysuckle, and sumac bushes. Crystal streams leap from every hillside, and are filled with speckled trout almost to the spring-head. The piping of quail, and the whirring of pheasants may be heard in every wood, and wild game abounds in profusion. Fruits of all kinds, and unsurpassed quality, present themselves almost unsought, and certainly with very little cultivation. An hundred varieties of native grapes exist, including the Catawba, Concord, and others of national reputation. Grasses of all kinds spring spontaneously. In short, it is a region where every prospect pleases, and only *man is*—found wanting! In many respects the inhabitants of this magnificent [region?] are as rugged, and uncultured as its corrugated mountain crags. Yet, the diversity of population is as great as between the sterile

¹ The correct altitude is 6,711 feet.

“ridge-barrens” and the alluvial river bottoms, with loam four feet deep. There are classes of society that seem a distinct race of people. Whole sections will be covered with log-cabin dwellers who own only a few, worthless acres, showing the red-clay seams of long washing of the rains without cultivation or care; thriftless, uneducated, unthinking beings, who live little better than negroes—in rude log huts, “chinked” with clay, and lighted by the door, and perhaps a square hole with clap-board shutters, but no glass,—warmed by a huge fire-place—filling the whole end of the single room, and surmounted by a ragged stone, or wood and plaster, chimney; while the only furniture consists of a bed, two or three slab stools, a pine table, a box-cupboard nailed against the wall, a string of red-peppers hanging, with a few small bags of “yarbs” and simples from the rafters, a frying pan, and flat bake-oven on the hearth, a wash tub, and a couple of gourds dangling from a pole! There are no bed rooms, no books, no pen and ink, no trunks, no chairs, no newspapers—no intelligence, nor any spark of refinement! Nay, nor thrift, nor industry. The small patches of garden truck, with hunting and fishing and an occasional day’s work, for more energetic neighbors serves to supply the family with food; the women spin, weave, and make all their clothes, and the family do not see as much as \$20 in money all the year. There are, I say, whole sections peopled in such style and I have drawn no exaggerated picture I am sorry to say! Yet it may be a few miles farther on brings us to a handsome frame or brick mansion with a number of outhouses, barns, cattle yard, etc.: and every indication of cultivated country comfort. Stopping here we have our horse carried to the stables by a servant and we are shown into a neatly furnished parlor with its piano, pictures, books, periodicals, etc., etc. Inquiring further, we find that these people are well-informed, and in appearance as well as in style of living, are entirely different from the others.

Nowhere is this disparity of social circumstance so marked, and so well-recognized, as in the Rutherford re-

gion. Owing to peculiar location the counties of Rutherford and Polk, are almost isolated from railway and mail facilities. A boy driving a blind mule, in a shackling buggy, which stopped by the wayside on nearly every trip, brought a mail from Cherryville—36 miles distant—twice-a-week; and this very uncertain route often interrupted by freshets, accidents, drunkenness of the carrier, or failure of the wheezy old engines on the railroad to arrive at Cherryville, furnished the only regular communication with the exterior world.

But the social and educational differences in Rutherford were due mainly to the unusual diversity in wealth. In the village of Rutherfordton, and along the alluvial “bottoms,” or margins of the streams, were many families of wealth, intelligence, and cultivation.

They were generally ex-slave-holders (some of whom owned as high as from 80 to 100¹ negroes) who possessed the means to educate their children at distant schools; and though greatly impoverished by the war, still owned large tracts of land, or other property which enabled them to preserve a semblance of former comfort. To these must be added the professional gentry—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and some others; the whole comprising an intelligent, genteel class, as distinct from the majority as a separate race. These families of whom there are perhaps 100 in Rutherford, in many cases intermarried until there are few that have not some claim of kinship or connectionship. All of this class were true as steel to the South during the War, and in no single instance that I am aware of have since deserted the faith for which we fought.

In addition to these there were some one or two hundred families of less property, and less education, who yet lived in considerable comfort having substantial frame, or log-covered, dwellings, and having reputation for respectability and “good-living.” The majority of these were Democrats or Conservatives, after the war;

¹This is obviously inaccurate since the total number of slaves in Rutherford County in 1860 was 387.

but here and there a family would lean toward Radicalism through the mis-guidance of the Logan influence. Still lower in the scale of wealth, refinement, and social recognition, were the majority; the "one-horse croppers," the farm-laborers, tenants, and idlers—living in little log cabins out in barren "old fields," or on the wooded side-hills, owning neither land, nor property—ignorant of even the first rudiments of education—scarce able to tell you the name of the capital of the State—and wholly unable to give any account of the outside world. A few of them can read and write, but rarely exercise the "edikation" for lack of materials. As a branch of this class are the illicit-distillers—who frequent the wildest woodlands, and plant their two or three gallon still-worms upon the most secluded portion of the innumerable rivulets that rattle across the country from the foot of the mountain ranges. All through the Piedmont region, at the time of which I speak, there were scores and hundreds of these "Blockade Runners" in every county, and their location was not in the least concealed from public knowledge. I on one occasion accompanied a young physician to a section known as "Big-Island," where we saw at work no less than seven small stills within the sound of gunshot from each other. One was run by the family of an old soldier of the War of 1812. Of the Revolution also—as *he claimed*, but all did not allow. There were two or three other localities almost as largely engaged in working up the cereal products of the country. A bushel of corn was made to produce two gallons of corn-whiskey. When any one wished to replenish his jug, he called up a darkey, placed two bushels of corn in one end [of a sack?] and the jug in the other; the distiller sent back two gallons of liquor—reserving two as his "toll" for the making. This was so well known that the U. S. Revenue officials could not be ignorant thereof. They were natives of the region, and could not be ignorant of the daily practice of despatching servants to this, or that, still in the neighborhood. And the fact that the public knew that the Reve-

nue men were purposely blind, and growing rich at the rate of \$50 "hush-money" per "still-cap"—may be accepted as one reason that less scandal grew out of the condition of things. Besides, the distillers were very numerous, many of them desperate characters, all members of the League, and the wealthy class, living in isolated farm houses, somewhat feared to incur their enmity. Perhaps a stronger reason for making no complaint, was the knowledge that the League influence would nullify it, and leave only an enemy as the result.

Let us now return to the war-period. It is well known that the mountain population of East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina, were at no time cordial supporters of the Confederate government. They were for a year, or more, swept away in the flood of enthusiasm and uninterrupted success, which marked the first epoch of our sad struggle for Independence. But they were—(I speak of the poorer classes heretofore described)—never cordial in their feelings towards the other portions of their states whom they looked upon as "rich and aristocratic", and whom they from the first denominated—"The Secesh," or "fire eaters," etc. There were also other causes of long-standing jealousies, and uncongeniality between them.

But as the War drew on, and reports of defeat came from all quarters; Roanoke Island, Norfolk, New Orleans, and other well known points were wrested from our hands; the pressure of scarcity and depletion began to be felt; and worst of all, the call of the "conscript officer" was heard throughout the mountain—*then*, the half-smothered ill-wind towards "Jeff Davis Secession Aristocracy"—meaning the government, and the War-Party—broke forth into full flame, and began to assume the old pretence of "love for the Union." Time and further bad news accelerated the growth of the disloyal sentiment, and as the able-bodied, and influential, slave holders, Democrats, etc., were absent in the army the mal-contented became very bold, and active. There is no doubt that secret agents of the Federals came

among them, stirring up the so-called "Union" feeling. Andrew Johnson, who had lived within a few miles of the North Carolina border, and was familiar with every locality of the mountains, was given at one time \$125,000 to be used as a "secret service fund," in Eastern and Middle Tennessee; and it would be strange if a portion of the "loyalty" thus purchased should not make connections with the discontented North Carolinians also.

Reinforcements for the traitorous elements in this region soon began to pour in from the "Conscript Camps" and the ranks of both armies—as there were many drafted men of the Federal forces who preferred to skulk in the mountains of Carolina, hunting and fishing, rather than be made themselves "game" for the ubiquitous Rebel sharpshooters, whose bullets were as fatal to a "drafted man" as to the blackest Abolitionist. Some attempts to break up the gangs of deserters, shirkers, and spies that now thronged the mountains, were made at various points: but only small battalions of "Home-Guards," or "detached troops," could be spared for such duty, and in a vast region, of several hundred thousand square miles, of wild forests, rugged ranges, yawning canyons, and inaccessible mountain passes—it was mere fun for the skulkers to elude their pursuers, and perhaps pick off one or two of the stragglers to create alarm among the rest. In several instances most horrible outrages were perpetrated upon persons who had piloted the soldiers into the deserted fastnesses. This resulted in retaliations by the soldiers; and thus there came about an intense bitterness between the Disloyal element and all those who in any degree favored the Confederacy. Dreadful murders became common. The mountaineers were now urged on by numerous Yankee prisoners who had escaped from the prison-depots at Columbia, Andersonville, and Salisbury, or while being conducted thither. These were generally men of shrewd character, who no sooner found themselves safely amid the Mountain Unionists than they began to incite these

simple and easily influenced people to acts of downright treason to their own section, and friends.

Gradually the hardships of the War, the gloom of a long succession of failures, the steady contraction of the Southern lines, with the daily increasing strenuousness of the call to arms—and a large amount of suffering and privation among soldiers' families—so swelled the numbers of the "Unionists" or "Skulkers"—(for they had no special love for the Union)—that the "woods were full of them," so to speak, and the local demagogues in the several counties began to court their favor. Be it remembered that nothing could keep an able-bodied man between the ages of sixteen and sixty from doing military service in some capacity, except an election to some state office; hence the position of the magistrates, county clerks, registrars, members of the Legislature and of Congress, were sought after as no such offices ever were sought before; the aspirant in many instances being actuated both by "love of life" and a "love of office"—two of the strongest passions of humanity. Now, as a rule the better classes, or "Southerners," held that the civil offices should be given as far as possible to men who by reason of wounds or physical incompetency, were exempt from service. It was necessary, therefore, for the demagogues who had no such excuse from the field of peril, to seek election at the hands of the disloyal elements by either secret or open affiliation with them. Thus arose the "Peace Party" of the West. And now the malcontents became so strong that they aspired to elect members of Congress from the Western Districts and to even shape the policy of the State government. To accomplish these, and other more treasonable designs, the leading plotters deemed it necessary for their safety to organize their followers into a secret, oath-bound League, fashioned so that a few men might manipulate its whole power. The title of "*The Heroes of America*" was adopted, and the first members were selected with great care from among the most embittered and desperate of the Confederate deserters and shirkers, men who by

personal or political crimes had placed their own lives in hourly danger, and whose only hope of re-occupancy of their former homes depended upon the complete ruin of the South. The organizations spread rapidly, and took the colloquial epithet of "Red-Strings," from the secret sign of a crimson cord, which when worn at the button hole, or suspended from the door-latch, was the emblem of recognition among the membership; its significance being based upon the scriptural story of Rahab, the harlot, who in recompense for her concealment of Joshua's spies during their sojourn in Jericho, was given a scarlet cord to hang upon her door-lintel as a token of deliverance when the victorious host should sack the city! The Red String was to perform the same service when the hosts of Grant and Sherman were carrying fire and sword through the homes of the "Secessionists." Furthermore the "sign" was for the benefit of the deserters and escaped prisoners, who were now swarming to the mountains.

As this Dis-Loyally Founded—Loyal League—was the first secret political organization of any strength ever started in the State it may be interesting to give some account of the method of induction, etc., by which the whole Western Section was for a time dominated by its influence. The agents of the Red Strings would approach a simple-minded farmer, and after a great deal of alarming talk about the disasters crowding thick and fast upon the Confederacy—the prospect of a raid being shortly sent through Western North Carolina by the Federals in Tennessee, the pitiless destruction of life and property sure to follow—(as all the negroes, and refugees would return to plunder and massacre)—while there was not the least hope of the South succeeding, etc., etc.,—after a long talk in this strain, the question would be casually put—"Wouldn't you like to know a secret way of keeping on the safe side—and securing your property, no matter what turns up? If the bait was swallowed, as it almost invariably was among the class of small land-owners, who already apprehended confiscation, and

forcible expulsion from the country, the agent would instruct him to go home, read the 2nd Chapter of Joshua, (which details the story of Rahab's deliverance through the agency of the Red Cord) and come that night to a specified place—usually some secluded farm house, or country school-house in the pine barrens, to be sworn into the Life and Property Saving League.

Filled with thoughts of self-protection amid the pending crash, the credulous countryman hastened to the appointed place, and when surrounded by armed and desperate characters was not apt to shrink back from the following treasonable oath and instructions:

LEAGUER'S OATH:—I, A. N. Outlaw, (giving his name) of my own Free Will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God, and these Watchers, do hereby and hereon, most solemnly swear that I will never reveal the secrets of the "*Heroes of America*" to any being. . . . Will never confer the degree of "Hero" upon any person in the living world except I am authorized by the Proper Powers so to do. . . . Will never breathe the secret words of the "Heroes" in any manner except as hereinafter given to me. . . . Will never write, cut, chisel, print, paint, nor stain on anything movable or immovable, whereby these secret words, etc., of the Heroes may be known. . . . Will not speak evil of a brother Hero, before his face, nor behind his back, but will always be watchful to give him timely warning of all approaching Dangers—Binding myself under the no less fearful penalty than that of having my head shot through and through!

So help me God! And may he keep me faithful to these solemn Oaths!¹

The new member was now inducted into the mysteries of the Order; and furnished the catch-words of Recog-

¹ The oath as here quoted appeared in press reports of testimony in court, (Cf. Hamilton, "The Heroes of America," in *Publications of the Southern History Association*, XI, 20) and is incorrect as appears from comparison with a copy of the ritual of the order now in the Library of the University of North Carolina.

nition. These were as follows: *Interrogation* — “Ah! friend, these are gloomy times?” *Response*—“Too true! But we look for a Better.” *Interrogation*—“Why are you so hopeful?” *Reply*—Because true men rely upon the “*cord*” of our “*deliverance!*” The language was sometimes modified slightly. The “Instructions” were, of course, verbal, and embraced the real object of the conspiracy. The oath, as will be seen, binds the victim, 1st to utter silence under pain of instant death! —2nd, To aid and assist all brethren in time of need; thus throwing open his doors to every deserter, shirker, spy, and prowling Yankee, who came with the scarlet token; and, 3rd, To keep watch against the approach of “danger” in the shape of Confederate cavalry, or the Conscription officers, and to give “timely warning” thereof! Thus each and every member was made by this solemn oath a plotting covert enemy of the Southern Cause, and if occasion should demand, an overt traitor—aiding those who sought to stab us in the back! Doubtless there were many who drew back with shame from the vile conspiracy when once it stood revealed to them: but the rapid progress of disastrous decline of the Confederacy led the majority to fall into line with the Renegades, and, like the fox with excised tail, seek to bring in all their neighbors. Ere long the widespread development of the “Peace Party” emboldened the Red Strings to throw off the disguise of their earlier movements and to boldly proselyte for members in nearly every county of the Piedmont region. Indeed its strength now dominated all other political influences, and but for the vote of the soldiers in the field, would no doubt have controlled the State, and raised a counter-rebellion in the heart of the Confederacy. Almost all the readers, are familiar with the course of Wm. W. Holden, editor of the *Raleigh Standard*, and how he turned a harlequin spring from the bitterest section of the Secession party into the rankest of the treasonable element; becoming chief counsellor, if not the titular “Chief-Priest” of the Red Strings!

Space will not permit me to sketch the chapter of covert treason, and disgraceful conspiring to undermine our armies, and defeat our cherished cause, that belongs to this period.

Nowhere in the State was the League so powerful and aggressive as in Rutherford, and the contiguous region. George W. Logan, a lawyer of some experience, but small native, or theoretical, knowledge, and no general information, had early secured a guiding influence in the organization, which he resolved should be conducted with an eye single to his own political aggrandizement. Born in that class of small farmers, of which I have spoken as having a reputation for respectability and "good living" but only partial recognition socially, he inherited with a small patrimony, an insatiable ambition, a strong will, (amounting to "bull headedness" in the opinion of his neighbors) a strong desire for wealth, and a vehement envy and hatred of the higher social classes, whom he regarded, and termed, the "stuckup aristocracy." A part of his inheritance consisted of slaves, which he sought to increase in every way in his power; though so violent was his abuse of his slaves that I have been told the negroes of the neighborhood preferred being sold off to Georgia rather than to him. It is related of him that one of his slaves, named "Nelson," (since known as "De 'onorable Nelson Login," a shining light of the League, and special agent of his former master, who in some way contrives to make all of his quondam slaves forget the scourgings and ill-treatment for which he was notorious) after many acts of violence, was at length forced to fly for his life, as his master (the future Judge) had worked himself into a fury of passion and had seized a gun to kill him; as he certainly would have done had not the flying darkey opportunely tumbled into a ditch. "Nelse" escaped, and notwithstanding the reward of \$50 offered (I have seen the handbill, calling for the "negro's body, dead or alive"—signed G. W. Logan) lay concealed for eight years—including the whole of the War. The greater portion of this period, he lurked in a hole, or cellar,

dug by himself and his wife, beneath the floor of the latter's cabin, on the plantation of Mr. Adam Alexander, residing a few miles from Logan whose sister he married, I believe. The fugitive contrived to thatch the interior of his subterranean abode with straw, and by aid of a stolen feather bed, and a good deal of nightly exercise, managed to get along quite comfortably.

In politics, Logan was by hereditary instinct, and locality, a violent Whig; but, judging from his record, it would seem that his "Stringism" fitted him like a pair of old rubbers which he could put on or take off according to the weather prospects. Thus, when the Secession movement began, he opposed it strenuously, but no sooner was it seen to be successful in the State than he offered \$50 toward the equipment of the first Volunteer Company that left Rutherford for the War.

Early in the Struggle, he, for reasons not very clearly understood, revived his "Unionist" opinions, and became the right-hand man of W. W. Holden, for the Western section of the State. My own belief is that his ambition, and his dislike of the "Secesh Aristocracy" jointly incited him to a course which he hoped would give him political power and *prestige* when the final collapse of the Confederacy transpired. To this end, he declared himself a candidate for Congress. He had the machinery of the League under his thumb, and through it, he secured the votes of all the deserters, skulkers, and other renegades, who thronged the woods of Rutherford, Polk, McDowell, Henderson, et al.,—scores of whom had no right to the ballot, and were certainly worthy of the *bullet* for their treason and almost daily raids upon the property of the Democrats. Of course, Logan did not openly declare his traitorous designs; but he caused it to be disseminated among the Red Strings, under the oath of secrecy, that his object in going to the "Rebel-Congress" was to "get into Jeff Davis secrets" and embarrass his Administration, in order that the Rebellion should the sooner play out, and Peace be procured on any terms. The cold-blooded treachery of this pro-

gramme was only surpassed by that of Logan's special friend, and political coadjutor, the late Governor Tod R. Caldwell who when told by Captain Jos. C. Mills, on the public platform, at Marion, in 1873, that he had in 1861, made a flaming speech at Valley River, inciting the "Burke Tigers"—to fight,—

"Till the last armed foe expires!
Fight! for your altars and your sires,—
God, and your native land!"

—actually had the falsity to assert that he did not mean what he said that the "Burke Tigers" were young sons of wealthy Rebels, and his object in urging them to go to the front *was to get them killed off!*

Logan's election, considering the strength of the League, and the absence of the soldiers, was a foregone conclusion. He took his seat in [Congress] and¹

Tongue nor pen can describe the condition of things when in 1867-8, I first went to Rutherford to reside; hoping to get rid of Ague and Fever chills contracted during my residence in the East. Politically there was but one class—the *Red Strings!* For the Democrats and decent people were so hopelessly in the minority that few of them even took the trouble to go to the polls, while at least 250 of the wealthiest citizens (being required to go a full day's journey to Morganton and take the oath of allegiance before an insolent Freedmen's Bureau officer) *had never registered.*

On the first Saturday after my return to Rutherfordton I was surprised at seeing long processions of countrymen entering the village by the various roads, mounted and afoot, whites and blacks marching together, and in frequent instances arm-in-arm, a sight to disgust even a decent negro. These proved to be the members of the Red String League, which had gradually enlisted in its ranks a large majority of the small farmers, tenants, laborers, and rougher classes of the region. There were local meetings at the school houses, and other places, in

¹ Here follows a blank space in the manuscript.

different townships, but the county conclave convened at the Courthouse once or twice a month, besides called meetings. These meetings were strictly secret, and were conducted behind closed doors, with armed guards posted outside to prevent approach of any save the Elect. All that could be learned by casual passers-by was that the negroes, and low-whites, often became worked up to a frenzy of fury as the shrewd wire pullers, for whose benefit the Leagues were devised appealed to their passions and prejudices by inflammatory declarations as to their wrongs at the hands of the "White Aristocracy," and by declaring that the Democrats were plotting to re-enslave the Freedmen, and renew the Rebellion, etc. Such speeches, interspersed with vulgar anecdotes, and personal denunciation (safely uttered behind the pledge of secrecy which bound their auditors) stirred up the meeting to uproarious applause, shouts, yells, and cursing that forced all decent people in the vicinity to close their windows. As not one in twelve of the Leaguers could read or write, and most of them were embittered by the dissensions of the War period, it was easy for the leaders to obtain credence for the most abominable falsehoods, all of which tended to bind more firmly the bonds of ignorance and prejudice by which the organization was sustained. The League, indeed, was now become all-powerful throughout the greatest portion of Western Carolina. In Rutherford, Polk, McDowell, Henderson, Transylvania, Mitchell, Yancey, Burke, and other counties it was dominant, and domineering, almost to the extent of driving all open opposition from the field. The Democrats, if not exactly intimidated, were so impressed with the strength and activity of the League, which had every voter's name enrolled with a statement of his political views, that they deemed it useless to attempt to organize, or contend against it. I being young and enthusiastic, felt indignant at the abject docility with which the whole region submitted to Red String Mongrelism, and without hesitation, and perhaps without judgment, resolved to enter the lists against the Dragon, and fight

him in his Den. The Convention campaign of 1868 was approaching; a great struggle for the control of the Reconstructed State was about to ensue, and it was exceedingly desirable that every Conservative vote should be brought out. The Democrats of Rutherford were not only without organization, but also without hope, and a little intimidated.

I announced myself one of the candidates for the Convention from Rutherford, and Polk; but, although the district was entitled to two delegates, no second person could be found in the two counties to join me and make the race against the Leagueites. Of course there was not the remotest possibility that the Conservative Candidate could be elected; but I argued that the election ought not to be allowed to go by default; that now was the time to organize the party; and that until we *did* organize the party, and put on a bold front, we could not expect recruits, but on the contrary would lose from our own ranks. I, however, was too young and inexperienced (besides being almost a stranger in the county, and totally so in Polk) to make much impression on my own party: though my independent speeches rather "riled" the Loganites. I received all the Conservative votes that were cast; but these were scarcely a corporal's guard in number, 76 out of the 3,000 votes of Rutherford and Polk. And the Red String candidates were elected by some 800 majority—the full Radical vote not being cast.

I was the only Conservative candidate in the field. The two counties were entitled to two members, yet no second Democrat would join me in the canvass, because of its recognized hopelessness. Yet there must have been fully a thousand Conservatives in the two counties even at that date.

From the foregoing the reader will be able to comprehend the condition of things in Rutherford at the time I speak of. The League was everywhere dominant, and its consciousness of power, backed, as it was, by the Freedman's Bureau officials, and the State government, whose very head was a member thereof—rendered many of the

local leaders so arrogant that no open dissent to its dogmas could be uttered in safety. I recollect that on one occasion, the Adairs, and other local bullies, took possession of Green Hill Box in an election of some character and drove off every man who approached with a Democratic ticket;—flourishing their clubs in his face, and threatening to kill him if he attempted to vote. Similar proceedings occurred at many of the precincts about that period, and naturally had the effect of keeping away from the polls many timid men who shrank from a squabble with the bullies; especially in view of the well known fact that the League could not be beaten. This organization was indeed, the perfection of political machinery, as by its numerous Lodges the whole voting population of the county was enrolled, and the ascertained politics of each voter noted opposite his name; enabling the leaders to know, not only their precise strength, but also who were opposed to them, and who were likely to be won over, etc. By the same machinery the cunning schemers could disseminate all manner of false statements, and inflammatory addresses, of which the Democrats had not the least suspicion. In proof of the efficiency of the League arrangements it may be mentioned that for a long time the Democrats—those residing in the village especially—had no previous knowledge of the calling of a County Pow-Wow, until we saw the roads leading into town—blackened with groups, squads, and processions of Leaguers, whites and negroes in close intimacy, as heretofore stated, marching in, and taking possession of the place. The Court House Bell rang—an old and faded Federal Flag was suspended from the front portico,—sentries with drawn swords were posted at the doors—and thus the conclave of the Dis-Loyal Leaguers were opened. From accounts by members who became disgusted and left the unclean Thing, the speeches, and suggestions, of the Loganite leaders, in these secret meetings were of the most atrocious character: and I doubt it not, [for] even in the occasional public utterances of prominent Leaguers, there [were] intense bit-

terness, and recklessness of truth. As an illustration I will mention a speech by George W. Logan, made from a platform in the grove surrounding the Baptist Church—the speakers being shaded by the shadow of the sacred edifice. Logan worked his audience—the majority of whom were negroes—into a delirium of fury as he pictured the enormities of the old slave holding Democrats, and then pointing to a passing puppy, he screamed—“I say we had *better enfranchise yon lousy bitch*, than these same lousy stinking Rebels who now try to lord it in their shabby aristocracy over us better men than ever they dare be!” Of course, the negroes and low whites yelled and stamped in a frenzy of delight; but the small number of Democrats, who had been drawn to the spot by curiosity to hear what he would say—showed their disgust so plainly that Logan still further lost temper, and turning to the side-hill, where the white slabs of the village cemetery were visible amid the shrubbery; he continued—“Some of your Rebel Democratic “Blue Blood” and bones is a rotting up yonder on the hill, and I tell you the devil will never get his dues till more of the same sort has been shed out of this region!”

The effect of such speeches, when reported from mouth to mouth among the intelligent classes, who had lost so heavily and painfully by the war, and saw their own slaves thus led away—by unscrupulous demagogues—may be imagined!

Indignant at the situation of affairs, which seemed hourly growing worse, I, with all the confidence and ardor of youth, determined to throw myself into the breach, and attack the Leaguers, in their lair. The Presidential campaign of 1868 was approaching and with it was to come the final struggle by the Carpet-baggers and negroes to force upon our people the peculiar dogmas of our oppressors, in the shape of a new Constitution, Negro Suffrage, and numerous innovations, all calculated to bring ruin, dismay, despondency, and anarchy in their train.¹

¹ Shotwell's memory was here at fault. The new constitution was adopted at a special election.

CHAPTER FOURTH

I Return to Rutherfordton to Read Law—Red Stringism Rampant.

Prostrated by successive and continued spells of fever and ague, I left Newbern, and sought rest and recuperation at Rutherfordton, whither my father had long urged me to return, and complete the study of my profession—Law. Strange to say the change of climate, air, and water, together with the exertion of jolting a score of miles over supernaturally bad roads, worked an instant relief from the “chills,” and I have ever since been free of them.

In Rutherford the League held weekly meetings at the Court House with closed doors, and an armed guard outside. On these days all the negroes and low whites, and illicit distillers, bullies, jailbirds, and scoundrels generally came into the village, and took virtual possession of it. Decent white men dared hardly walk the streets, or did so at the imminent risk of being insulted, knocked down, and brutally stamped, if not killed by gangs of mingled whites and blacks, of the lowest order, and without the least protection of the law officers, who were themselves Leaguers, besides in terror of the rowdies personally. Bands of drunken whites and blacks, swaggered on the sidewalks, cursing, and shouting vulgarity; while other squads amused themselves by galloping up and down the principal streets, with the speed, and fiendish yells of a Comanche Indian, often firing their pistols, and threatening to “clean out the town.” On such occasion no lady dare venture outside of her door, and some timid people made a practice of locking up the lower portions of their houses, and retiring above stairs.

I, now on the 9th of February, 1868, purchased the fragments of a printing office, known as the “Rutherford Star,” from J. B. Carpenter, for \$200, and started the weekly “Western Vindicator.”

The whole office might have been piled upon a wheelbarrow, and then leave room for the editor on top. The press was an ancient structure built in the last century apparently, and whose history ran back beyond the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." It was too small to print a paper of any size, above two feet square. The type was of all sizes, ages, and conditions of batteredness. It seemed as if the accumulated *sweepings* of a city office had formed the original foundation of the "cases," with the added effect of age, hard usage, dirt, and pounding. My force consisted of one man and a boy; (John S. Hayes and Mitchell) whom I paid \$40, and \$7, respectively. They began work on the 10th of February, 1868.

It was a diminutive sheet—somewhat larger than a postal card—and when printed showed more kinds, sizes, shades, and shapes of type, than any newspaper ever offered for the delectation of its readers; and was such a botch in general appearance that I never ventured to send it to some of my more cultured friends. Yet, like Paddy's Pony—"though little 'twas lively;" for I having no political experience, could only fall back on my military maxims, one of which was that the best way to demoralize a superior force is to get close up, and throw grape-shot with might and main, squarely into their faces. Accordingly I used my ramshackle old little press as a battery or catapult for discharging whole volleys of political solid shot, shell, grape canister, slugs, brickbats, tack-hammers, and "sich-like," straight into the Red String ranks, regardless of personal consequences. It is hardly necessary to say that this bold attack in the very heart of the enemy's stronghold was not relished, and called down all the vials of Mongrel wrath upon the youthful head of the editor of the *Vindicator*. Many threatening messages were sent to me; I was warned to not go here, nor come there; threats of burning me out (which alone gave me uneasiness as I had no means of buying a new office, and the building was unsafe) [were made] and frequently on public occasions I was advised by friends to keep off the street, lest I be set upon by

bullies, and roughly handled. I, however, went heavily armed, and caused it to be known that I did not intend to allow anybody to pound me at leisure, therefore was not attacked. But the enemies I now made among the Radical Leaders caused me to be marked for vengeance; and eventually to suffer the most cowardly and brutal treatment at their hands.

It may be worth while to mention that at the time I set up my press-battery to assail the Loganites, the Democrats of Rutherford were so completely demoralized that when a *county convention* had been called, for three weeks, and I with my own hands, had rung the Court House bell for an hour, there assembled—*just six persons* (Jos. L. Carson, John A. Fagg, Dr. Duffy, General Bryan, myself, and I believe Dr. Mills). This, too, was the result of a second attempt. There were many farmers in town, but they, like the remainder of the townspeople, thought *wisest prudentest*, not to “leave their business to attend political meetings.” The party seemed comatose beyond recovery. But we did not altogether despair, though Mr. Carson used some pretty strong language against Democrats actually within pistol shot of the Court House—who would not take the time and trouble to attend. The next attempt, by means of strong personal appeals, got out as many as a couple of dozen Conservatives! However, I am happy to state that the life breathed into the nostrils of the comatose party by these meetings, and the clatter of the little old *Vindicator*, gradually revived the corpse, and got it upon its legs; so that, by reason of apathy in the Mongrel ranks and a special effort under certain denominational influences, we actually carried the county by *three votes*, only two years later, beating Judge Logan’s son!

These particulars of political history have been set forth at length to show how I had embittered all the leading Red Strings against myself (not on personal grounds, for I had no sort of association with them) purely on account of the conservative principles I advocated, and the consequent antagonism of my position to theirs. Let this

be remembered when the reader, hereafter in these pages, may be shocked, and staggered in belief, by the narrative of shameful outrages inflicted upon me by these men.

On the 11th of December, 1868, I sold the *Vindicator* to Maj. Lawson P. Erwin for \$250—only \$50 more than I had paid for the miserable stuff composing the original “office”, or printing-material;—to which I had added more than \$50 worth of new type, and improvements. This left me nothing whatever for my labors: but I was not able to purchase a respectable outfit and press; while the constant annoyance of a number of dues (of small amount, but as pestiferous as hornets!) rendered me wretched. I doubt if I shall ever learn to make a “dun” or receive one, with even a manly fortitude; I would infinitely rather incur the deadliest perils than do either.

I sold to Maj. Erwin because I owed him more than any one else (for type setting) and when these debts were taken up, I possessed \$3! Notable recompense for all I had done for the Conservative Party, in Rutherford! But 'twas my own fault! During the spring of 1869, I resumed my legal studies. Some time in the fall Jas. H. Merrimon (who married Miss Lynch of R.) came to Rutherford; my name was mentioned; and on his return he wrote me. So, also, did Capt. W. M. Coke. They assured me a bold, outspoken paper such as I would print was greatly needed in Asheville. In accordance with those invitations I hastened to Asheville, entering the town without a dollar—(indeed \$5 worse than that)—or a friend save the gentlemen spoken of, and whom I knew only by reputation. A long and arduous trip, through ice and sleet, to the “North Cove,” in McDowell County, 40 miles or more from Asheville—in the very heart of the mountains—for nearly two miles the road ran directly through the bed of a mountain stream, half a foot deep at the shallowest part)—for the purpose of negotiating for a printing office owned by a man named McCall, and stored in an old school house near his residence, resulted in disappointment; as I found the type, presses,

etc., in the worst possible order—having been dragged thither during the war—to escape the Yankee plunderings. Worse still, I learned that the press could hardly be carried to Asheville at less expense than \$130.00 and not at all, until the roads were in better condition.

Somewhat discouraged, but not disheartened, I hastened back to Asheville, and within ten days issued the "*North Carolina Citizen*"—a good sized, neatly printed paper; using the material of the old "*News*"—the property of "Rev" (at one time: but latterly deprived of the clerical title, I believe) A. W. Cummings, then in Spartanburg, S. C. The "office" was an old, and imperfect one, worth perhaps \$500; but for which he modestly demanded \$1,600. My hasty entering upon the publication of a paper without capital, and upon a rented press, was characteristic of my boyish impatience and confidence that all would "work out right;" but it must be said in palliation that I entertained great hopes of receiving assistance from members of my party to purchase an outfit, and only started with the rented type, etc., because it was urged upon me that the "Railroad Ring"—(Swepson, Littlefield, *et al.*) were threatening to establish a paper there and it was deemed all-important that we should first secure the field. Unfortunately only a verbal agreement was made with Cummings' agent—one Israel—who said it would take several weeks to communicate with his principal—(his brother-in-law, by the way) and meanwhile he must defer definite conclusions as to rent, etc.

I published six months; being forced to sell it at the end of that period, because I had not money to purchase a new press, and could no longer rent the one I had been using. During these six months I "made things hot," for the scalawags West of the Ridge, just as I had done east of it with the *Vindicator*. And here, too, of course, I incurred the bitterest hatred of the officials.

The "*Citizen*" soon became as much an object of hatred by the Radicals as the *Vindicator* had been. The complete dominance of that party for several years had

given its members a degree of political arrogance unknown in other sections; so great indeed that I more than once heard of such remarks as this—"We will show that fellow Shotwell that he cannot come here and abuse us Republicans as he pleases; we'll break his head for him!" etc. Nor was it more than a month before I became embroiled with one of them. The incident, in particular, has a connection with after events. The facts may be briefly stated as follows:

United States District Attorney Virgil S. Lusk had procured the indictment of a number of respectable farmers of Madison County on some trumped up charge of violation of the Enforcement Act. Hearing of the occurrence, I invited Capt. Melvin E. Carter, whose parents reside in Madison, and who was himself fresh from the scene, to write an account of the arrest of these persons; which he accepted; and, though not directly referring to Lusk, expressed great indignation at the treatment of the accused parties (N. B. Neither Capt. C., nor myself had any connection with the Klan at that time; but both were satisfied of the innocence of the citizens). The next issue of the Radical organ at Asheville (The *Pioneer*) contained a card from Lusk over his own signature, denouncing the editorial in the "*Citizen*" as "willfully and maliciously false," etc., etc. I did not see this until I had gone to my office, some distance from my hotel, where I had left my revolver.

Attending to the wants of some countrymen, who had called, I started to arm myself, but in passing through the public square saw Lusk, standing with a friend in the outskirts of a crowd of some two hundred persons that were attending a sheriff's sale from a wagon in the middle of the street, or square. It occurred to me that my adversary was awaiting me, and that no opportunity could equal the present for disgracing him by a public chastisement; so without waiting to procure weapons I advanced to Lusk, and drew the copy of the *Pioneer* from my pocket, designing to demand an instant retraction and apology. The latter, however, had been on the alert,

and as I approached placed his hand on his pocket as if to draw a pistol; which seeing I sprang forward and administered a succession of sharp cuts across his face with a light rattan cane, a fancy switch, not thicker than a good-sized pipe stem, and of no weight except at the end held in the hand. The rapidity of the blows caused Lusk to recede, closely followed by me whose object now was to prevent the discharge of the former's ball into my breast, or stomach. Fortunately the cane struck the pistol as it exploded, depressing the muzzle and sending the ball through the right thigh—just missing the bone. The second shot took effect on the other leg, passing about an inch under the flesh, but, like the other, inflicting no serious damage.

In the confusion which followed these shots, (the crowd running, shouting, etc., Lusk got away from me and backing a dozen paces drew his revolver to take better aim; whereupon I turned full face, and said—"Shoot, if you wish! But I am unarmed at present." He seemed to hesitate, and at this moment was seized from behind by parties, who had recovered sufficiently from surprise, to attempt to interfere. It was currently stated by these gentlemen afterwards that Lusk made every effort to fire a third time, but that he either had his pistol half-cocked, or the barrel would not revolve. At any rate, he stood with weapon pointed at my breast until seized from behind as stated. Then, I, feeling quite a flow of blood from the four holes (both balls having passed entirely through each thigh—leaving two holes in each leg) took the arm of Capt. Wm. M. Cooke, and walked to the Eagle Hotel, where I was waited upon by a number of surgeons and sympathizing friends. I was reluctant to go to bed, but at the dictation of the Doctors, who feared the taking of cold in the wounds (there being a slight fall of snow on the ground)¹ was required to rest during the remainder of the day, kindly cared for by numerous friends—Capt. M. E. Carter, Col. David Coleman, W. M. Davies, Merrimon, Capt. Alexander and others.

There was much excitement in town during the day, and at one time a collision between the parties seemed imminent. It amused and gratified me afterwards to hear how Jimmie Alexander, on hearing a big bullying giant, from the Radical gang on Laurel Creek, declare that "*That damned Rebel Shotwell sha'nt come here, and run over us loil Republikans,*" went up, and pointing an ugly-looking Navy revolver fair at his breast, said in a fighting tone, "Capt. Shotwell is my friend and a better man than forty of you would make! You say another word and I'll blow a hole through you as big as my hat!" The country clod-hopping bully ceased his bluster, instantler, and mildly assured Capt. A. that he had no idea he was giving any offense by his remarks—that of course if Capt. Shotwell was a friend of his he retracted all. During the afternoon, the Radical Sheriff sent his deputies to require bonds of \$1,000 to keep the peace and appear at court. Capt. Emory H. Merrimon very kindly attended to getting up the bail, and relieved me of all trouble on that score.

I did not again lay eyes upon Lusk until September, 1871—nearly two years later—when the latter turned up as "Ku Klux Commissioner" and Chief Prosecutor, of the Government, against the *man who had caned him in the streets of Asheville!* A man of nicer sense of honor would not have thus appeared against a gentleman with whom he had a personal difficulty; since he thereby laid himself liable to the supposition of *exerting himself to gratify a personal resentment*. Mention is made of this occurrence chiefly because it illustrates the feeling that existed against me among the Grantite officials, leading Radicals, *et als.*; while the fact that a bitter personal enemy conducted the prosecution against me, will show how little likelihood there was of my having fair trial; especially as this man's word was equivalent to law with the small deputies and the marshal, who *had the selection of the jury!*

Next day, June 24th, I received many little tokens of kind sympathy from the best people of the town; includ-

ing a tray filled with strawberries, jellies, cake, etc., with a card signed "The lady friends of Mr. Shotwell beg his acceptance of the strawberries as a token of esteem and respect." The ladies at Mrs. Dr. Chapman's Female Institute also sent a nice assortment of dainties, and hot house flowers.

Many of my warmest friends of the sterner sex, on the other hand rather censured me for caning Lusk, as they considered him a man beneath attention. Several of the leading lawyers, said in effect—Captain, this will never do! You cannot afford to attack every low-lived Radical and renegade who slanders you in the *Pioneer*. When a man goes into the slums of scalawagery, and associates with rascally Radicals, and negroes, he loses caste to such a degree that none of us would think of holding him accountable for his lies." I replied that Lusk had held a respectable position in the community prior to the war, and had been a Confederate soldier, and while he no doubt deserved to be treated with contempt, yet I did not purpose allowing a slanderous insolence from him, or any one else.

The sequel proved the wisdom of my course, as thereafter I was not troubled with personal abuse, or assaults, such as would assuredly have pursued me had I not acted promptly. It will be recollected by those resident in the mountain section prior to 1870, that the arrogant bullying spirit of the scalawags constantly threatened personal assaults upon the Conservatives.

It is not with any view of vaunting my own personal prowess that the foregoing account is given here; my friends think it deserving of a place, because Lusk afterwards became the prosecuting attorney having charge of the Government *persecution* of myself and others.

My success with the "*Citizen*" was, for a time, unparalleled in the annals of Asheville journalism. Starting without a name on my subscription book, I secured in four months above twelve hundred subscribers, nearly *twice as many* as any paper had obtained in years. There was no other Democratic newspaper West of the Ridge,

nor in the twenty odd counties from which came the bulk of my subscriptions. But this apparent success was less substantial, than gratifying in point of popularity. The small mountain town gave very little advertising support, and none from job work, for which the "office" was not equipped. Many advertisers insisted on payment "in kind"—which was of little use to an unmarried man, as I. Many subscribers wished to pay in wood, wheat, corn, apples, dried fruit, feathers, and rags. Strange to say the last article was the only one of the whole list that could be made available for my uses. The paper makers must have a certain amount of cash each week, but they could utilize the rags in making paper. There were, also, other drawbacks, resulting from the wide extent of country over which my patrons were scattered, and the impassability of many of the roads in the spring season. Often a large mail route would be deprived of their papers for weeks by freshets in the streams. All these difficulties, however, I should have surmounted in time had I not been discouraged by utter failure in getting the printing office, or assistance to purchase one. I had been led to expect Rev. Mr. Cummings, a shrewd, sharp man who had been suspended from his ministerial functions for too free use of certain other functions, had a no less shrewd and sharp agent in J. M. Israel; and after seeing me fairly launched into the enterprise demanded and forced me to pay \$75 for the *rental* of the material besides \$125 a year for the use of the single room which answered all the purposes of composing-room, press-room, folding and mailing-room, editorial room, and business office! It was extortion! The business of the office could not possibly sustain such a leak upon its profits as this *Hebraic* demand.

But what could be done? Israel demanded pay or the keys! I shall not digress into other matters sorely affecting the situation but will merely say that with my old *sheepishness* in all things relating to my indebtedness, I gave up all hope, saw no way to meet my daily increasing

engagements, and felt that all was at an end, both with respect to the paper, and my own career.

This period of my life was one of the darkest—up to this day, July 5, 1878. I cannot even remotely allude to my feelings and designs thereat.

Suffice that I sold the *Citizen*—July 18, 1870, to Natt Atkinson—*Israel's brother-in-law*, for the scandalous sum of ———dollars! Of this insignificant sum only \$10 was paid me in cash; the remainder being transferred to my hotel keeper for board. With the \$10, I paid my washerwoman, and several small bills and with \$2.50 in my pocket—just the half of the sum I had brought with me on entering Asheville—I left it!

Alas!—how differently looked the world at the two dates! Yet during that three-quarters of the year no man in all North Carolina had worked more zealously, untiringly, and faithfully; no man had given up his whole time more earnestly for the good of the Conservative cause, and none sought more sincerely for success. It was hopeless. I had been foolish to start without a dollar, or a certain knowledge of my showing as to the office; I was again foolish to hold aloof from the people, neither visiting them socially, nor accepting their invitations to join with them on set occasions; and perhaps, resenting wrongfully one or two fancied attempts to exercise patronage on me. There were other sadder circumstances; but no one needs an itemized bill of—Failure!

CHAPTER FIFTH

A Mountain Trip.

In company with J. E., the foreman of my office, and equipped with blankets, and guns, I marched thirty miles into the wilds of the Transylvania forests. Our destination was the Pink Bed Valley. The night of the 19th July, we sojourned—with G. W. ("Wash") Holden, a brother or nephew of Gov. Holden; living at Hominy Creek, at the foot of ——— Mountain in Hominy Valley. "He owns a fine bottom-land farm, saw mill, store, etc., and is in thrifty circumstances. He is a decided Democrat, and accounts for his dissimilarity of opinions with his brother by saying that Bill (W. W. Holden) is a carpet-bagger, as he was born in South Carolina,¹ and began to change his residence and his politics about the same period." Mr. Holden entertained us handsomely, and engaged to escort us across the mountain into the "Pink Beds." The following day was entirely taken up in the trip—for though only seven or eight miles in distance, the continual *climbing* step, under the extreme heat of the day, with water only at long intervals, added to our exhaustion from the thirty miles tramp of the previous day, on unaccustomed legs, utterly exhausted us. The descent into the valley by a slippery, rocky, irregular path was no less fatiguing than the ascent. So that on reaching the Hunter's Cabin near the middle of the Pink Beds, we took leave of our guide, and spreading our blankets, instantly fell asleep. On the morrow we found ourselves in a narrow valley, two or three miles wide, and a dozen long, surrounded by lofty mountains with conical peak of Mt. Pisgah rising [5,757] feet in the air, far above the surrounding ranges, like a single sentinel above a host of sleeping giants! The Valley is called the Pink Beds because the rich alluvial plain—crumbling in

¹ Governor Holden was a native of Orange County, North Carolina.

vegetable loam—abounds, nay is fairly carpeted, with a species of wild flower, of pinkish hue—I know not the name. Above these grow immense beds of Whortle berries, studded with laurel blossoms, and the sweet scented honey-suckle. The forest timber, which covers the most part of the valley is lofty and vigorous beyond anything I have seen in Western Carolina. A single trunk of a monster pine, I recollect as above five feet through at the distance of 30 feet from its stump, and might have served as a rampart for a regiment as it lay at length. There are only a few acres of cleared land in the valley, occupied by a single lone squatter, Mr. C. S. Pack, of South Carolina. He lived in a newly built double cabin, at the foot of a rocky ledge, on one side of the Valley, with his little family, consisting of his wife, his two little sons and two *big* daughters, one of the latter weighing fully 200, though scarcely 19 years of age. They were people of more cultivation than I should have looked for in that region—much less in the voiceless, roadless isolation of this valley. The sight of six tooth brushes each in its bracket under the eaves of the Spring-house shelter was the first intimation of the civilization I had not at all looked for in approaching the cabin. Mr. Pack proved to be an intelligent hard working man, formerly depot agent at Manning, S. C., and evidently accustomed to better circumstances. He subsequently acquainted us with the story of his wanderings from his low country home in search of healthier climate, and to escape the negro-cursed condition of things then prevailing at Manning; how he had been treated at Hendersonville with such kindness while sick, that he concluded to halt there; how he had lost everything by sharp-dealing of a certain party, and was eventually forced to seek such shelter as this rude hermit home offered; etc., etc. It was a sad story, and I pitied the faithful little woman, a daughter or niece of Attorney General ———, who sat with us, in the twilight of the slow-fading summer day, listening to the conversation. Truly, they led a hermit life. There are no neighbors, schools, churches, or post office within

a day's travel! The valley is inaccessible to vehicles of any sort in all directions except one, and as several hundred dollars worth of chopping would be necessary to open up even this route it will not be done until some one buys the entire valley and locates a colony therein; when it is destined to become the "Happy Valley" of Carolina. For no section of the land can compare with it in the fertility of soil, excellence of timber, number and icy coldness of its streams, beauty of scenery and many other advantages. At present it is the unrestricted abode of wild and tame cattle, hogs, and sheep; deer, bear, foxes, and rattlesnakes. Of the latter, we on a single day slew *fifteen*! Every rocky ledge had its "nest" of them. Our success in taking the nimble-footed deer, was less marked though we occasionally captured a "saddle" for our camp. Mr. Pack, who kept a pack of hounds, drew a large portion of his table-supply from the "game" of the wild wood. The coldness of the soil, shaded as it was, and permeated by numerous springs, almost precluded the raising of corn, potatoes, etc. They were stunted, and imperfect.

Our own cabin had been erected for the use of the hunters, and cattle-hunters. It was a mere log hut, with a slab floor, and gigantic chimney. The equipment comprised a slab bench, plank table, coffee pot, frying pan, tin cup, and cask of salt (to be issued to the cattle at stated seasons); "only this and nothing more." We supplemented the furniture with a "bunk" made of dried ferns—which everywhere abound, a wooden spit for roasting, a shaving shelf, etc. Our life began at sunrise when we arose, and sought the adjacent brook whose purling splash had lulled us to sleep. Then a fire—cup of coffee—broil of young pig—slap jacks of corn meal, fried in the frying pan, etc. Then a lazy smoke and chat—wherein, as I used nothing of tobacco shape, John smoked and I talked, or mused in silence, looking up at the bald outlines towering far above us, with the sunlight gleaming atop. About 9 A. M. began the day's hunting or fishing tour. Mills' River takes its rise in

numerous smaller streams, in this valley; and all are renowned for their abundance of speckled, or "mountain" trout, the handsomest and most delightful of the finny tribe. These are so little harassed by sportsmen that they may be caught with ease even when the pretty victim plainly sees the executioner standing in full view scarcely arm's length distant. Indeed, we more than once took a full breakfast supply of delicious six-inch trout from a noisy rivulet, not far from the cabin, across whose channel a child might step. Mills' river we found so lined with overhanging laurel that its best fishing places could be reached only by getting into the middle of the stream, and allowing our boat to float with the current before us. Many days we spent thus in the lovely bed of the river, which was so clear that even at the depth of five feet, the movements of the speckled beauties could be seen as plainly as in a crystal aquarium; our only clothing a shirt, pair of drawers rolled to the thigh, and a pair of rude sandals, made of old boot tops, tied with strings to shield the bottom of the foot, only. The trout when fried in grease, and sprinkled with corn-meal batter, with a good appetite to begin with, were a luxury for princes, as the single backbone gave none of the bother of eliminating the small bones which destroys the pleasure of eating the majority of the finny creation.

Unfortunately there were many rainy days, when the incongeniality of our companionship would reveal itself. Having neither books, paper, nor knowledge of what was transpiring in the outside world, we soon reached the end of our conversational rope; and as my companion cared nothing for intellectual or literary topics, we found the time hang heavily.

We concluded to make a trip through the mountains to Brevard. It was a journey of eighteen miles through one of the most rugged and dreary regions I ever traversed. It seemed surprising that people could be willing to thus bury themselves from the outside civilized creation.

On the 21st of August, we broke up our camp at the Pink Bed Cabin and bidding goodbye to the Packs—whose desolated life it seemed to me must have been rendered doubly oppressive by our occasional companionship—we set out upon our return to Asheville. But first we climbed to the pinnacle of Mount Pisgah—4000 feet above the Sea, and affording a view of some thirty miles extent in every direction. The scenery from the top of Pisgah has been often described.

The actual summit of the pinnacle is only a dozen, or two feet in area; but there is a lower level or plateau, where large gatherings or camp meetings are sometimes held by the Methodists and Baptists of the adjacent counties; people riding twenty or thirty miles to attend them. It is also quite common for picnic parties to come out from Asheville, and spend the night on top of the Mountain, to see the sun rise in the morning. A party of fifteen ladies, and the Episcopal clergyman, went on such an excursion while I was at Asheville.

On this particular Sabbath, however, the bald brow of Pisgah was lovely and still beyond anything that can be imagined. The sky was rather cloudy, but there were openings that showed the full effect of the silent ridges, and solitary peaks, whose changing shadows seemed to be the only animate or moving thing under all the range of vision. Absence of vegetation save the sedge, and whortleberry plants, accounts for the absence of the song of the woodland tribe, the chirp of the squirrel, and the drumming of the pheasants, and I suppose there was no living soul within a dozen miles in any direction from us, as we reclined at full length on the cliff, looking toward Asheville, occasionally tossing a stone that ceased not its tumbling for nearly a mile of precipitate descent. No "living soul", I said: but for all the lack of birds and game and companions, we found one denizen of the 'Mount' who would seem to demand our authority for thus ascending into Pisgah's heights. Twenty paces from the top, just as we had ceased to slide down the moss-covered surface of a shelving rock—ten or more

feet in width, we found ourselves confronted by an enormous rattlesnake, four feet, eight inches, in length, and as thick as a man's arm at the shoulder. The hideous reptile had seen our rapid descent, and swiftly reared itself above the low huckleberry bushes, and stood in our only path, as high as my waist, with its neck slightly bent, eyes glistening and red tongue quivering like forked lightning! I suspect we also quaked for the moment as the impetus of descent upon the slippery rock carried us nearly against this formidable barrier in the narrow path, before we could check up. And a single stroke of the poisonous fangs would have sufficed for either of us; since at that distance from human habitation—and whiskey, the only sure cure—we must have fallen by the way side. Could this have happened ere I was aware, I should have hailed it with relief from all the dark thoughts and prospects and retrospects in my mind. But seeing the danger, we quickly secured large stones, and pelted the foe into submission; then finished him with our alpenstocks. My companion then erected a rude cross, or stake with split top and a branch of a sapling laid across, and tied the snake thereon in such manner that the first thing any after-comer would see would be his Reptilecy's grinning tongue and fangs. We also inscribed our names, and date, on the smooth face of a large rock, with a legend that Sir Rattle had met his fate on this identical spot. It was considered an unusual thing for the snake to be found so near the top of the Ridge.

During the afternoon we gradually descended into Hominy Valley and again were kindly entertained by "Wash" Holden and family. Here, seeing his sawmill in motion, we remarked that it was strange how many people we saw at work, as we came across the valley. Great was our surprise, and also the mirth of entertainers, on learning that after hunting all day Sunday, we had rested most of Monday, and had washed our shirts, and "cleaned up" as much as our limited wardrobe would admit of, under the impression that we were

observing the Sabbath, to the best of our ability! Strange to say, neither of us had the least doubt about it being Sunday! We had lost a day in some way, though how, is yet unexplained.

On the route down the Hominy Valley we were kindly entertained by the "Widow Young," and her pretty daughters, and by Dr. Thrash on the Waynesville turnpike. We reached Asheville at dusk, and with a feeling of utter despondency and prostration on my part. Indeed I should not have returned at all, had I not left my trunk there and in it the letters of certain lady, and other friends, whom I felt bound in honor to save from the consequences of exposure, which would probably ensue if I failed to return and place the trunk in the hands of some reliable person, or destroy the letters.

This circumstance caused my abandonment of the reckless plans I had vaguely in view. For at Asheville I learned that my father had come for me in his carriage, and was very anxious to have me return home, and resume my studies for a profession. At Bencinni's hotel, where I had left my trunk, the scant courtesy shown me, showed plainly that I was supposed to have no money, and this, with some other unhappy experiences, almost—

However, I paid Bencinni for the supper and bed, I had used—not enjoyed—and had not one penny left after doing so. Under different circumstances I should have asked for the loan of a vehicle, or money to hire one; but far rather should I have perished by the road side than do so. In truth I vaguely expected to break down under the sultry August sun, and was not sorry of the prospect.

All the long morning of August 24th, I trudged wearily, and half lamed by my mountain marching, out across Swanuanoa Bridge and Valley—fording streams, up hill, down dale—more than 20 miles. But constant draughts of the mountain water, from the rivulets that danced across the road every stone's cast or less, added to the intense heat, finally set the world to whirling in black rings before my eyes, and at four o'clock I had

only sufficient strength to "fall by the wayside"—among the rocks that line the narrow roadway through the far famed Hickory Nut Gorge. Luckily the road for above six miles winds along the banks of Broad river, and I fell within less than my own length of cool and noisy waters. Even as I lay I could cast the end of my handkerchief into the edge of the stream, and after bathing my head, and resting a few moments, I managed to crawl to the sloping bank on the other side of the road, where was an immense bed of moss canopied by spruce and hemlock trees, and perfumed by wild honeysuckle—a sunless dell, directly under the cliff of Bald Mountain. Even as I lay upon my back I could see the massive, rugged pile, with its variegated strata of brown granite, towering to the skies above me, and so precipitately that the overhanging cliffs seemed momentarily dropping upon me. The Gap itself is only a few hundred feet wide, and its walls rise almost perpendicularly, for above a thousand feet in many places, composing perhaps the most remarkable ravine in the Atlantic slope. The road and the river are of about equal width, and for several miles run side by side, dividing the bottom of the gorge between them. The River is called "Broad", but here, is only some twenty feet wide or less, and so contorted and broken by huge rocks, that its waters are as wild and resounding as the "water that came down at Lodore," curveting, lashing, splashing, dashing, now in rage, now in glee, ever singing the carol of perpetual motion. No wilder spot could have been chosen for a lonely bivouac, and yet so romantically beautiful were nature's majestic aspects, that one in other circumstances might enjoy the very solitude and isolation of the surroundings. I knew that there were persons living at the "Old Harris House" one and a half or two miles down the valley; but they were Radicals, and I could not solicit food and shelter from such as they, even had I been able to crawl that distance, which is doubtful. In a very few minutes after I reached the shelter of the cedars and became cooler, my limbs grew stiff, and so sore that I felt unable

even to cross the road to again slake my thirst. All I could do was to draw off my coat, and spread it (with my handkerchief over a stone as a pillow) for my nightly couch; hoping that the dews of night would cool my burning fever, and strengthen me for the 20 miles yet to walk on the morrow. It was now the sunset hour, and the scenery in this romantic gorge never seemed more wildly, grandly picturesque. Above me, the massive face of Bald Mountain, illuminated by the dying blushes of the sun appeared one vast wall of copper stretching for miles, perpendicular, and impassable. Across the gorge ran a similar wall, but it was entirely in the shadow—gloomy, rugged, silent as the tomb! But the flat top of Chimney Rock Mountain was glowing in the same sun-glory that gilded the crags and cliffs of old Bald, the brightness of the sky behind contrasting the more vividly from the shaded wall on the side confronting me. Over the brow of this halo-crowned cliff descended the wonderful “Bridal Veil Falls”, a precipitate descent of nine hundred (950) and fifty feet! The little Hickory Nut Creek after running a mile or more along the top of the mountain suddenly turns and leaps madly down upon the tree tops of the wild gorge beneath! Speedily the winds and fall lash the water into white spray which trembles and flutters until it is easy to imagine that a long strip of white ribbon or a bridal veil, is waving from the cliff side!

But darkness descends, and twilight shades settle over all the silent, solemn mountain ramparts, which shut out even the ruddy glow of the departed orb of Day. The valleys, and little, bush-grown dells, and rocky terraces, have all settled from shadow into gloom; and only the outlines of the giant trees, and fantastic crags and the distant peaks are visible; Night is wrapping from sight this mighty panorama of Nature’s convulsions, although there is but one human spectator, and he prostrate, exhausted, fevered, and wretchedly oblivious to all the beauties of the Earth, were they visible. I was not insensible; for I recall the noisiness of the roaring river,

as it rushed, and tumbled, and clamored down its rocky pathway, just across the road from me; and I remember watching the overhanging crags of "Old Bald" as their forms grew indistinct in the twilight, and I remember thinking of the romantic story of Gen. Leventhorpe's search for the "Spanish Silver Mines" among these same mountains.

Several times during the night I awoke, full of fever and pain, to find myself strangely guarded by the giant peaks which loomed fairly "among the stars" when viewed from the depth of the Gorge and seen in the uncertain light. And the increased stillness of the night awakened every echo of the roaring, tumbling river, which at times seemed to call with almost human tones, as if the mermaids had arisen from the never-found bottom of the three mysterious pools, or the gnomes had issued from the wonderful "caves of the winds," and "of the Bats," both of which were within gunshot of my wild couch. Did you ever, on a summer's day, lie upon the grass in a quiet grove, or on the brow of a cliff, and listen to the purling of a stream, or a water fall? And have you not been often startled by the sound of talking, whispering, voices calling to you? I have. Many times in the Pink Bed Valley, while sitting by the side of the mountain brooks, noisy as a mill wheel, I have suddenly sprung to my feet imagining I heard the sound of talking, or a distant halloo; although I knew there were probably none but my companion and Mr. Pack's people within half a score of miles!

So on this midnight, the ever-changing roar of the maddened river, as it plunged over, or swept around, or leaped down upon, its innumerable rocky barriers, seemed full of human tones and was all the lovelier because of them. Yet had I been well I should have enjoyed the solitude and grandeur of the spot; for such scenes and surroundings have ever had a fascination for me.

Morning found me really ill, and greatly enfeebled. By painful effort I walked five miles; then fell as before, and for hours lay in a comatose condition, barely con-

scious of my situation. Subsequently I walked one or two miles farther to a deserted house near the road side, where I knew was a cool spring. Here I spent the day, seeing nothing, eating nothing, caring for nothing, unless it were an everlasting unconsciousness. Constant bathing of my head and saturating my hat, etc., etc., eventually revived me sufficiently for me to reach home a late hour in the night. Then, of course, I had proper care and soon recovered my physical health; though utterly broken down, and disheartened in prospects.

My father, who had all along wisely counselled me to study and acquire a profession, as the basis of my after career in life, now urged me to resume my studies, and I once more turned to Blackstone; though with not a great deal of confidence in the future either of my studies, or myself. I spent the entire day, week, and month, poring over my books. But chiefly as one who busies himself in solving intricate arithmetical problems—to shut out all else! During the entire fall and winter, I led an hermit-life, rarely if ever leaving the premises, and not more than once or twice going down town. Many of the villagers were scarcely aware that I was at home. I never have possessed the qualities of a loafer, and nothing is more disagreeable to me than to be thrown with people in whom I have no special interest, nor they in me. I had many warm and true friends in Rutherfordton, but I had no business intercourse with them, and there is little visiting socially among families in small towns, exclusive of the “courting” candidates, one of which I happened not to be. Doubtless I was wrong, here, as at Asheville, not to go about among the people more frequently; but Nature is Nature, and mine was always indisposed for general society. Not that I am unsocial, or “stuck up” (as the word goes!), for I am very anxious to have friends, and meet them often. Still one cannot visit, and frolic, and ‘loaf’, without wasting time which I always find less of than I can use. So, all the winter I kept to my books.

I, however, found time to engage in certain Editorial duties, in a quiet way.

CHAPTER SIXTH

The Holden-Kirk Outrages

During the Summer and Fall, while the events hereinbefore mentioned were transpiring, the political world had been strangely, seriously stirred. To comprehend the extraordinary condition of things in North Carolina at that time it will be necessary to revert to the history of the Republican Party during the previous demi-decade.

If Holdenism had before been dominant and arbitrary in the State, Holdenism, and carpet-baggery now became rampant, insolent, utterly lawless! Holden's inaugural address on the 4th of July, 1868, was remarkable for the arbitrary spirit of nearly all its principal recommendations. He urged the Legislature to strengthen the military and executive arms of the government! A special session was called for the purpose on the 7th of August, 1868; six weeks after the new government assumed the reins, a bill was passed organizing an armed "force to be known as the Detailed Militia of North Carolina". A company was at once raised and equipped, under the command of "Capt." R. T. Bosher, formerly of the Yankee Army. On the 17th of November, Governor Holden, in his first annual message, announced the arming of this band, and urged that greater efficiency be given to the military department; though obliged to admit that peace and quietness prevailed.

On the 19th day of February, 1869, the governor obtained the passage of a bill granting him unlimited power to employ secret agents, or spies. The effect of this bill was to fill the state with eavesdroppers, spies, and informers; supplemented by false accusation and perjury. The latitude granted placed the vaults of the Treasury at the free disposal of the Governor, who was thus enabled to support a legion of personal minions, absolutely unscrupulous in doing his will. Party feeling ran very

high. The wealth and intelligence of the State with scarcely a single exception, stood in one rank; the ignorance, vice, cunning, and rapacity in another. A gulf yawned between, so wide, bottomless, and stifling, that no one could think to exist therein; he must leap entirely over, or sink from view. No decent man could hesitate on which side to array himself. Ninety thousand negroes, brutal by nature, debased by habit, and inflamed to arrogant swaggering by the scheming tricksters both State and National, who had vested them with the full privileges of citizenship with cold-blooded design to use them for purposes of robbery and oppression, constituted the "Party of Progress, and Moral Ideas"—so-called; though the real control of this formidable body of men—oath bound in secret Leagues, and still more firmly shackled by race-prejudices — was in the hands of a small number of shrewd demagogues and Place-men, under the leadership of Holden and John Pool, and composed chiefly of Carpet-baggers, who had followed the "Bummer" Sherman into the State, and were left here as driftwood after the army disbanded in 1865, or had drifted down from the North, on the principle of buzzards congregating at a carcass.

In March 1869, the Governor despatched his armed myrmidons to occupy Alamance county.

On the 24th of March an exciting scene was transpiring in Raleigh as briefly outlined in the following extract from an editorial in the *Wilmington Journal*:

A party of men consisting of Joseph W. Holden, Speaker of the House of Representatives, various employees, and officers of the State Government (all Radical) and others, met Josiah Turner (Editor of the *Sentinel*) at the depot and in a body assaulted him. Mr. Turner's (having been warned by telegraph) coolness, and his pistol saved his life. The parties were arrested and carried before the Mayor (Republican at that time); and the Governor who appeared of his own accord, avowed his previous

knowledge of the conspiracy to make the assault, and his endorsement of all that had been done. The Mayor ordered him to keep quiet, which he utterly refused to do. He could not be silenced, nor was he punishment for *contempt of Court* (openly defying the legal authorities!) A few nights thereafter an attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Turner by shooting him through the window, near which he sat writing. This time his life was saved by change of direction of the ball caused by its passing through the glass and window slat. This was within thirty [yards] of the Court House, and during Court Week, yet neither the Judge nor the Jury took any notice of the occurrence.

It need scarcely be added the Governor, nor any of his corps of spies and armed minions, made any effort to discover the perpetrators of these repeated acts of attempted atrocity. How different would have been the case had a Radical editor, official, or prominent party leader been thus harassed!

On the 10th of April ('69) the "Carpet-bagger Conclave"—called by custom the "Legislature"—passed an act making it a felony punishable with five and ten years in the Penitentiary for using a deadly weapon—a walking cane, or stout hickory stick, being regarded as "weapons" in the sight of the law. The aim of this act was to allow the negroes, and Leaguers, free license of speech and act; undeterred by the risk of severe usage which alone kept them within bounds. Of course the sheriffs, solicitors, and judges, being all of the same partisan school, stood ready to shield any party friend taken in the toils of this Bill. Or, if convicted, the governor need but fill up a blank pardon to free him. Whereas it was easy to capture any number of Democrats under the devices of the Bill—construed by the League judges.

Two days later (April 12th) the Carpet-baggers passed two Bills aimed in the same direction. One made it a felony to go upon the highways in disguise; and gave any man the right to shoot down disguised persons,

whether they were molesting him, or merely passing along the road.¹ Under this Bill it was easy to murder a Democratic adversary, and having thrown a veil over his head, or smutched his face, to pretend he was fired upon because of his disguise.

In June, '69, Holden without a preliminary proclamation, as required by law, marched his minions to occupy Jones and Lenoir counties. He also subjected Wake county to the same military occupation. The armed heel was everywhere felt yet everywhere the State was at peace; the civil authorities unresisted!

On the 20th of October, Holden issued a formal proclamation threatening to declare the counties of Lenoir, Jones, Orange and Chatham in a state of rebellion. Adding Caswell, Alamance, and Wake, we find almost one third of the State exposed to the Governor's maledictions, and treated as rebellious serfs; though not an instance of resistance to the (Republican) civil authorities could be named, and not the slightest disposition to "rebel," or defy the court could be mentioned. The Governor's arbitrary acts, be it remembered, were as illegal as the acts of "wild Justice," he pretended to suppress. He declared—"there is and has been for some months past a feeling of insubordination and insurrection, inasmuch that many good citizens are put in terror for their lives and property." This was false, but even if true, it was not insurrection. Webster defines insurrection as rising in mass to oppose the civil authorities. Nothing of this kind was done. No process of law was obstructed or interfered with.

Ten days after Holden's proclamation, (Oct. 30), there appeared in his son's paper, the *Raleigh Standard*, an editorial avowedly written by the Governor, referring to the proclamation, justifying it, and asserting that he had the right to declare any county to be in a state of insurrection, and that the effect of such proclamation

¹This provision was in the bill as introduced, but was struck out prior to its passage.

would be to "suspend" *all civil Law*, as it was suspended in 1865."

This doctrine would subject the entire authority of the governments and the courts, to the governor's whim; for with "all civil law suspended," and the governor's minions absolutely at his beck—wherein should the outraged citizen look for redress!

On the 16th of Nov., '69, the Governor, in his second annual message to the Legislature, renewed his demand for more military power, complaining that the present "militia laws" were defective, unsuited for prompt handling of the power vested in the Governor, etc., etc. During the month which succeeded, Holden employed all his agents, and influences to work up party bitterness, and secure an enlargement of his authority under pretence of suppressing Ku Kluxism.

On the 16th of December, Holden, having arranged his schemes, sent in a special message, insisting upon an amendment of the militia laws, to give him a semblance of legal authority for certain violent measures he had concocted.

The response—or the pretended sequence of what was a fully pre-arranged plan—was the introduction, *that very afternoon*, of a bill evermore to be characterized as the "infamous Shoffner Bill." It gave the Governor unlimited powers—authorizing him to declare any county in a state of insurrection, and under martial law. The authorship of the Shoffner bill is now generally fixed upon John Pool, then the scalawag U. S. Senator from North Carolina, and the most virulent of the renegades who sold themselves for office. It is understood that Pool drafted the Bill, and in conjunction with Genl. Abbott, his Carpet-bagger colleague, presented it to the Republican caucus of the National Senate, which adopted it, and commended its adoption by the "Carpet-baggers conclave," in our State Capitol. The measure was also endorsed by the caucus of the House of Representatives, who were addressed in its advocacy by "Beast," F. Butler!

Pool stated in Raleigh that the scheme was subsequently discussed by a full meeting of Grant's Cabinet. Of this more.

The Bill was resisted by the Conservative members of the Legislature, and was denounced by the press in vehement language. Many papers declared it were far better to be under a Federal military government than Holden's cut-throat "Detailed Militia," and army of spies and detectives. A carpet-bagger Senator from Johnston County declared in insolent terms that the reason the Republicans would adopt the Bill was that persons accused, (hinting at the Democrats) could be *drum-head court martialed and shot!*

In the House of Representatives, an amendment, using the very words of the Constitution, declaring that the military should be subordinate to the civil power, was voted down ruthlessly.

On the 29th of January, 1870, the Shoffner Bill was enacted! The debate thereon had been very exasperating to the white people of the State; and the announcement of its passage stirred a resentment hitherto unknown.

Shoffner, the introducer of the Bill, was an appropriate tool for the foul work. The following biography of the man—uttered by a member of the constitutional convention, on the floors of the Capitol, and never contradicted, will suffice for the present.

"Shoffner was a resident of Guilford during the war. His uncle had a favorite slave to die, and was decently interred. Shoffner went in the night, and played the hyena at the grave, dug up the corpse, and boiled it in the sheet-iron trough in which he was making sorghum molasses for the Confederate soldiers; boiled off the flesh, and threw it on the ground: then sold the skeleton to Dr. Holton for \$30 in Confederate shinplasters! For this act of brutality he was indicted in Guilford Court, and confessed his guilt by paying a cost and leaving the county. Like Stephens, he became a Radical Senator and a tool of Holden's, ready to execute his designs for op-

pressing our people. Shoffner could not draft a bill, but he could rob a negro's grave," etc.

On the 7th of March, Holden declared the county of Alamance in a state of insurrection, and the Governor's appointee, a carpet-bagger named Albion W. Tourgee, refused to hold court, though in no way molested, or interfered with.

A detachment of Federal Troops, procured by Holden marched into the county, and remained there until April 30th, affiliating privately with the citizens, who were as peaceable as any in the State. Indeed it was understood that the governor was greatly enraged at the Federals because of their unwillingness to be used as tools to oppress the unoffending citizens. After the removal of the military, Alamance presented the singular spectacle of being constructively in "a state of rebellion" without having a soldier.

The opening of the summer's campaign for the state election (on the [first] Thursday in August) was unfortunately the source of still greater usurpations by the Holden Dynasty. Many signs pointed to the deep disgust and resentment of the people at the villainy, and wholesale robberies of the carpet-baggers' administration, and made apparent the certainty of a mighty political deluge that should sweep away the whole combination, unless the popular will should be pinioned with the bayonet. Two years of Radical misrule, depleting the state treasury at the rate of ten or twenty millions a year, and paying brutalized, ignorant negro field-hands \$10 a day,¹ and many perquisites, including mileage, and railroad passes, to make insulting and tyrannical "legislation" — so-called,—two years of this sort of villainy had wrought a not unnatural revolution in public sentiment.

Holden, having his spies, and *Standard* office reporters in every community, was not slow to see the drift of things; and with Brownlow's brutalities for a model, his entire efforts were directed towards the enslavement of the people.

¹ The pay was actually \$7 per day.

On the 10th of March, 1870, he wrote to President Grant, as follows:—"If Congress would authorize *the suspension* by the President, of *the writ of habeas corpus* in certain localities, and if criminals could be arrested, tried before *military tribunals* [every body knows what *that* means] *and shot*, we should soon have peace and order throughout the country."

Of course, with this privilege at his hand, there would be not a moment's delay in making "criminals" of a large number of prominent Democratic leaders, who could be "*arrested, tried before military tribunals, and—*(acquitted? No indeed!)—*SHOT!*"

Four days later, Holden wrote to the Members of Congress (all Radicals) as follows: "I have called on the President for aid, [yet he had any number of Federal troops at his beck!] but he is restricted by the right of the writ of *habeas corpus*. *We want Military Tribunals* by which assassins and *murderers* can be *summarily* tried and *SHOT!* [Always "wanting" power to shoot!] We cannot have these tribunals unless the President is authorized to suspend the *habeas corpus* in certain localities."

Three days later he wrote the Carpet-bagger Senator Abbott, "*We have Federal troops*, but we want the power to act [meaning despotic power to "arrest and—shoot!"] Is it possible the government will abandon *loyal people* to be whipped and to be hanged? *The habeas corpus should at once be suspended.*"

John Pool, who was perfectly cognizant of the designs of the Raleigh conspirators, made a speech in the Senate advocating an amendment offered by Senator Drake, one of Grant's facile tools, a measure "whose efficacy" said Pool, "consisted in the feature that the writ of *habeas corpus* may be suspended, and that when the Military make arrests they shall not be compelled to turn the offender [meaning the Democratic victims of their malevolence] over to the civil authorities, [though those authorities were all Radical, from the Justice of Peace to the Governor.]

Senator Abbott made a long speech advocating the same measure.

It seemed, however, that Congress was slow, and the opening of the State canvass demanded more energetic action. Quite unsatisfactorily for the Holdenites, the presence of the Federal troops in Alamance, and the persuasions of the cooler-headed citizens brought about an almost entire cessation of disturbances of any sort, throughout the State. Holden saw that this meant the utter overthrow of the Republican Party at the ensuing election; and all the consequences resulting therefrom. Daily he was in receipt of letters, and papers, showing the great importance of keeping North Carolina in Radical traces, as she would cast her vote three months in advance of the remainder of the Union at the next Presidential election, and to lose her opening gun was to incur moral loss at both sections.

Repeated discussion resulted in but one conclusion, that the wide latitude procured by the John Pool-Shoffner Bill must be used to create a reign of terror by arresting and hanging leading Democrats. It was believed that this would not only cause thousands of Democrats to go into retirement, but would also so intimidate thousands of others that they would either come over to the Republicans, or absent themselves from the polls. Unfortunately the growing quietude of the country left no sort of pretext for sending forth the "arresting—shooting" legions. Hon. Montford McGehee, in his widely-celebrated oration upon the life and character of Ex-Governor William A. Graham, makes allusion to the condition of the State at that time. "The events (hereinafter to be mentioned) occurred in the midst of profound peace. The courts held three regular sessions at the appointed times in the counties of Alamance and Caswell and the processes of law ran unobstructed to every part of those counties. Political proscription there was none. The party of which the Governor was the head held undisputed sway in those counties. The negroes voted at pleasure for the object of their choice," etc.

All this was not as the Holdenites would have it. It left no excuse or palliation for arbitrary "arrests—and shooting." There was but one way to obtain such excuse: a startling act of violence upon a well known Republican must be procured. It were better still if the sufferer from so-called "Rebel-Democrat-Ku Klux"—outrage were a negro; even Democrats, at the North [would] be enraged at the deed! But how to effect this outrage? And who should be the victim? Fortune favored the plotters. The "Senator" from Caswell was a very ignorant negro,¹ of bad character already arraigned in the courts of Rockingham county, for stealing chickens, and by reason thereof generally known as "Chicken Stephens," the property of Thomas Ratcliff, of Wentworth. He confessed his guilt and deposited his gun and watch with the Sheriff to pay costs, and left the county. He had been very talkative and ridiculous in the "Legislature", but his tirades, and silly frothiness, hardly aroused the resentment of the whites, who were disposed to look on the behavior of "Chicken" and "Archibess ob Grabity" Cary (another darkey) as a burlesque on the Carpet-baggers and the only amusing feature of the situation. The Republicans, on the other hand, saw how discreditable—"just for the looks of the thing"—were such colleagues, and were very willing to get rid of them on any terms. Here then was the victim—a man without friends or character, "but a 'leading colored Republican'"—and by a lucky accident, actually living in the middle of the recently perturbed District. "Chicken" was the very fellow to make a victim of! Possibly the plotters meant to go no further than to whip and mutilate fearfully, which would answer almost as well for the "arresting-shooting" excuse. If this was the original design it must have been accidentally changed through too much resistance on the part of Stephens, or perhaps he discovered his assailants, thereby sealing his doom. It is more than probable that his murderers were men of his own color. Stephens was very

¹In his discussion of the Stephens case Shotwell makes an absurd and inexcusable blunder, since Stephens was a white man.

vain, and had become intensely conceited by his election as Senator. At first docile, and obedient to Holden, he became fidgety and talked of "kicking the traces."

The editor of the *Daily Sentinel* (July 4, 1870), says—"An ignorant negro member of the Caswell League complained to Holden once grand President of the League, that Stephens was "ruining the party." The grand President said—"We must get clear of Stephens."

On the 21st of May, 1870, Holden obtained his excuse for using the powers of the Shoffner Bill. A startling "outrage" was reported from Caswell county. "Chicken" Stephens was suddenly "missing;" then "found"—stabbed and garroted in the very center of the village, in the very abode of the judicial authorities—almost directly under the seat of the judge and jury when they were in session! The affair naturally produced wild excitement, and among the Democrats a feeling of *dismay*: for few could doubt that the murder had been done for political ends; and had a disastrous significance. The facts of the bloody deed are thus recorded. On the 21st day of May, 1870, the Democratic-Conservative County convention for Caswell met in the court house at Yanceyville. The court room proper, in which the meeting convened, was upon the 2nd story, the clerks, registers, and other county officers having rooms on the first, or ground floor. The convention sat for several hours; adjourning about three P. M. No unusual feeling was displayed either in the meeting or outside. Stephens went into the convention as a spectator, and may have swaggered somewhat; on this point there is no evidence. A large crowd of negroes were in town, and hung around the court house in an unaccountable manner; not going inside, but standing about the windows, and along the lower walls, outside. This fact should be borne in mind, because these negroes would have noticed any *strange white men* passing out of the building.

After the adjournment of the meeting the greater number of the farmers mounted their horses, and re-

turned to their distant homes. By 4 P. M. the village—a mere hamlet—was almost entirely deserted by the outside white element who had come to attend the Convention; but there were still a large crowd of negroes around the Court House, (they as usual in the country not leaving for home until sunset or later. Stephens was quite busy caucusing with the negroes in the central passage running through the ground floor of the court house (as is usual in our state court houses) into which the offices of the county officials opened. One of these offices or rooms, was unoccupied. It had formerly been used by the Freedmen's Bureau agent, who, on retiring from the village left half a cord of split fire wood piled in one corner. The door, and single window, were kept securely fastened; and the key was kept by Mr. Norfleet, a merchant residing near. Stephens was last seen, about 4 P. M., (after nearly all the white men had left town or the court house) standing in the middle passage, not far from the door of the "unused room," talking and gesticulating to one or more negroes. At a later hour, probably near sunset, a considerable commotion was raised among the negroes by the cry that "Chicken" was missing. And here is a suggestive point; how came the negroes to take up the idea of violent making away with Stephens after only about an hour's absence, when it was well known that Chicken made midnight raids of an amatory, and predatory nature and might be anywhere in the neighborhood enjoying himself? It looks as if there had been a suspicious hint given to raise the alarm, cause a search, and perhaps find his body while the crowds of negroes were still in town, and might be worked up to violence against the Democrats; thus increasing the "need" (?) for "troops."

At all events the alarm was soon raised, and about dusk a self-constituted committee searched the court house building thoroughly, or pretended to do so. They also organized an armed guard (all negroes) which was posted around the outside of the building all night, preventing ingress or egress. They heard no noises of any

kind, nor saw any one. Next morning about — o'clock a negro climbed up to the outside of the window of the "unused room" and, looking through a broken pane, discovered Stephens lying upon the pile of wood, stiff and ghastly, with throat cut, and a rope around his neck! There were also two stabs in his breast! The alarm was given and the door broken open; it was locked and thumbbolted on the inside and the window was down. Remember that the negro crowd were around the window all day, and the negro guard at night. Yet blood was traced upon the window sill, and upon a dry goods box under the window; and there was comparatively little blood in the room.

Calvin Miles, a negro servant of Mr. Norfleet, made oath that on the morning of the murder he got the key of the "Unused Room" (as he frequently did) and went for an armful of the split-wood left by the Bureau Agent. He testified, that he took two armfuls that morning, re-locked the door, and returned the key to Norfleet's clerk. But other testimony declared that the door was seen *open at noon of that day*. And the unreliability of Calvin's evidence was shown by the fact that after he had *sworn twice* (being cautioned by the counsel to think carefully, and remember he was on oath) that *he was by himself when he went for the wood*, another colored man, Jerry Poteat (whose character for truth was better than that of Miles) testified that he went with Calvin that morning after wood—that he "toted" the second "turn" himself, and that if Calvin locked the door, or ever returned the key to any one, he must have done it secretly, as he (Poteat) was with him all the morning afterwards.

W. H. and J. M. Stephens, brothers of the deceased, united in a letter to the Raleigh *Sentinel* dated June 2nd, 1870, (two weeks after the murder), declaring that they had no idea who committed the deed—that the Democratic citizens had shown throughout a commendable zeal in endeavoring to ferret out the guilty party, and that the evidence at the inquest *satisfied them beyond a doubt* of the innocence of certain prominent individuals

(Ku Klux) at first suspected of some agency in the affair. Indeed almost all the inquiry ever made was by the Democrats.

As for the Republicans, they indulged in a good deal of talk, but made no special effort to ascertain the facts. Holden's pimp, Joseph G. Hester, the murderer of Andrews on board the Steamer Sumter, at Gibraltar, pretended to make an examination, and there were one or two other detectives out; but it is generally believed they tried to hide, and destroy traces of the real perpetrators rather than hunt them. And now comes a piece of History of a surprising character. On the 27th of Sept., 1876, the *Raleigh News* published a report of a conversation with Major John W. Scott of Haywood, Chatham County, repeating the substance of a conversation with Rev. C. T. Bailey, editor of the *Raleigh Recorder*, the Baptist organ of the State. Mr. Bailey declared that Ex-Governor Holden had on several occasions¹ admitted to him that the Republicans were responsible for the murder of Chicken Stephens, and assigning as the cause thereof, that Stephens had made himself obnoxious to the party by his waywardness and obstinacy, and his threats of exposing the workings of the Party. That it was at that time doubtful whether the Grant men could carry North Carolina, and as the effect of the loss would lose other states, it was absolutely necessary to keep up the "Bloody shirt" issue at all hazards.

There was much more in the interview relating to general politics; but of this I will speak hereafter. Governor Holden had become "converted;" professing extreme penitence; and was on his way to the Baptist State Convention at Fayetteville when the conversation occurred. Mr. Bailey declared that he had afterward visited Holden at his own house, and had conversed to the same effect: Holden almost shedding tears as he reiterated his sorrow and penitence for all the past.

The publication of this interview forced Mr. Bailey, on his return to the city after a brief absence to make a public statement in the newspapers, viz:—

¹ This was incorrect, Mr. Bailey having mentioned only one occasion.

“In reference to the death of Stephens I understand from him (Governor Holden) that the Republican party had much to do with that crime; that the prosecution of those who were charged with it was discontinued because testimony was either elicited or about to be elicited which would implicate or criminate prominent members of the Republican party; that these fears were awakened in part by the discovery of the coil from which the rope was cut which was found on the neck of the murdered man.”

It is said that a strong pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Bailey to induce him to hush up the matter, and put as mild a construction as possible upon his recollections of the conversation owing to the fact of Governor Holden's professions of a “change of heart,” his active participation in church work, and the personal relations then existing between Holden and leading church people. Mr. Bailey, however, had no intention of allowing his word to be denied, and controverted; therefore published the “card” from which the foregoing extract is quoted—although, as is seen he endeavored to leave all possible loopholes, and indefiniteness, for the benefit of the notorious brother, who now professed penitence—though secretly intriguing as wickedly as ever.

It is barely possible that the negro (Stephens) was assassinated by enemies among his own race; it is a fact that he had numerous “mortal enemies” among the Caswell negroes, and there are many things pointing to them. He was last seen talking with a negro, and after nearly all but negroes had left the Court House. From the lack of blood on the floor, it would seem that the murder was committed elsewhere, and the body conveyed into the room through the window, as there were traces of blood on the window. These may, however, have been dropped by the murderers as they escaped from the room. But a gang of negroes loafed around the window all the day, and at night the guard surrounded the whole Court House.

CHAPTER SEVENTH

Eruption of the Klan in Rutherford.

Mention has been already made of the prominence acquired in the Radical Councils, by one George W. Logan, a small pettifogger of Rutherfordton, who by unscrupulous use of the Red-String organization, pandering to the deserters and skulkers on one side, and working upon the selfish fears of ignorant property owners on the other, had secured his election to the Confederate Congress; and by promptly turning his coat after the War, had made himself the High-Priest of Republicanism in all the western portion of North Carolina. In return for his services, he demanded and obtained the nomination as "*Superior Court Judge of the 9th District*," a position for which he was hardly more fit than a donkey. Indeed his donkeyish characteristic—ignorance, selfishness and blind stubbornness—caused the epithet to attach to him; and he is known to this day as "Donkey Logan." As regards his *capacity* for the Judgeship it must suffice, here, to say that in a formal petition signed regardless of politics (including the names of General R. Barringer, and Nat Boyden, W. P. Bynum—now of the Supreme Court) the Legislature was urged to remove him from his seat, in the interest of justice, and decency. Scores of his decisions were appealed from and afterwards reversed by the Supreme Court—notwithstanding its political leanings towards Logan—and his political speeches became the laughing-stock of all men of intelligence even in his own party.

But it is not of the *ignorant* Judge, but the partisan, partial and embittered tool of a corrupt Party that we must behold him. He had made himself so obnoxious to the people (I mean the real substantial people, of any standing, and influence) that he was shunned, pointed at, hated, by some a little feared, by others bitterly de-

nounced, and was a source of discord wherever known. Prior to the war he had been a slave-owner, and one of the hardest "drivers" of his slaves, in the whole region—having quite a reputation for severity. Yet, when negro suffrage became a fixed fact, no man could vie with him in disgusting familiarity with Cuffee. As an illustration, he formerly owned a negro named Nelson—known as "Nelse Logan," whom he ill-treated in various ways, and one day picked up a musket to kill. Nelse fled, and was seen no more until after the War. He had been expecting an outbreak with his brutal master; therefore had prepared a refuge by digging a secret cellar (4 feet square, beneath the floor of the cabin occupied by his wife, on the plantation of Adam Alexander, Logan's brother-in-law. Here, for nearly four years he lay concealed during the day-time, except when roaming in the woods, being fed and provided for by his faithful wife. Had he been caught he would have been nearly beaten to death by Logan, and probably sold off to some far Southern State. But Nelse survived, and by virtue of his sufferings, became a person of note among his colored "compatriots;" so Logan without ado forgave Nelse, and took him as an associate and co-worker in the cause of Radicalism. To gratify the negro's vanity and keep him from claiming a *paying* place he caused his election as one of the "school commissioners" for the township, and an "alderman" of Rutherfordton, defeating intelligent white men for both positions, and naturally enraging the decent people, who had not yet learned to think with equanimity of a "big buck negro," devoid of any qualifications, controlling *their* town and *schools*. Logan knew how he was hated, and being a man of violent passions, joined to great vanity of a certain sort, so resented the contemptuous slights put upon him in a social way that he could never make a public speech, without giving vent to his spleen. . . . Naturally these things created intense indignation in the country, and it became a common thing to hear the wish that the Ku Klux would come and clear out the whole nest of Mongrels.

This bitterness was especially strong among those who had suffered in person or property, from Logan's partizan decisions. Of these decisions, it is enough to state that during the first two years of his Judicial service; on a salary of \$2,500 per annum, he lifted himself from virtual bankruptcy to affluence, acquiring some sort of title to no less than fifteen tracts of land, (small farms of above 100 acres, each) eight town lots, two hotels, store-houses, and lawyer's offices (several), his family residence, etc., with considerable railroad stock, etc., etc.

Instances of Logan's judicial partizanship are so numerous that my mind hesitates which to select—since only a few can be given here. One day a Democrat named Walters came in town to some public meeting and when about to start home, invited, (or was going by) N. B. Hampton, Sheriff of Polk County (and several times elected to the Legislature) and a man named Chas. Bradley to join him in a social glass. As they stood at the bar, one of the two scalawags asked Walters what were his politics. "I am a Conservative; and always mean to be." "Then I'll whip you!"—cried the other; and fell upon Walters, who was knocked down, and dragged into the gutter outside, Hampton and some negroes holding him down, while he was being brutally beaten with a slung-shot. His head was literally a mass of jelly; and only the closest attention of Drs. Rucker and Harris saved his life,—which hung as upon a thread for several days. Remember that one of the participants in the *unprovoked* assault was the sworn *peace officer* of the adjacent county; only, they were political accomplices of the presiding judge.

Logan's sentence was a \$5 *fine* on the *Sheriff* and \$10 *fine* on Bradley! Yet this assault with a deadly weapon was a *Penitentiary offence*! A few weeks later a 13-year-old boy—the son of a poor widow living near Rutherfordton—was fined \$15—for what? For the crime of half-playfully striking a negro-woman (a crabbed old hag, who had been squabbling with the child) *with a switch, a peach-tree sprout*, which could not possibly

have done more than sting for a moment; and, however, rude, was not a matter for *court notice*. Mark the difference—the child to pay \$15, the Sheriff to pay \$5—though one had nearly murdered a peaceable citizen, while the other had merely switched his old “Auntie,” but the boy’s mother was the widow of a Conservative, and held her husband’s views still. Another case equally as significant occurred soon afterwards.

A low, intemperate character, named Hawkins (who was afterwards killed at a camp-meeting on Sunday by one of his card-playing comrades) went to the house of young Covington, and finding him absent, pushed his way insolently into Mrs. C.’s bed-room and greatly frightened her by threats against her husband—remaining for more than an hour cursing and storming around the house. When Covington returned a few days later Hawkins again came over, and abused him shamefully, despite the young man’s repeated statement that he was weak and sickly and didn’t want to fight. When about to leave, Hawkins on the outside of the fence picked up a rock, and without the least provocation knocked Covington senseless on his own door sill. The youth was severely injured, but when he recovered, and one day learned that Hawkins had passed, he went with his brother-in-law, Hord, to “have it out” with his abuser. In the fight which ensued Hawkins was badly pummelled: though not at all seriously. The case came before Logan at the next term of court; and after an abundance of sworn evidence showing that Covington and Hord were quiet and inoffensive persons of respectability, while Hawkins was a quarrelsome, drunken rowdy, Logan fined the two first named \$100, each; and let the latter go unpunished! The explanation is—the two decent men were Democrats; Hawkins was a shining light of the League. Remember that these Democrats were fined one hundred dollars apiece for thrashing a scoundrel who had abused and insulted their wife and sister, and nearly killed one of them; whereas *Sheriff* Hampton and Chesterfield

Bradley, after nearly murdering a man without a sign of provocation were let off with \$5 and \$10!

Was it surprising that men scoffed at such a Court, and refused to sustain it!

Another case: Wade Price, a disreputable negro was convicted of *habitually* selling liquor without license; Logan let him loose on payment of costs—he being a good Leaguer.

Next term, Hendricks, a one-legged soldier, was convicted of having sold a half-pint of corn whiskey without license; Logan sentenced him to pay \$25 *fine, and lie thirty days in jail!*

Hendricks had the misfortune to be a white man and Conservative. Capt. P. Durham boldly attacked Logan and contrasted his two decisions in such a light, that Hendricks got off the imprisonment.

Logan, however, was not an exception to the class of Judges elevated to the seat of Justice by the Mongrel campaign of 1868, when the 80,000 freedmen, bound and nose-ringed by the midnight-meeting Leagues, were made the stepping-stone to power of some of the vilest elements that ever figured in the political annals of any nation, or country.

The future historian of North Carolina will at the year 1866, turn his page to begin a new chapter entitled the “Epoch of the Scalawag and the Carpet-bagger—1866-1873.” How sadly will he investigate the causes which brought these vermin into power, and sigh as he is forced to portray the ruin and desolation they wrought! And he will find little difficulty in tracing the fact that it was through a drunken and corrupt judiciary that the Old North State received her most serious stab: for her sons have ever been a law-abiding, conservative people, who could not relax that habitual veneration for the Bench, which was an hereditary tradition among them, without serious injury.

But they could not long retain respect for the judicial ermine when its wearers had not enough of self-respect to keep out of the gutter—out of the mire of politics—out

of the cess-pool of corruption. No Logan was not an exception! Chief Justice Pearson, himself, was often seen reeling on the Bench, with bleary eyes and maudlin tongue, and more than once reclining in drunken stupor in his pew in church. He was an able man—the ablest of even the old *regime*—but his love for *place* caused him to surrender his manhood to the dictates of political demagoguery and outrage. The day he returned answer that the “Judiciary is exhausted,” when told that cut-throat Kirk, minion of W. W. Holden, had torn in pieces, and thrown under foot his writ of *habeas corpus*, saying contemptuously that such proceedings were played out—that day, I say, Richmond M. Pearson fell below the respect of every true son of North Carolina. But Pearson was not so bad after all. Think of Judge E. W. Jones resigning to escape impeachment for drunkenness and indecent exposure of his person in the street—resigning actually after articles of impeachment were preferred against him. Think of another, Judge Watts—known as “Greasy Sam”—openly charged with taking a \$5,000 bribe, and finally resigning after a legislative committee had been appointed to impeach him! Think of another judge, (Henry) too drunk to hear an *habeas corpus* case and often connected with low stories of debauchery and intrigue! Think of another judge (Tourgee) publicly kicked in the streets, and another time thrashed in the cars, by men of his own political creed, for offenses not necessary to state! Think of another judge (Cannon) issuing two separate judgments for the same sum, and same process, one against a defendant and the other against his securities, so that if *both should be collected* the debt of \$2,500 would be twice paid! (This order by the way was asked for and procured by another—judge—the immortal G. W. Logan himself. Think of another judge (Cloud) fighting on the street with men of his own party (Editor of the *Winston Republican*) and shocking good manners and good morals wherever he holds court! Cloud is even yet the laughing-stock of the

State; being known as “Old *Thar now!*” And so goes on the list!

Is it strange—or remarkable—that with such a Judiciary the people should lose confidence in the Courts?

Another eminent source of discontent was the scandalous abuse of the pardoning power of the Governor. A Loyal Leaguer might commit any crime, and if he failed to escape from jail by the connivance of the Radical officials—failed to escape from the courts by perjury on the part of his League friends, or League Chief on the Bench—failed to escape by the stubborn adherence to his cause by some League member of the jury—as a last, but *unfailing* resort—the League governor issued his pardon—sending the crime-stained “brother” back among the people to gratify his malice by burning the barns or houses or raping the daughters of those who had taken most active interest in his prosecution.

For instance a big buck negro raped a 14-year-old white girl of worthy parentage on the Cleveland County line—using a knife to frighten her with other circumstances of horrible outrage—and notwithstanding the fact that three other cases of rape had occurred within not more than a dozen miles of this one, during the past 10 months—the governor pardoned the black brute! Is it surprising that the neighbors laid wait to slay him as they would a mad dog, prowling in their vicinity?

Judge Henry, at Henderson Court, sentenced three negroes and a white man to the Penitentiary for 5 and 10 years for an heinous crime. The sentence was very slight to begin with. The Sheriff with his prisoners passed through Rutherfordton *en route* for Raleigh; and before he returned, or at least before I saw him again—the negroes were back, boasting insolently that their friend “*de gub’ner done pard’n’d us out afore we git dar.*” And as these scoundrels were seen laughing and jesting with other darkeys it was easy to understand that they were telling their fellows how free they were to perpetrate any sort of crime or outrage—so long as the Governor was with them.

Judicial wrong, outrage, injustice, partizanry and degradation of the ermine, gradually bore fruit in growing disposition to take redress for the personal wrongs outside the courts, and to abandon the machinery of the laws altogether in dealing with social and political evils. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn," saith the scriptures; but the people are apt to diversify their mourning with attempts to right themselves. The White-Brotherhood of 1867-'68, had measurably disbanded in North Carolina, but was kept alive, and eventually re-organized in South Carolina by the Carpetbag and scalawag villainies that are now so well known in connection with the history of that state. In the Logan district of North Carolina—especially in the Western counties, where the "Chief of the Red Strings," as he was called, had almost autocratic political power, and used it as already outlined herein—in this district, I say, there was excessive bitterness, and mistrust of the Mongrel law-officers; all contributing to invite the introduction, or revival of the Klan.

As heretofore stated, a good many young men of Rutherford and Cleveland Counties, while trading in South Carolina became members of the Invisible Empire there prevailing and brought it back with them. The negro insurrection in York and Chester counties which produced so much excitement, and led to the guarding of Shelby and other towns gave an impetus thereto. Frequently these county lads, too often under the influence of liquor, would get together on a Saturday night, and have a frolic by riding around with masks over their faces, to leave a threatening notice at the door of some bad character, white or black, of the neighborhood, warning him, or her, that there must be a reform, or—trouble! Many social nuisances, such as whites living in concubinage with negroes, men accused of beating their wives, negroes who had been insolent to white ladies, etc., etc., were threatened in this way, and generally with good effect; for the visitors presented a very ghostly appearance, and sometimes returned a few nights later to make good

their threats by inflicting a severe dose of "Birch-bark" on the bare backs! And I here deliberately affirm, with the sanctity of an oath, that I never knew of, read of, or in any way heard of a single instance of punishment by the Ku Klux Klan that was not plainly and *unmistakably deserved* by the recipient. I challenge the world to prove that in North Carolina the Klan ever visited an house, or whipped, or otherwise interfered with a man or woman, whose moral character was above reproach, and who was an inoffensive, well meaning person! In this I say nothing about the right of the punishers to inflict the punishment—indeed, I must concede they were often acting illegally, but I can conscientiously declare that no man was ever molested for *political opinion's sake alone*; he must have been rascal as well as Radical. Radicalism and rascality became nearly synonymous in those days, especially in Western North Carolina, and the Ku Klux were young men of the respectable farmer class, and as these were almost all Democrats, and as the disreputable characters were to a man members of the Loyal League, Radical party—in consequence of which some of the reckless, half-intoxicated youths "on a raid" would be apt to cry—"Let us flog the thieving Red String" or "the D—d Black Republican"—it came about that the Klan was regarded as a Democratic organization, and at the last, was merged into a quasi-political society, or co-operating association—and just as most of the so-called "Brothers of Charity," "Pall Bearers," "Odd Fellows," among the negroes at present are really mere political organizations cleverly masked under the garb of Charity and Fraternity.

Unfortunately, the occasional night-riding of the young men in Rutherford was entirely informal and unauthorized by the Klan; hence was liable to run into excess and irregularities. By the constitution of the Order all raids were to be made the subject of careful deliberation and investigation to the end that perfect knowledge of the facts should be acquired, and injustice prevented. Moreover it soon came to pass that men

who were not members of the Klan—even many Radicals—put on disguises and pretending to be Ku Klux, visited the houses of their neighbors to revenge old scores, or perhaps to rob and pillage. An instance will appear in subsequent pages wherein a band of scalawags—Republican leaders—visited the house of a colored man, living with a white woman—and brutally murdered the family, burning the house over their bodies—supposing the dastardly deed would be instantly accredited to the Klan, as it had warned a large number of such miscegenationists that they must separate. Undoubtedly many of these irregular “raids” by small squads of Ku Klux were to avenge local feuds or personal malice. An illustration of this will be found in the “Pukey Biggerstaff” raid, of which a full description will be given hereafter. It is proper to say that all of the raids were not upon Radicals. Of the *two raids*, whereof I have definite information (though I had not the least connection with them), one was upon a white man and rather prominent Democrat for living with a negress.

“Come down by all means, to the Village Hotel this evening—Business of importance I assure you”—wrote Capt. Plato Durham to me one day during the week of Rutherford Court, about the last of March, 1871. Several verbal messages to the same effect had been received by me; but as heretofore stated I was busily engaged with Blackstone and “Greenleaf on Evidence,” and felt averse to mixing with the crowd always thronging the village during Court Week. Having a warm personal friendship for Capt. D., whom I had seen exhibiting the highest characteristics of manhood, strength, patriotism and honesty in the congressional campaign of the previous year, I repaired to the Hotel at the appointed hour, and found Messrs. H. D. Cabiness, H. D. Lee, Col. McAfee, Dr. H., Dr. —, and several younger men, convened in an informal conference.

“Of course you are one of us Shotwell”—said D. with a significant gesture, which I caught, and returned. Yet I was never formally sworn into the Klan—was never

initiated into any secret Society except the Temperance organization. From this fact may be seen the real character of the Klan; it was, like the Masonic order *secret only because secrecy is imposing to certain people*, and enables the order to work with less interference from outsiders. Nearly every respectable gentleman—every good citizen—had more or less knowledge of the Klan—though not an actual member—and many persons were virtually members by reason of being men whose character and steadfastness were above all doubt. They were frequently informed of the operations of the Order—either under seal of *Masonic-confidence*, or upon personal obligation of secrecy. Thus, though, I had never joined the Klan—nor taken its oaths—I was aware of the existence of the organization—knew its chiefs, its history, signs, insignia, and nearly all the formula. Accordingly I entered into the conversation without question, and was told the matters under discussion. It was in effect as follows: The irregular raiding of the small bands of country lads—mainly living near the South Carolina line—was producing great alarm and bringing discredit not only upon the Order, but also the Democratic Party, though in reality the Party nor the Order were at all responsible for them; and as these raids were prejudicial to the best interests of the County as well, it was thought best to take energetic measures to put a stop to them; and henceforth conduct the Order as it should be. I readily assented to these views, but thought it not so easy to rectify the evil now, as there was no organization to control the reckless young men; especially in the rural settlements. “That is just why we sent for you!”—quoth Durham—“We want you to take hold, and help to organize the county, so that some authority can be exerted over the wilder boys, and a system adopted that will discover any attempts of the Radicals to pay off their old scores, and make political capital as pretended Ku Klux.” It was decided to make me the “Grand Chief” of Rutherford and Polk counties, with arrangements to organize the scattered lodges (I use terms that will be

better understood than the Society's names) into a regular county organization, as in the other counties of N. C. It may be proper to state that the Constitution of the Order provided for a General Grand Chief for the whole South, a State Chief, in each State; a District Chief in Congressional Districts, and a County Chief in each County. The Chiefs had a Grand Council, composed of the Chiefs of all the subordinate or Local Lodges, to advise with him if desired, in important affairs. Col. McAfee was chief of Cleveland; Dr. Joe Graham—(afterwards Capt. C. E. Grier) was Chief of Gaston; Col. Ham C. Jones, in Mecklenburg; Maj. W. A. Graham in Catawba; Maj. A. C. Avery in Burke, etc., etc., etc.

The system never reached thorough organization, because in some parts of the State, there were no Loyal Leagues, consequently few, or no negro outrages; the laws were faithfully executed, and there was no call to use the Klan to supersede the court-machinery in the punishment of crimes, and the preservation of peace.

I strenuously objected to being saddled with so difficult and important service; the more so as I was quite young, and almost a stranger in Rutherford—outside of the village—and could not, therefore, have that knowledge of localities, and of persons, that was desirable to effect the desired objects. Besides I had no horse, and could not have the use of my father's stable oftener than once or twice a fortnight, etc., etc. These objections were privately overruled in a conversation with Durham, who assured me it was eminently necessary the irregularities should be checked, and that I was the one most able to exert a restraining influence over the country lads, because they knew me to be of a different class than themselves, and my political status was so well known as to give confidence, that I was advising for the best, in any case of disciplinary authority. Many other arguments not necessary to mention here, were privately adduced by Capt. Durham (who showed letters from prominent parties); with the effect,

added to the *softening* influence of rather frequent potations, of persuading me to accept the Grand Chieftainship, etc., etc.

They then returned to the conference, and subsequently the forms of an election were gone through with—making me High Priest, Grand High Cockolorum of the Cyclopiian Mogul's Bloodiest Den!, or "words to that effect."

As usual the gentry of the county were in town the greater portion of "Court Week"—permitting opportunities for largely increasing the membership of the Klan. Hundreds of the wealthiest and worthiest citizens of Rutherford and Polk, Cleveland and McDowell counties were soon in, singly and in groups, at the hotels, in the back room of Col. Huffmaster's store, and even in the court house. It was afterwards a source of amusement that, while the Red String-Loyal League Spouters, (Logan, Justice, Carpenter, etc.), were in the court chamber cursing and denouncing the Ku Klux, *one half*, perhaps, of their hearers were members of the Order, while in the clerk's rooms below there were other persons — driven by the violence of the League orators—performing ceremonies of induction into the Order. Very many of these citizens were sworn by me with only one or two witnesses, or with none at all; so that when the final breakup, and convulsion occurred they knew themselves to be safe so long as I should keep their secrets; and one would think they had remarkable confidence in my firmness and forbearance; since they never sent me a word of sympathy—never sought to alleviate my sufferings, nor even defended me from his traducers. Alas! in times of great danger, the selfishness of human nature becomes actual cowardice and shameless ingratitude.

I soon found I had undertaken a task beyond my capacity or possibly beyond all control and management. Owing to lack of organization the numbers of new members increased with amazing rapidity. It was like flames in a field of dry flax or like the scattering of thistle-down before a blast. Many of the young men who had

been admitted to the Order in Cleveland, or in South Carolina, professed to have authority to organize Lodges in their respective neighborhoods; and thus in a brief period, there were hundreds of members where there should have been half a dozen. Every man brought his friend, and *he* brought *his* friend, and so on. I could exert no restraint, because I had no knowledge what was going on in the remote sections of this mountainous country and because the unmanageable parties professed to derive their authority from South Carolina Councils, etc. In short, the organization, as is always the case with secret associations that have passed a certain limit had become headstrong and beyond control. The indiscriminate induction of every man that professed to be sympathetic, naturally brought in a class of reckless youths whose violent counsels disgusted the more conservative members and caused them to fall away from the Order, or cease to attend it. And I will here remark that these headstrong, unmanageable scamps—who committed all the deeds of which the Order should really be ashamed—were the very first to turn state's evidence and rush to the Mongrel camps to swear away the liberties and property of their neighbors, and late confederates.

For example, a young fellow of some dash, but unscrupulous character, named John Harrell,—living half a dozen miles from Rutherford, was much disgruntled at my election as County Chief, often remarking—*“That fellow Shotwell isn't fit to be Chief; he never leaves town; he wouldn't dare to order a raid, and I hear he is trying to discourage the boys about town from going out riding at night. He won't do: we'll have to act for ourselves.”* It was in this way that I first heard of John Harrell and I certainly formed no affection for him by reason of his free comments on the course I was pursuing.

Yet this scoundrel was perhaps second on the list of traitorous informers, and with \$200 in gold in his pockets, a new suit of clothes on his back, and a railway ticket to Raleigh—all the price of *perjury*, of *treachery* to his

nearest neighbors, and of debasing humiliation (if such a fellow can feel abased) before his recent enemies, and political opponents whom he had wanted to abuse. And this fellow—after denouncing me for opposing the raiding of himself and his cronies—had the effrontery to swear to a chain of lies surpassing imagination! In fact all the most violent and barbarous Ku Klux, became “Pukes,” and having perjured themselves to please their new allies, were taken “cheek by jowl” with those who had suffered most from their lawlessness! These matters, however, appertain to a later period. At the time whereof I am writing—(the months of April and June) the Klan was as yet a sleeping volcano. I attempted to prepare for eruption by organizing the members into Lodges, etc., but as I could rarely leave town, and as many of the Lodges were 15 or 20 miles distant, composed of men with whom I had no personal acquaintance it was not easy to accomplish the object, or prevent explosions. In fact one of the most notorious eruptions occurred on the night of April 8th, just two weeks after I accepted Chieftainship. It has already been alluded to as a specimen of local feuds sought to be revenged under the cloak of the Klan. The details are as follows:

On the morning of the 9th of April—as Judge Logan was getting into his buggy, Sunday though it was, to drive to Shelby, an old man in rusty garments, and woe-be-gone visage, came up the street, and whispered a few minutes in the ear of the Scalawag Chief. “*Good God! it’s just what I was looking for—I mean, what I expected; Here, Bob, take the buggy back to the stable;—there’s business for us right here!*”—exclaimed the “Donkey” Judge, with an appearance of joyful excitement; and forthwith carried the old man into a secret apartment to give him instructions, and concoct a piece of villainy that was to make a great sensation in the land.

An hour to two later it was announced that there had been a Ku Klux Raid on “Old man Pukey Biggerstaff,” and threats having been made against Judge Logan by

the masked men who perpetrated the outrage, the judge deemed his life in danger, and would not attempt to proceed to court! Now I will here remark that I was sometime afterwards assured by one of the men who raided on Biggerstaff, that nothing was said about Judge Logan, who doubtless suggested this portion of "Old Pukey's" story with a view to create the greater effect, and hasten the action of the government, as it would sound like a state of open warfare when reported that the Superior Court Judge was actually besieged at home, and dare not proceed to ride his circuit. Fortunately this scheme was readily seen through, and a paper was drawn up as follows:—"Hon. G. W. Logan: Dear Sir: It having been currently reported that you are detained at home, and decline to go to Cleveland Court because of certain threats against your person alleged to have been made recently by disguised men, we the undersigned hereby pledge our sacred honor to act as your escort, and ensure your passage without molestation to any portion of your circuit." Signed, etc. To this paper was affixed the signatures of a score or more of the best citizens of Rutherford; and Messrs. L. A. Mills, Jr., and Huffmaster were deputed to present the paper and inform His Honor that the escort whose integrity he could not doubt, would be ready to take horse at once if he desired. But he didn't desire. In truth he was quite cut up to have the wind taken out of his "Outrage and Intimidation" sails in this manner. He, therefore, received the committee with insolent rudeness, and made some surly reply which I do not now recollect.

He was busily writing a letter, while some of his satellites were preparing warrants against parties, whom old man Biggerstaff's daughter, Mrs. Norville, accused of being the perpetrators of the assault upon him. Soon the letter was finished; and not waiting for the mails was entrusted to J. B. Carpenter, partner with the Judge's son, in the Rutherford *Star*, the blackest Black-Republican sheet in the State) to be conveyed—whither? It was *addressed* to "Gov. Tod R. Caldwell, who was

well known to be at his home in Morganton only 35 miles distant; yet Carpenter rode to Marion—*passed through Morganton* (why not stop?) and hurried on to—*Washington*. He came in the very “nick of time.” Senator Thurman had just finished a powerful speech—pleading for the South, for the country, for the supremacy of the Constitution, now imperilled on all sides. The subject of his speech embraced the two great measures then before Congress—the Passage of a Bill relieving the disabilities of the late rebels, and the Defeat of the other Bill granting arbitrary powers to Grant’s military tools, and official minions throughout the South.

In other words—The “*General Amnesty Bill*,” and the “*Ku Klux Bill*” were about to be decided for another long term of years. The noble Thurman had shown the grand magnanimity and justice of the one; and the narrow, blind, wicked impolicy and unconstitutionality of the other, in such truthful accents, that the Senate wavered and appeared upon the verge of an immortal exercise of Patriotism and Justice; when—“Mr. Speaker!”—shouts the tall, thin, monomaniac, Nye of Nevada, (who is now dying by inches in a lunatic asylum)—“I beg permission to read a most startling letter from a distinguished Republican Judge in North Carolina who is, at this very hour it may be, shut up in his own house, defending his life from bloodthirsty armed Rebels—the friends of those who plead so eloquently for Amnesty, etc., etc.” And then he proceeded to read in a dramatic tone the epistle concocted in Judge Logan’s private office, and sent in such desperate haste to find Gov. Caldwell.

Before giving a copy of this famous letter I will say that there is a bare possibility that Carpenter did not know that Governor Caldwell was in Morganton, and was advised to go to Washington after reaching Raleigh, and finding the governor gone West: Yet this is hardly probable in view of the fact that Carpenter expected to be gone a week or more when he started; not to speak of other incidents.

LOGAN TO NYE, (VIA CALDWELL)

Rutherfordton, N. C., April 9th, 1871.

Dear Sir: It becomes my painful duty to inform you that various outrages, as I have been informed and believe have been committed in this county and in Cleveland by persons masked and in disguise and a number of which have been of very recent date and the last one of which I have heard, was committed last night by about 40 persons masked and disguised on one of our most *respectable citizens* (what a lie!) Mr. Aaron Biggerstaff who lives about nine miles from this place and whom your Excellency no doubt knows." (queer if he didn't when Old Pukey's doings were the talk of the country just after the war) "His character for *honesty, morality, and fair dealing* is *unimpeachable* (another whopper!) but he is a bold, determined, fearless Republican. There are a great many other cases, but the persons on whom violence has been committed refuse to disclose whatever they may know about those who commit these evil deeds, because they say they have no protection (yet in this county of 2,500 voters, the *Radicals have 800 majority, and fill every office from Governor, Judge and Sheriff down to the deputy town constable!*) The persons who made the raid on Biggerstaff threatened my life as well as other Republicans and said that I *should not hold Court* at Cleveland (Another big lie) which should commence tomorrow. *I shall not go to Cleveland, at present, nor until I am satisfied that the people can have protection.* I am perfectly satisfied beyond any reasonable doubt that the civil authority cannot be maintained here. We *must have help* or we must flee the country and give it up to the Ku Klux, or perhaps meet the fate that others have done. I write this to ask of you military aid and that you communicate with the *President immediately, and if possible have one or more companies sent to me at the earliest practicable day.* Mr. Carpenter, who bears this letter, can give you more in detail our real situation.

To His Excellency,

Tod R. Caldwell.

G. W. Logan,

Judge Sup. Court 9th Dist.

The cunningly concocted lie was successful beyond expectation. As explained by the unscrupulous Nye it had a serious look without doubt; for here was open rebellion against the laws, a superior Court Judge compelled to abandon his circuit, and appealing for military aid, on the ground that the civil authorities were utterly unable to cope with so formidable, and extensive an association, or conspiracy! No one on our side of the Senate knew the real truth, or the effect of the letter might have been killed flat as a shingle by a simple inquiry whether the Republicans did not hold every one of the state offices: and every one of the county offices; and the township, and town offices? Whether all the Judges and Justices of the Peace were not Republicans? And whether the followers of Judge Logan were not largely the most numerous in Rutherford County? By the time these questions were answered, the audience would have begun to wonder why it was that Logan must have troops or flee the country. But nothing was known, and nothing answered. So the results of the slanders deliberately penned by the Donkey were:

1st. The Passage of the Ku Klux Bill!

2nd. The Defeat of the Amnesty Act!

We return to Logan's operations at Rutherfordton. He refused the offer of an escort, and busied himself issuing *capiases* for the arrest of some 16 or 20 citizens whom Pukey Biggerstaff had pretended to recognize among his assailants.

When the people of Shelby heard that Logan was, or pretended to be, afraid to come to court, they held a meeting, and despatched the Sheriff with an ambulance, and guard, to escort him down. But the Donkey still sulked at home; and did not start upon his circuit for nearly a week. Finally he got into his buggy with no guard save his son, and rode to Shelby without molestation or fear of it, I presume; which shows the falseness *implied* in his letter. Meanwhile the facts about the Biggerstaff raid had become known. Logan in his letter

describes Aaron Biggerstaff as a man of high "respectability, morality, honesty, and fair-dealing."

Strange enough not a single one of these epithets can apply to the old man in even the remotest sense! He was one of a class of ignorant, yet rather shrewd, uncouth, uncultivated, shiftless, thriftless, not above suspicion in many respects, small farmers, living in log houses, surrounded by few comforts, rarely having a year's provision ahead, and not uncommonly depending upon a neighbor's crib and hog-pen for a supply of bread and meat during the winter. Biggerstaff owned a small farm, but this did not elevate his character among his neighbors. What was his ante-bellum history, I am unable to say; but it is well known that he was regarded with an evil eye by many. A derisive epithet can never long attach to an honest, upright man, and the *soubriquet* of "Old Pukey" is now much better known in connection with this man than his own proper name—Aaron. Old Pukey was among the first to go into Judge Logan's Deserter Encouraging Red String Klan; and soon afterwards employed himself in hiding and feeding three Yankee prisoners that had escaped from Columbia, and contrived to work their way into the mountains. How many Yankees, and deserters were harbored by this wicked old traitor whose deeds entitled him to be shot for an enemy to his country? About the close of the struggle, General Palmer, of Stoneman's command came through Rutherford, and Old Pukey acted as a pilot for the Yankees in stealing the horses of all the neighbors. His own stock he secured by virtue of certain papers given him by the escaped Federal prisoners. This exception in his favor, joined with his pilotage of the Yankees, caused him to be hated cordially by his neighbors, including his own (half)-brother, Samuel Biggerstaff, whose horses also had been taken. The feeling eventually grew into a feud, somewhat dividing the neighborhood. as Biggerstaff had a few congenial spirits of similar character as himself.

On the night of February 23, 1870, a party of men, partially disguised, visited the house of a man named McGaha—a neighbor of Old Pukey—and threatened him with a thrashing if he did not cease retailing lies and slanders upon various members of the community. When they were gone, McGaha hastened to arouse those of his neighbors who were of like mind with himself and set out towards the home of Samuel Biggerstaff. Approaching stealthily they fired a volley of deadly slugs and bullets into that corner of the house where Sam usually slept. His bed was riddled with balls as must his body have been had not he fortunately happened to sleep that night on a couch in front of the fire! Toney, Holland and Aaron Biggerstaff.

Among those who fired into the house, seeking to murder a sleeping man, was "Old Pukey," the brother of the intended victim! Next day McGaha went to the house of Randal DePriest and coolly invited his young son, Decatur, to come out to the front fence. Then McGaha raised his musket and shot the youth through the heart! It is said that Mrs. McGaha recognized Decatur among those who visited her house on the previous night; but the accuracy of such recognition will appear hereafter in connection with a similar case. McGaha escaped, and aided by "Old Pukey," A. P. Hollified, (*County Coroner*) and others, succeeded in making his way into Tennessee and beyond. The Radical county officials never made much, if any, effort to discover his whereabouts; though he was as worthy to be hanged as any murderer. Aaron Biggerstaff, Wm. Holland and others of the party who attempted to assassinate Sam Biggerstaff, were tried and convicted; in fact they openly acknowledged the deed. But now recollecting the enormous fines put upon Covington and Hord for merely whipping a man who had insulted their wife and sister, and cruelly injured the former—what do you suppose Logan fined these would-be murderers? Aaron Biggerstaff was fined \$35, and the others smaller sums! Yet by law the deed of which they were guilty was a *Penitentiary crime*. Here then

we have seen Judge Logan's "Honest, moral, respectable" character actually a traitor, harboring the foes of his country! An informer assisting to rob his neighbors! An intended assassin of his half-brother! And an accomplice of the murderer McGaha, assisting him to escape, if indeed he did not encourage the murder! The list of crimes covered by this man's "respectability" does not end here. He is accused and generally accredited with burning the barn of another neighbor—Wm. P. Carson—an excellent inoffensive gentleman, who was an outspoken Democrat, and perhaps spoke plainly about Old Pukey. At all events his valuable barn, crop, etc., was destroyed in the night by an incendiary and Biggerstaff was believed to have burned it.

Jim Justice, the tool of Logan, and the nearest associate on terms of equality (in villainy) with Old Pukey thus gave his character before the "Outrage Committee."

I have seen testimonials from captains, lieutenants, and other Federal prisoners stating that on such a day they received supplies of provisions and advice from Mr. B.—who had aided them all he could and very often went with them a long distance to pilot them out of danger. . . . Since the war there has grown up a very bitter feeling against him among his neighbors. He was a member of the Union League, rather a *fussy and talky* member: he *said a great deal*, used a great many words of very little use, unmeaning words. It *seems to be* his weak point to *talk too much*, and say *things not worth* anything to himself, or his friends, etc.

It will hardly be necessary to state that these transactions bore a plentiful harvest of ill feeling, threats, and denunciation. And these in turn were now to bear fruit in practical retaliation. For no reasonable man can doubt that the raid upon "Old Pukey" was the not-unnatural sequence of his conduct during the past half dozen years. He lost no opportunity to strike at his neighbors, and

they determined to teach him a lesson in civility. The action of Judge Logan in letting him (and indeed all other publican offenders) escape with a merely nominal fine for an actual penitentiary offence, created the impression that the courts could no longer be relied on to preserve the peace of the community; therefore they undertook to act for themselves. Aaron had gotten home from town, about 10 o'clock on the night of the 8th of April, 1871—when suddenly the house was surrounded by some 30 or 40 masked men, who took him out, and gave him a serious whipping, reminding him of his various crimes, especially the firing upon his brother, the killing of young Decatur DePriest, and other local charges. Some of the party alluded to the fact that he was a “Damned Red String,” a “thieving Radical,” etc.: but it can scarcely be doubted that he owed his whipping to his offences, not his politics. For why should so humble—or let us say *insignificant*—Republican be assailed for his opinions, when “bigger fish” were more obnoxious! Hon. Haywood W. Guion in his testimony before the Washington Committee took a more sensible view of this matter than is commonly expressed. The following is quoted:—

Question.—It has been stated here that this organization and these particular demonstrations in Rutherford were intended to bring about a condition of intimidation upon the part of the republicans in that county and to enable the Democrats to carry it in this election?

Mr. Guion.—Well, I never supposed there was any such necessity because I believe the Republicans are two to one in that county. They had all the power themselves: (all the offices). They had all the force and it would hardly look probable that the weaker party would endeavor to intimidate the stronger. . . . I have understood recently that the people are very much inflamed up there. . . . *Rutherford is unfortunately situated in having Judge Lo-*

gan as the Judge in that county, he has always lived there.

The Judge has his own political and personal friends, and the other side are as bitter against him, as he is against them. *It is more personal than political in that county*, I think: tho, politics I suppose are mixed up with it naturally. You can hardly keep politics out of any association. Logan and his party side together. This Biggerstaff matter has aroused a state of feeling and indignation and warmth on both sides which would probably not have occurred in any other county owing to the fact that the Judge is living there, and is incompetent to manage difficulties.

He might have added that Logan secretly encouraged these troubles, and sought every occasion to provoke trouble and disorder knowing that if he could succeed in getting a military force in the county his fast waning importance would instantly bloom afresh. The ghostly visitants informed "Pukey" that they were Resurrected Rebels from the bone-yards around Richmond, and that they should return again with heavier penalty if he failed to mend his ways, etc., etc. It has been charged, and generally believed that Biggerstaff was quite inhumanly used by the maskers, but I have it from persons to whom he privately admitted it, that he was not injured in the least, beyond a momentary sting of the switches; that he was worse frightened than hurt. And that he was not much damaged is evidenced by the fact of his walking to town the next morning at an early hour, and standing about on the street the remainder of the day, retailing his treatment, and cursing the Ku Klux. I knew nothing of the raid, and was really very sorry it had occurred until I saw "Old Pukey" and heard his conversation which betrayed exaggeration and falsehood in every utterance. Then I concluded that not a stroke had fallen amiss—however irregular and unauthorized the application. It was clearly a neighborhood squabble, wherein the opposite or Anti-"Pukey" side, after suf-

fering from his malice during a long term of years finally called into service the instrumentality of the Klan to teach him a lesson in prudence, decency, "morality, honesty, and respectability" to quote Judge Logan's description of the old fellow's character.

I have said that Judge Logan—abandoning his preparations to ride to Cleveland—spent Sunday morning with Biggerstaff drawing up "Bench-Warrants" for persons whom the latter (and his daughter, Mary Ann) swore he recognized among the raiders. Meanwhile the Sheriff had been sent for, and having summoned a "*posse*" of two or three dozen persons—(all hard cases except three, or four who were themselves Ku Klux, and offered their services with the design of *witnessing* the actions of Sheriff Walker, and his Lieutenants, in case of difficulty)—set out for the Biggerstaff section, piloted by Jim Justice, the Scoggins, *et al*—whose mere presence on the arresting *posse* was enough to fire the hearts of the accused to resist the warrant. It should be remarked here, that Judge Logan was not justified by precedent, or law, or grave necessity, to give up his regular court at Shelby—keeping hundreds of farmers, and others away from their crops at this busy season—merely that he might issue warrants that could have been drawn by any justice of the Peace. No one can doubt that he had a strong *personal* and partizan motive in so doing; for the affair at best was but a case of forcible trespass with assault and battery. And of this Aaron V. Biggerstaff had done too much himself to make any special outcry against it. His daughter admitted on the witness stand that the Ku Klux said they came to revenge the McGaha matter. However, the warrants were served, and only one citizen (James H. Sweezy) made any resistance; he being intoxicated, declared that the "bully" Scoggins should not lay hands on him, and picked up a pair of harness-hames, whereupon Scoggins snapped his pistol at his breast, and only escaped murder by the interference of a bystander. The prisoners, *sixteen in number*, including a *half-brother* (Sam) and

two nephews (Barton and Alfred B.) of Old Pukey, (which shows the character of the row) were dragged from home, many of them marched on foot, fifteen miles on a very hot, sultry afternoon, and brought to Rutherfordton, where the negroes, and scalawags in large numbers were assembled to mock at them. They were confined in the filthy court-room (the nightly sleeping place of Burnett's goats) and guarded by a mixed force of about one hundred negroes and scalawags, summoned by Sheriff Walker (Radical) for the purpose and armed with every imaginable weapon. Of course all this was a brutal outrage, done under the forms of law, because each one of the prisoners was possessed of lands and goods sufficient to make good his own personal recognizance—even if their mere promise to appear at any specified date might not have been taken without the slightest risk. No one dreamed of their running away. And I wish to put on record the fact that when it was reported that 500 Ku Klux from S. C. were en route to take them out of confinement, the prisoners held a conference and resolved to bolt the doors and refuse to be rescued until they were legally discharged. This was well known at the time and is recorded in the *Vindicator*.* It was thought that Logan wished to provide a rescue; so they unanimously resolved not to leave custody till discharged. These gentlemen were confined in the stinking, vermin-infested Court House without lights, bedding, washing apparatus, or any other article of comfort and cleanliness, from Sunday afternoon until Wednesday morning; when they were discharged under bond of \$500 to appear before Judge Logan on the 10th of May. Let it be noted here that the 10th of May would find Judge Logan 60 miles distant, holding court in another county, fully two days' journey from the point to which they were bonded to appear; the reason being (as the fact proved) that he designed when they appeared on the 10th to have the Sheriff re-bond them until the same date in July;

*See editorial with names and particulars in *Vindicator* of April 17. [Author's note.]

thus gaining two months, and throwing the trials by so much nearer the opening of the great campaign about to ensue; while in the *interim*, he hoped to secure a *fresh hold upon the politics of the county by working up this mere family feud*, into a dreadful political outbreak of Democratic Ku Klux. Having accomplished the first step in the programme, he got into his buggy and with "My son Robert" for a companion, and the execration of two-thirds of the decent men of Rutherford for a cargo, rode quietly to Shelby, notwithstanding his reported fears of assailment.

But now a new turn was taken in the everlasting Biggerstaff matter. On the 26th of April—about a fortnight after the raid—Congress passed the unconstitutional Ku Klux Bill, which has proved so damaging a blow at Republicanism in this country; for nearly every one of the latter assaults by the Grant Cabinet backed by the Army, upon the rights and liabilities of the Southern people, were struck under the cloak of this infamous Bill. I do not think it should be called an "Act," for that term implies a legal enactment or law, whereas this unconstitutional Bill, was really never law—but merely the dicta of force. Its character and history plainly show that it was framed for a purpose entirely above, and disconnected with its ostensible intent. The schemers who concocted it, and the Radical majority that passed it, were well aware that it was a lawless and unconstitutional law—giving the whole South into the hands of the Administration, with power to manipulate at will; and designed to gradually crush out all opposition to the Radical agents; to the end that every Southern State should be carried for Grant in 1872. And strange to say grand scheme of the leaders at Washington seems to have been comprehended by the government officials, from the Federal Judges down to the county "U. S. Commissioners," and "Deputy U. S. Marshals" almost from the first announcement of the passage of the Bill. Each and every one seemed to comprehend instantly

what was intended to be done, and the part they were expected to perform.

I have neglected to state that when it was known that Logan had sent to Washington his "Man Friday" (J. B. Carpenter) to magnify the Biggerstaff *neighborhood feud* into a great insurrection and Rebel outrage, we raised \$100 among the citizens of Rutherford, and paid the expenses of Joseph L. Carson, a prominent lawyer and ex-member of the Legislature to go to Washington and lay the true facts before the Democratic members of Congress. Unfortunately he arrived only in time to hear of the defeat of the Amnesty Act; and that the Ku Klux Bill was upon its final passing.

Among the most infamous and unscrupulous agents of the Administration was one Jos. G. Hester, the murderer of Andrews, on the *Sumter* at Gibraltar during the War—; a man of so adventurous and scandalous a career that nothing less than a full chapter could depict his character. This fellow grasped the intentions of his superiors, without hesitation and instantly set at work to make himself notoriously useful. Procuring *capiases* from one A. W. Shaffer, a carpet-bagger holding the office of U. S. Commissioner at Raleigh, and a guard of ten Federal soldiers, he set out for Rutherford to re-arrest the sixteen gentlemen, who had already been bush whacked and "bullyragged" by Logan, and his myrmidons. Hester's advent with his Blue Coats, and private assurances that the all-powerful "government" was about to flood the South with troops and spies—to put "de bottom rail on top"—as Sambo expressed his idea of Freedom—created quite a jubilee among the Scalawags and negroes, who promptly resumed their old arrogance of speech and swagger, cursing and making brutal threats on the streets within hearing of ladies, and arousing a still deeper spirit of indignation among the younger portion of the community on the Anti-League and [Anti-]Loganite side. Hester set out next morning, with Jim Justice as pilot, to arrest the persons accused by Biggerstaff, and his daughter. There was no

difficulty in making the arrests, as the accused knew their innocence and went without a murmur, though treated with unfeeling rigor. Most of them were taken from their fields, without being allowed ten minutes of preparation, to acquaint their friends; though they knew not wither they were being dragged, nor for how long. One man was so sick as to necessitate his being hauled in a wagon. All suffered more or less from the long march, heat, and dust. *En route* to Shelby, Hester plied his plausible tongue to persuade the younger men, mere lads, unused to legal proceedings and naturally much alarmed at the position they occupied, to turn state's evidence, and reveal all they knew of the Invisible Empire. To further influence them, he assured them he had full information of their doings, etc., etc., and that if they failed to embrace the chance others would get ahead of them, as there were never twelve men without one Judas Iscariot among them; and much more to same effect. Fortunately the youths, being innocent of the pretended charges, knew that Hester was lying in regard to their own particular cases, and possibly they had the shrewdness to argue—"ex uno disc," etc.*

Failing to debauch any of his prisoners, and possibly impressed with their innocence, Hester became more lenient, and concluded not to carry them to Charlotte; but take them before Commissioner John L. Moore at Shelby. He even allowed one or two to go back home on parole to appear when sent for.

Commissioner Moore appears to have been appointed, either because there was not a white Radical of sufficient intelligence to fill the position in his county or in ignorance of the fact that he was a respectable man, and a good Conservative in politics. The latter supposition seems most probable in view of his speedy removal as soon as his action in this case was reported to Grant. At

*Hester in returning the subpoenas signed himself a Special Deputy. At the trial several months later Gov. Bragg made him acknowledge that he was never appointed a "Deputy Marshal," had given no bond, nor taken any oath, was merely an employee of the Treasury Dept. at Washington. Yet he was given the papers by Shaffer, and actually arrested dozens of men—he utterly without right or authority. [Author's note].

any rate, he was a man who would endeavor to act impartially and when the accused were brought before him without a single witness appearing to uphold the charges, he ordered their release on bail to appear the following Tuesday. Hester and the troops then returned to Raleigh, (The sergeant saying that his time of service was out and he wouldn't stay), freighted with the curses of the Mongrels who were deeply chagrined to find that their anticipated crusade against the decent people of the county was so terminated.

Meanwhile Old Aaron Biggerstaff with his son and daughter, wife and sons-in-law started to Charlotte, or to Cherryville, where they were to meet Hester and his prisoners, and go on to Charlotte. On the night of May 12th they camped at a school house, at Grassy Branch, about ten miles north of Shelby. The fact of their proximity being known, some twelve of their neighbors, members of Capt. John Witherow's Camp—(John and Jason Withrow; Alex. and Wm. McIntyre, Jonas Bedford, Thomas Stuart, James Davis, James Gaddis, Wm. Teal, James Sweezey, Martin Gaddis and Bunger McFarland) took horse, and rode after them, with design to frighten them, and obligate them to stick to the truth in their testimony, as it was well known that of the sixteen men arrested by Hester only one (Amos Owens) had really been present in the raid on Biggerstaff. Witherow's party unfortunately passed the wagon-camp of James Hunt, from whom they obtained liquor, and soon became quite reckless. Proceeding to the school house, they captured "Old Pukey" and family and made them stand in a circle, pretending that they should be now killed for breaking their solemn promises made on the night of April 8th at home. Aaron Biggerstaff then explained that he had not made affidavit against them, but that his daughter, Mary Ann, had merely *told Judge Logan* about the raid, and that the *Judge fixed up the papers to suit himself!* (This was no doubt truth). While this conversation was in progress, Wm. Holland (Pukey's son-in-law) attempted to rush out of the doorway, and

was knocked down by a gun in the hands of some one of the party. They then took a portion of the harness, and made preparations ostensibly to hang the old man, but really to simply frighten him. Finally after a good deal of drunken threatening on the one side, and no end of promises, and pleading on the other, the prisoners were released, and the maskers dispersed. It was currently reported at the time, and is yet believed by many that Biggerstaff had been beaten cruelly; but this was false as most of such stories were. On page 454 of the Trial of "Old Pukey's" second assailants, he testified as follows—"They cursed and abused me, but I wasn't struck *only one lick as I can recollect.*"

This second raid upon Aaron, though doing him no real damage, was more damaging to the Klan than the first; as it gave the impression that the accused in Hester's custody were really guilty, while it strengthened the Biggerstaff affidavits by the inference that the raid upon him was really a political one, and that the Ku Klux were anxious to prevent his coming upon the witness stand.

On the following Tuesday, the bonded parties appeared before Commissioner Moore but their accusers were not at hand. Whereupon the Commissioner deputized Ex-Sheriff A. B. Long to summon them. Still failing to put in appearance, he dispatched Sheriff B. F. Logan of Cleveland and Martin Walker (Radical Sheriff of Rutherford) to go, with a conveyance and bring the witnesses by force if necessary, as the accused were determined to have the whole thing investigated. Capiases were served on "Old Pukey" and Mrs. Norville*, but the former refused to go, professing to be afraid, and finally got a certificate that he was "*sick*" and unable to travel; the latter escaped out of the rear-door "and took to the woods—where the woodbine 'twineth," as the local paper describes her sudden *hegira*. Indeed none of the witnesses were willing to go. J. B. Carpenter, (Probate

* This woman's name was Ramsay, but she quarreled with her second husband, drove him off, and resumed the name of her first husband. [Author's note].

Judge and County Clerk, Editor of the *Star*, etc., who had been very busy in assisting to arrest Hester's prisoners now flatly refused to go, and testify against them; but was arrested, and carried *nolens volens*, by Sheriff Logan. It was a great outrage, he declared to force men to go all the way to Shelby as witnesses, etc.; not once mentioning, however, that the respectable citizens whom *he* had helped to arrest and drag from their homes, *once, twice, thrice*, were at Shelby awaiting their accusers! Carpenter's testimony amounted to nothing; and the prisoners were released. Now why were the witnesses so loath to appear? Because they already had reason to suspect that they had deliberately sworn to a lie. As I have already stated only *one* of the accused was present on the raid though each and every one of the sixteen was positively sworn to in "Mary Ann's" numerous affidavits and Old Pukey's depositions. But perjury was an easy thing for these people when prejudiced against anyone; as for instance, in the trial of Witherow, McIntyre, *Teal, et al* for the "Grassy Branch Raid", both "Old Pukey" and "Mary Ann"—also Mrs. Biggerstaff, his wife)—swore point blank that James Hunt and Thomas Toms were of the Party that pretended to hang them, etc.,—stating, further, that they talked with these particular men for some time; knew their voices, size, habit, etc. Yet before the government witnesses—the "Pukes" who had turned state's evidence—had gotten half done with their testimony the prosecutor ordered a *nolle pros* as [to] both Toms and Hunt, it being clearly established that neither of them had been there! These incidents are a mere *bagatelle* in the large sum of evidence illustrating the utter unreliability—if not *deliberate falseness*—of the government witnesses. Let this fact be borne in mind for consideration farther on in connection with my own case.

I have said that Hester's prisoners were released; this applies merely to their appearance before Commissioner Moore. They were still under bond to appear before

Judge Logan of the State court at McDowell county term on the 10th of July.

A few weeks later, "Old Pukey" and "Mrs. Norville" went before the grand jury of the U. S. Circuit Court at Raleigh; and upon their statements thirty-five of their neighbors—including the "original sixteen," were indicted for trial in the Federal Courts at Raleigh.

Again were the poor men torn from their homes, and crops, dragged *two hundred and fifty-five miles* to Raleigh; a gross outrage! For there was to be a session of the court, a few weeks later, at Marion in McDowell County only *twenty-five miles* distant. "Many prominent Republicans admit that it was an outrage on justice to carry those men to Raleigh"—says Capt. Durham in his testimony—"when a federal court was about to sit within 25 miles of their homes. Almost all of them were poor, and it is impossible for them to take witnesses that distance; it amounts to a *denial of justice in the courts.*"

The prisoners were carried to Raleigh, and imprisoned in the filthiest of jails, together with negroes and felons. On the 20th of June they procured a hearing before Judge Bond—Messrs. Ex. Gov. Thomas Bragg, Geo. V. Strong, Plato Durham, Lee McAfee and Jos. L. Carson, appearing as their counsel. It is proper to add that these lawyers virtually gave their services for nothing, as most of the prisoners were poor, and could pay little or nothing, over and above the heavy expenses they were put to, to bring witnesses, etc., the long distance, over railroads, and pay board. Carson came because he had two nephews among the accused, though personally he was opposed to the Klan, not having been called to its head in the beginning.

Judge Bond, fresh from his instructors at Washington, bound the prisoners in the sum of \$2,000 apiece to *appear again at Raleigh* at a special term of the Federal Court in September. He had in view the postponing of the trials as near the Presidential election as possible; so that excuses for military despotism might be manufactured, and a scheme of intimidation inaugurated. The state

election for a convention came off in August and every scalawag knew that if a convention were called "their occupations" would go. When the Judge made this postponement, Col. Strong arose and stated that Capt. Durham was present with written powers of attorney—*representing \$200,000*—given him by prominent citizens of Cleveland, authorizing him to go bail for the accused in their names, to the amount of \$45,000; it being supposed that \$45,000 would be *twice* as much as would be required. But Bond saw a chance to still further annoy the prisoners and refused to take this bail: requiring personal signature to the papers in each instance. The hardship will be seen at a glance: here were 30 or more citizens, 250 miles away from home—in a strange city, incarcerated in jail, and with no hope of doing otherwise than spending the four *harvest* months in a stinking jail. And this spiteful course (for no one denied the validity of the bonds offered) was said to be approved, if not suggested, by Sam Phillips, a native North Carolinian, (only recently a member of the State Democratic Committee) who had turned renegade to get the petty office of Asst. U. S. Attorney.¹ Finally, however, at the demand of the eminent counsel before whom Judge Bond was a little backward in developing the partizan malice that was in him, it was arranged to allow the clerk of the court, or an U. S. Commissioner, to go to Cleveland at the expense of the prisoners and make a personal bond for each. So these respectable citizens were a *fifth* time to go in search of justice.

As has been told, I undertook my impracticable task of consolidating, organizing, and restraining the scattered fragments of the Klan at March court, 1871. At that time there were five "Lodges" in the county, two in Polk, two in McDowell, three in Burke, half dozen in Cleveland and a large number of others within ten or twelve miles across the border. But aside from these Lodges, there were scores of members scattered far and

¹ This statement is incorrect. Cf Hamilton, *Reconstruction in North Carolina*, 494, 522.

near. About that period a number of "Irish-linen" peddlers—natives of the state—came through the west, traveling into all sections and too often taking into their confidence the farmers with whom they stopped at night. They had been members of the original White Brotherhood, and did not feel themselves under any authority of the Invisible Empire officers: though I sent them orders to cease operations as soon as I heard of their work.

During all this period I attended but one meeting of the Klan. Indeed this one meeting was the only one that I ever ordered, or attended: though I gave authority to one or two persons to call meetings of local Lodges, and proceed to organize them, but do no more. The meeting alluded to, I ordered held at an old school house near Union Church, some four miles from town. My movements were pretty closely watched by the scalawags; and no sooner was I seen riding out of town than a panic prevailed among them and runners were sent to call in the "Loil"—chiefly negroes—who were armed, and posted on all roads leading into the village. The absurdity of this proceeding (for, of course had I meant any demonstration I should not have ridden down the main street with a party of young men, at sunset of the night such raid was about to occur) seemed to corroborate the rumor that the leading mongrels wished to get some of their tipsy followers to fire upon us, as we returned; and thus still further rouse the excitement. Be that as it may, there was no cause for alarm as I should not have permitted any demonstration: though I confess the course of the Mongrels—particularly of Jim Justice—excited so much indignation that every one felt he *ought* to be cow-hided. Accompanied by some young friends, I rode to Union church where a country debating society was to meet. There was a large audience of both sexes; and the topic for discussion received careful discussion, from both sides. I was called upon to speak, but merely expressed my thanks for the honor, etc. After the debate closed, I took the road, by a private way to-

wards the appointed spot, giving a long, peculiar whistle upon a policeman's whistle, whose shrill rattle was the signal for assembling the Klan. Nearly every member was provided with one of these whistles; its note being the understood call for aid," or "announcement of presence"—at night. It may be interesting to give the ceremony of Induction into the Order. The object of the meeting was to appoint a number of subordinate officers, and decide upon the best method of a county organization. Unfortunately, *as usual*, quite a number of the "wilder" youth had brought with them private flasks, which had been kept "on the move" from mouth to mouth during the greater part of the evening. So that by midnight there were few who were in a mood for business. Consequently the chief proceedings were the initiation of young William McLure, one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of the county.

The moon was risen, but dense banks of swift-flying clouds hid its rays until the neophyte, who was approaching with a couple of introducers, could barely discern that he was surrounded and watched by shadowy figures in the woods, while in the little hollow, or valley, stood an old log building—apparently deserted and desolate—a wild lonely spot, full of ghostly suggestions. Suddenly a night-owl hooted on the right; an answering hoot sounded on the right [left]; and on the instant the three horsemen halted in their tracks. "*Hoo! who?*" "*Hoo! who?*" sounded the owls, from trees on the right, and left, and in front! One of the introducers blew a shrill sharp whistle. The other bandaged the eyes of the neophyte. Then a white clad figure came suddenly forward—"Who comes here?"—he asked. "A friend, with a friend." "Friends of what?" "True friends of *our Country*". "Advance friends! But what do *I s-a-y?*"—"Noth-ing at all, that I know." (Of course the terms "Our Country," "I say," and "Noth-ing"—were catch-words). The neophyte was then escorted, in utter silence, through a winding path to the school-house, where he was dismounted, and (still bandaged) informed that he was now

at the outer-rim of the "Circle of Fraternity," it was still possible to turn back; though with the seal of distrust ever affixed to him. "Are you willing to go forward?" An affirmative answer being returned, the neophyte was next conducted to an open-space in the woods, where he was made to kneel, and after some preliminaries, repeat the Oath.

Previous to this, however, the bandage was removed from his eyes and he saw before him, or on each side of him, two tall figures, in long red gowns extending from the neck to the feet, blazoned on back and front with certain letters. Above the gown, as the head-dress of the figures were hideous masks, two feet high, with eye-holes bound in black, and tall horns, formed of red flannel, stuffed with cotton, that added to the extravagance of the figure by flopping at every movement in a startling manner. Each of these ghostly figures held a knife in one hand and a pistol in the other; one presented at the head, the other at the breast, of the neophyte as he took the following solemn oath, repeating it word for word after the chief.

I, William McLure, before the sight of the Almighty and Immaculate Ruler of Heaven and Earth, do hereby, of my own free will and accord, take and subscribe the following binding oaths and obligations:—*I solemnly promise, and swear* that I will uphold and Defend the Constitution of the United States as bequeathed us by our forefathers, in its original intent and meaning.

I solemnly Promise and swear that I will oppose and reject the teachings of Radicalism; especially contending and maintaining that intelligent white men should govern our country.

I solemnly promise and Pledge myself to aid and assist according to my pecuniary circumstances, all brethren in trouble or distress. Females—the widow and the orphan—and their households shall ever be under my special care and protection.

I solemnly swear and agree to obey all instructions given me by my Chief: to keep inviolate all information

he may communicate to me; And should I ever divulge—or cause to be divulged—any *secrets, signs, or passwords*, of the Invisible Empire of America, I will incur, and undergo the dread and fearful penalty, justly due the *Traitor*, which is—DEATH! DEATH!! DEATH!!!—at hands of the Brethren!”

As the words of the Death-Penalty were slowly uttered, suddenly from behind the trees, in all directions, sprang swarms of white robed, ghostly figures, shaking their horns, and presenting pistols at the breast of the startled neophyte! Then, forming a circle,—still with pistols presented—they pronounced in low tones:—

“*DEATH! DEATH!! DEATH!!! We have heard; and we will remember!*”

“Brethren”—quoth the Chief—“Our new brother—William McLure has taken his obligations, and is accepted: Give him your right hands, with the “*grip*” of Fellowship.” Each one then shook him by the hand, giving the “grip;” which consisted of a simultaneous interlocking of the *little finger* with the other’s little finger, while at the same moment the fore-finger was thrown out until it touched the pulse-vein of the other member’s wrist, which it slightly pressed twice; the pressure meaning to signify that if the person so “gripped” were a brother member, the pulse-vein would telegraph to his heart and awaken a response.

“Attend, Brother, and receive the signs and Pass-words”—said the Chief. “You have already heard the challenging-Pass:—the phrase is “our country, used in a sentence thus—‘We are all friends of our country.’” If there still be doubt in the mind of the challenger, he can add: “I s-a-y,” who are you?” “Oh, there’s n.o.t.h.i.n.g. the matter with me”—responds the other, which will clearly prove his identity, unless he have procured our pass-words from some unworthy member; and in that case he will be apt to be caught sooner or later and suffer the Penalty.”

These challenges are for the night-time. In the daylight, if you desire to test an acquaintance, or stranger,

give him a significant look, while at the same moment brushing your hair back of your right ear with your right hand. If he fails to respond properly, by *picking at the left lapel of his coat*, with his left hand, place both hands in your pantaloons pockets with the thumbs exposed outside; whereupon he must respond by either doing the same thing, brushing his left ear, or using the words "*Don't doubt,*" in some such sentence as this—"They say the crops are ruined down South, and I 'don't doubt' it in the least."

Each Camp or Den, has its own Pass-word for local challenging. Our word is—"We will Protect; and we will Punish."

The new member was then told to procure and keep concealed, in a safe place, ready for use, a long gown of some dark stuff, a red horned mask, a metal whistle, and a weapon of some description. In order to have the disguises properly made by persons who could be relied on, several young ladies were pledged to secrecy and taken into confidence. These generally were sisters of young men, or wives of older men, who belonged to the Order. I can name a dozen ladies of Rutherford, (both of town and county) aged and young, who were cognizant of the existence of the Klan, and who made the disguises worn by their relatives, or sweethearts; and they are ladies who in intelligence, virtue and social standing rank among the first in the county. (I will remark here that I never had a disguise of any sort, and never wore one in my life, being undisguised at the time of the above mentioned ceremony.)

The Chief now gave the new member the usual verbal explanations of the objects and operations of the Order. "We are associated," he continued—"for no lawless, nor even an aggressive purpose; our ends, and aims are such that we might freely make them known to all men, were it not that secrecy, and suddenness are essential to our operations in many instances; while the terror we inspire when forced to strike, goes a long ways towards removing the necessity to repeat it. The motives which

actuate us are a sincere desire for the welfare of the community — the State — our whole country. We are not treasonable. We swear to uphold the Constitution of the Union. We are not lawless: we swear to punish crime, and we execute the *spirit* of the laws; though in these troubled times it becomes necessary in grave cases to rise above the mere *letter of the statute*, and act under Nature's law of self-Preservation and Equity, as men who have homes, and families, and the earnings of their labor to protect from the idle and vicious, the base and malicious, instigated and upheld as they are by unscrupulous partizan "officers of the law"—so-called, whose power is wielded to our detriment rather than for our protection, and well-being.

Bear in mind, my Brothers, that you have taken a solemn oath:—

1st. To uphold and defend the Constitution of Our Country as a Patriot should; the Constitution of Washington, and Jefferson, under which for seventy years the Republic has grown and flourished! To still further remind you of your Patriotic duties we have as our challenging-Pass the suggestive words—"Our Country."

2nd. To oppose and reject the teachings of Radicalism: and contend for not a white man's government only; but—mark the phrase—an *intelligent* white man's government; or in other words that none but intelligent and honest white men shall rule over us. This needs little explanation: but I will remark that ours is not, strictly speaking, a *political* organization. We oppose and reject *Radicalism*, because this Radical Party in the South is really synonymous with *Rascality* and all that is hurtful to Society and our section. Take all the crimes that have been committed within 100 miles of this school-house during the past five years, and on investigation it will be found that *two-thirds* were committed by negroes—encouraged in idleness, insolence and crime, by their white Radical teachers; while I will venture to stake

my right arm that nine-tenths of all the capital and felonious crimes, perpetrated in the two Carolinas since the surrender, can be traced to members of the Radical Party! This you all know as well as I do. Hence we conscientiously believe that Radicalism, with its carpet-baggers, and scalawags, and Loyal Leaguers, and every other sort of disreputable supporters, is an open, overt, undoubted calamity—a huge, horrid vampire, with its blood-sucking tentacles clutching every community while its slimy folds rest upon the South, like a murderous Night-Mare, or miasmatic Pestilence paralyzing our people, draining our resources, destroying our hopes, and causing us already to look upon *Military rule* as infinitely better than the existing shams of authority. And, for these reasons, we deem it the binding duty of every Patriotic citizen to reject Radicalism in all its forms; and zealously endeavor to place the reins of government into the hands of intelligent and incorruptible white men—few of whom could long have anything to do with the Southern Radical leaders. Let it be understood, however, gentlemen—as I have repeatedly told you—when our Order performs an act of punishment it is done to the *man*, as an *offender*, as a *nuisance* in the community, not as a negro, or Republican. Crime must be punished among Democrats, as well as among Radicals. For instance, a written notification was sent to James A Mc—. last week that if he continued to keep that negro woman as his mistress, in his own dwelling against the protest of his wife, he should be whipped once a week until he learned decency if not morality. He has sent her away.

3rd. We are all pledged to aid and assist one another in distress to the best of our ability. This, with the following clause—to take all women, widows and orphans, and their households under our especial care and protection—is the key-stone of the arch of our polity. Our order was originally

organized simply as a secret self-protecting, mutual assistance association. It is now somewhat enlarged in the purview of designs, but this idea of mutual protection, mutual assistance, and continual, watchful care of our noble Southern women, particularly the helpless families of fallen comrades—this, I say, is the chief principle and purpose of our Klan. For my part, I believe in the protection of woman's virtue by an higher, truer law than any we have yet upon the statute book. Punishment in the cases of rape (that crime of crimes of which our newspapers are filled from week to week) should be speedy, instantaneous, unpitying, terrible! The highest and holiest interests of society depend upon the personal purity and domestic virtue of the gentler sex; and I would have the penalty of laying hands upon a woman, so speedy and so sure that every negro, and white villain should scarce dare look at her with lustful eyes. I am sick of twaddle about "mob law," and "going outside the law," and all that. Laws were made—governments are conducted—to give Protection to life, property, reputation, and peace. When such protection is withdrawn, allegiance ceases. Old Amos Kendall (then [1835] Post Master General) once speaking of the seizure of Abolition incendiary pamphlets in the mails at Charleston, said, "We owe an allegiance to the laws, but *an higher one to the communities* in which we live, and if the former be perverted to destroy the latter *it is Patriotism to disregard them!*"

"It can hardly be doubted"—says Sir James Macintosh, one of the most eminent English writers on Constitutional questions—"that the *highest obligation of a citizen is that of contributing to preserve the community, and that every other political duty, even that of obedience to magistrates, is derived from, and must be subordinate to it.*"

When, therefore, it becomes broadly notorious that the worst elements of the country have taken

possession of the offices from governor down to town constable—when the courts furnish no protection for the honest citizen, and visit no vengeance upon the murderer, ravisher, house robber, and barn burner—when the Judge on the Bench and Jury in the Box, are both in political and social “League” with the crime-stained offender at the Bar, making trials a farce and all attempts at redress, an insulting mockery of the injured—when, in short, the civil government, and the judicial officers not only deny protection and scoff at complaint, but actually openly sympathize with the vilest classes of society and shield the desperado, and depredator—there remains for an outraged people the right to protect themselves, their families, their property and society by such means as God and Nature gave them long before there were statutes on the Statute Books!

One thing, however, demands our especial vigilance in this connection: We must be careful not to do injustice—to punish the wrong person, for this would be double wrong and neither righted. It is for this reason that I am endeavoring to effect a more thorough organization in the county; so that when any action is taken in any case a thorough investigation may precede it, leaving no doubt of the deserts of the parties dealt with. Some of our Klans have been acting imprudently—certainly without orders. This must be stopped. Indiscriminate raiding or night riding cannot be allowed. When punishment is to be inflicted it must be done regularly after due consideration. I have sent instructions all over the county to cease all raiding except upon deliberate order of a council called for the purpose. This will prevent hasty, injudicious, and possibly unjust action.

4th. To keep the secrets of the Order and obey the instructions of your Chief. This is manifestly necessary—positively indispensable to the safe and successful operating of our Order. Every member

is sworn to be a Know-Nothing of the strictest sort: and it is recommended that you do not even talk among yourselves of matters appertaining to the Klan. The less said, the less risk. As for obeying orders—that, too, is imperative; it is one of the first lessons to be learned. All the trouble, recklessness, irregularities, and failures; all the outrageous conduct that I am sorry to say has occurred in one or two instances, was due to the lack of organization and proper regard for orders. The Chief has opportunities for deciding what is best, because he is furnished with information from all parts of the county. And as all action must be deliberated upon by the Grand Council there is no likelihood of any member being called to do other than what is best, proper, and requisite. Capt. Tom McIntyre is organizing a camp at this point; and the new member will be attached thereto. We will now break up, and go home. May “Our Country” soon have a white man’s government!

I and my friends returned directly home, arriving some time after midnight. The clatter of our horses’ heels awakened the drowsy “League Guard” who threatened to “bolt” in a body for the woods; though as the moon was shining they perceived the number and individuality of the approaching horsemen in time to save their credit. Several of the scalawags were prowling around with guns in their hands, trying to discover something to afford a clue to what was going on.

This meeting, be it remembered, was early in April prior to the passage of the Ku Klux Bill, and also of the Biggerstaff Raid.

Many occurrences about that period contributed to strengthen the Klan by fairly exhausting the forbearance of the people with Loganism. Without definite memoranda at hand I will briefly mention a few. Capt. Clark, one of the most gentlemanly and inoffensive merchants of the town, owned a farm, in the country, which was divided into small tracts, and rented by a class of poor

men known as "Renters." These renters are generally rough uncultivated men, living little better, if any, than the better class of negroes; and too often cohabiting with negroes, etc. Among Clark's tenants was a fellow named Foster, a man of more native shrewdness than the generality of these people, and a leading local light of the League. Indeed he was usually looked to by his fellows for advice, etc. One day previous to the election, Clark remarked in his store that if his renters should continue as they were, doing all they could against his interest, by voting to keep a set of men in power who were robbing the state, the county, the town, the country, despoiling us of our substance by enormous taxation, etc., etc., he would hereafter be more particular as to his tenants;—not keep the *accomplices* of his enemies on his land.

The Captain is a man of decision, and shortly after the election he sold his store, and removed to his plantation, discharging his tenants. Now anyone would suppose a man might occupy his own land even if by so doing he did have to refuse to re-rent to his last year's tenants.

But Foster, who was making a good thing off the Captain's fertile fields, and was in a rage at having to give them up, hastened to U. S. Commissioner Wilson (Logan's tool) to prefer a charge of "intimidation" against C— on the ground that he was heard to threaten he would turn off every renter who voted the Radical ticket. Now the law, or Enforcement Act, imposed a fine of \$1,000, and six months' imprisonment for "intimidation." And Capt. Clark, for a long time was in great trouble, his lady very much alarmed, and his friends indignant. But by employing counsel, spending money freely "where it would do the most good," and making a pretence of being friendly with the scoundrel who was taking advantage of an unconstitutional, partizan Act of Congress to rob and harass him, the case was finally compromised, with only the loss of some hundreds of dollars, much time, much annoyance, and the independence that a freeborn land-owner has, or should have, in the disposal of his own soil.

Capt. Clark, by feeing lawyers, and rather humiliating himself, to appease the scoundrel Foster, after months of negotiations got off with only \$350 costs. All this for merely remarking that after the election he meant to have no Radicals upon his land! Yet all over the State and country—the Radicals were discharging every Democrat from both political office and private employments without hesitation or attempt at concealment!

Henderson Weaver, Esq., of McDowell County, was involved in a similar difficulty about the same time, except that he had merely discharged several of his negro farmhands after the election without stating that their political conduct had anything to do with his action. How he came off I never heard; though I know that he was put to great trouble and expense. Of course, a few cases of this sort soon spread the worst sort of "Intimidation" throughout the country, as our uneducated mountain population are easily frightened by any supposed liability to "*be lawed*" and for a long time after these occurrences many farmers feared to discharge their employees for any cause whatever, even if their services were no longer needed. Yet at this very period the government itself would retain no one in office, or on the public works, who refused to vote the Radical ticket, and large manufacturers, Railroad Presidents and other employers of *the North* never failed to instantly discharge any workman who should dare to vote contrary to their wishes. But, of course, what was a common custom among Radicals, became a crime in Southern Democrats, although in the rogue-ridden Southern States, self-protection required that all honorable men should exert themselves to the utmost to diminish the power of the vile and brutal.

Now, as I have said, the course of the Grant power was to impress on even the humblest office-holder of the Radical party that he possessed unlimited authority over the lives and fortunes of Southern Conservatives so long as he could make it appear that he was acting for the good of Grantism, and fostering "loyalty" (i. e. loyalty to Grantism, and Yankeeism) to the discomfiture of "Reb-

els," "slave-holders" and "Democrats." Is there a doubt of this? Will any fair-minded resident of any part of the South from 1866 to 1872, deny that the programme mentioned was skillfully and relentlessly carried out by all ranks of men in government offices? And by Radical leaders in Grant's favor? Almost simultaneously in all parts of the South in the summer and fall of 1871, the policy of securing the several states by force and intimidation was plainly foreshadowed—so plainly that every U. S. commissioner, post master, revenue officer, or other officer throughout all the villages, cities, and neighborhoods of the South became fired with zeal in the cause, and ambition to out-Herod Herod in spreading the general apprehension and terror. The wiser heads among our people, recognizing the tendency of events as precursors of some coup d'etat, similar to that by which Napoleon III quietly transformed his *Presidency* into a *Dictatorship*. Fortunately, there were enough liberty-lovers among the people of the North to render the experiment too hazardous for adoption at the time, and now there is hope of its temporary postponement. Here in Rutherford the despotism was already established. Our village was surrounded by camps of "Regulars"—cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Squads of soldiers, piloted by renegades of the vilest pattern, were scouring the country to arrest scores of respectable citizens, who were crammed in jail without any knowledge of the charges against them, without proper food or clothing, denied bail, or opportunity to consult counsel, and without the writ of *habeas corpus*, whereby they might demand a hearing! *Could anything half so despotic be done by the government or army of England—a kingdom though it be?*

On the 24th of May Jason and John Witherow, Thos. Toms, Jas. Hunt, Jonas Bedford et al. were brought before Commissioner Wilson charged with committing the outrage on Biggerstaff on the 12th inst. at Grassy Branch. They were already under bond of \$500 to appear before Judge Logan on the 10th of July, and also

a similar bond to appear before U. S. Commissioner Moore on the 28th of July. Yet here is a new bond of \$500 to appear before Judge Brooks at Marion on the 3rd Monday in August. Thus, the country was kept in a constant state of turmoil and annoyance; for there were not many men in Rutherford able to give bond of \$500 or \$1,000 over and above the Homestead, and all debts, claims, etc. And "When the wicked rule the People Mourn"—saith the Scriptures; but the People are apt to diversify their mourning with other more efficient measures of expressing their disapprobation. So it was in Rutherford. The shameful partizanship of the Radical officials, both civil and judicial; the constant insults of negroes and Leaguers; and the desperation born of misgovernment, injustice, wrong, and protracted dominance of the worst elements of Society, caused the people as a mass, and the younger members of the Klan in particular, to grow so restive that an outbreak of some sort became inevitable.

I heard the mutterings of the storm many months before it broke. From the first day of my connection with the Klan there was constant pressure upon me to order a "raid" upon Rutherfordton to "just clean out the whole mongrel crew," as one fellow expressed it—a fellow, by the way, who afterwards became one of the leading witnesses for the government, and helped to swear away the liberty of the very man who restrained his wicked impetuosity! I refer to Jesse DePriest. It is unnecessary to say there was plenty of provocation for this feeling of resentment. Almost daily there was some new act or speech on the part of Logan, or "my son Robert," or Jim Justice, or Dolph Mooney, or one or other of the low down quintet of Scoggins Brothers or some other Mongrel leaders that added fuel to the flames. Judge Logan's lying letter to Senator Nye (via Gov. Caldwell) and his whole course in the Biggerstaff case, stirred the indignation of every respectable citizen whether connected with the Order or not.

Then came the terrible murder of Silas Weston and his children. Full details will be given farther on, but I will briefly mention here that a party of men—all well known Republicans, indeed actual leaders—went to the cabin of Silas Weston, a colored man living with a white woman and shot down Silas and his three children: left his wife and baby stabbed in many places, and supposed to be dead and the house burning to ashes, to hide the crime! The design was to lay the dreadful murder on the Ku Klux, but the mother survived and the truth became known—producing intense feeling throughout that county.

Indeed the excitement ran so high that it was thought best to call a meeting (held May 29th) of the Bar, and prominent citizens in favor of peace. Dr. L. A. Mills was called to the chair. R. A. Shotwell, Secretary. G. M. Whitesides, Dr. Mills, W. D. Justice (bro. of Jim), R. A. Shotwell and others were called on for remarks and addressed the meeting. The Resolution committee reported, calling a county convention on the 3d Monday in June to nominate candidates, and wound up with a resolution declaring that the Conservative [party] as a party was in no way responsible for alleged cases of lawlessness by Ku Klux Klan or other organizations, and that we condemn outrages and lawlessness by whomsoever committed and that we hold ourselves ready to assist the lawful officers in all proper means of suppressing such outrages, etc.

This resolution was voted for by dozens of members of the Klan, because we were and always had been opposed to irregular and lawless actions which were bringing discredit on the Order and the Party. R. A. Shotwell suggested a committee to publish in the State Press a succinct account of the condition of affairs in Rutherford to vindicate the fair fame of the county from the exaggerations, aspersions and intentional misrepresentations of the Radical press. Messrs. Jos. L. Carson, Rev. T. B. Justice and Maj. L. P. Erwin were appointed on this committee. Martin Whitesides then delivered a

speech in explanation of the bill calling a convention; and the meeting adjourned with enthusiasm. *This movement to attempt to carry the county for the Democrats aroused the mongrels to new fury.* Two days prior to this (May 27th) another scandalous arraignment took place before Commissioner Wilson. Phillip and A. B. Womack and McMahan—sons and nephew of old man Womack—were charged with whipping one Betsey Brooks, a woman of bad character, who had succeeded in seducing the old man, who was rich and far gone into dotage into a promise of marriage. Her reputation was so notorious that the relatives were greatly incensed, and went to her house disguised (tho' not really Ku Klux) and admonished her with many threats to depart out of the country. She says they whipped her; but this is denied. On trial it was proved that the prostitute Brooks could not be believed under oath; the two Womacks proved an *alibi*; and it was proved that they and McMahan had been open enemies for years, hence unlikely that they should colloque together to go on this raid. Yet in \$1,000 to appear before Judge Brooks (U. S. C.) at Marion on 3rd Monday in August. Thus another "Ku Klux Outrage" was placed on record, a dozen other citizens were at the beginning of a long train of troubles. and the patience of Conservative members of the Klan spite of all this sworn evidence, Wilson bound them in more tried.

It will be remembered that Gov. Caldwell in the spirit of Holden refused to order an election for a Convention, whereupon the General Assembly passed an act ordering the sheriffs in the several counties to open the polls in the normal places on the 1st Thursday in August. These things of course increased the excitement.

It now became the turn of Jim Justice to attract public odium in the highest degree—if the term highest can have any application to one so infamously low. *Low born, low bred, low lived, low married, low mannered, low moraled, low in all the attributes of manhood!*—this fellow was the very man—a typical man—to play the

leader (though in reality the mere puppet of Logan, . . .) of a party composed of one-third negroes, and two-thirds rude, ignorant, uncultivated, poor mountaineers. He was a natural demagogue, having some readiness in speech, or "gift of gab," as his friends expressed it; vast powers of impudence and effrontery; not a particle of self-respect, but a good deal of envy of decent people, whom he sneered at as "stuck up;" and withal perfectly unscrupulous and unprincipled. His whole history is bad. I have often been told by Lawyer Carson, and others, that his father, a brick mason, was whipped on his bare back at the whipping post in Henderson County for stealing: but as this is strenuously denied by his brother who is a respectable citizen (does not affiliate with Jim in any particular) we will assume that there is some mistake; and indeed there are many Justices in Henderson. Jim was born in Henderson, and served at his trade until the War broke out, when he became a deserter from the Confederate Army, and joined a gang of outlaws in the mountains of Transylvania, who lived by depredations upon the respectable families that had the misfortune to live within a night's journey of their haunts.

After the war Justice came to Rutherfordton, and began to learn villainy at the feet of the Loyal League Gamaliel—George Logan. . . . Logan doubtless recognized the qualities of character that would make an efficient instrument for his own dirtiest work, and assisted in putting forward his protégé.

Justice took active and scandalous part, in the campaign of 1868, when the Carpetbag Constitution, the Corrupt Judiciary, negro suffrage and all the evils of the Holden-Logan-Kirk, Littlefield epoch were foisted upon us by the first vote of 80,000 negroes, banded in midnight Leagues, and thirty thousand white allies in the same infamous organization. Logan, having secured the nomination for Superior Court Judge for himself, graciously permitted Jim to have the seat in the Legislature from Rutherford. His nomination was a staggering blow to

the decent people of the county; for they knew that the nomination was equivalent to election, and the idea of *such a Representative* was galling indeed. He took his seat on the 1st of July, 1868, and during the next three years was connected with the worst phases of that villainous body known as the "Carpetbag Legislature of 1868." I cannot here give details, but his reputation surpassed that of every scalawag in Western N. C., for impudent villainy and outrage.

When a resolution was voted for on March 17, 1870, asking Congress to remove the disabilities of all citizens of the State, several negroes and Radicals spoke in favor thereof. Justice arose and declared that most of the men under bans ought to remain so "*until the clods fall upon their coffins.*" J. W. Leary, a negro Radical, said he was sorry to see Mr. Justice so excited over the matter, that he had not discussed principles, or theories of government, "but simply indulged in a tirade of abuse of individuals for their political thinking." He had just returned from the Legislature when the Biggerstaff Raid occurred; and he at once set at work to increase the hatred, if possible, with which he was regarded, by his insolent speeches, and unnecessary activity in piloting the officers to arrest respectable and innocent citizens.

Previous to this, in the fall of 1870, in canvassing the county, his chief stock in trade of political capital consisted of denunciation of the Ku Klux, and threats of what he should do if ever molested, etc., etc. Justice himself admitted as follows, when testifying before the Washington Congressional Committee on the 3d of July, 1871:

"Last summer (August) we had quite a heated campaign in our State. I was the Republican candidate for the Legislature. . . . We made a very thorough campaign in Rutherford and *I was particularly severe on what are known as the Ku Klux.* . . . I did not charge that Mr. Carson (Jos. L., the Conservative Candidate) with being one himself, but I did charge that they were supporting him. . . . *I used a great many bitter ex-*

pressions against the Ku Klux in my public speeches, denouncing them for their crimes," etc., etc. Justice at Burnt Chimneys in a public speech [declared] that three-fourth of the people of N. C. ought to be in hell and the balance made slaves for life time. All these speeches and denunciations were remembered against him, by the ruder classes of the community and county; so that when he re-kindled the flame by his conduct in the Biggerstaff matter, there was no restraining them.

Justice himself confesses his zeal as follows:—"We thought we had a very *strong intimation in the proclamation issued by the President of the United States . . . to aid in breaking up those bands of bad men, and to aid in putting an end to crimes of that kind.*"

Of course! Of "*that kind!*" The Loyal League could kill, burn, rape and pillage from one end of the South to the other, but without calling out a proclamation from Grant, or setting his satellites at work to stop them! Henry Berry Lowrey's Radical gang could *murder* in broad daylight *twenty-one* respectable Democrats, yet there was scarcely an effort by either the State, or National Government to suppress them; though their crimes have nearly depopulated a large region of the State! But let us hear what Jim has to say further:—

"The Commissioner of our county is a very clever man but not of very much ability in the discharge of his duties!" (This man, Wm. M. Wilson, is a *tenant upon one of Judge Logan's farms*, and was appointed U. S. Commissioner with a view of having him *under Logan's influence.*) "He shrank from participating in anything of the kind. But *some of us (!)* went to see him, and told him he must *come out and do his duty*, or else resign and let another person be appointed in his place. . . . He agreed that *if the testimony would justify it*, he would issue warrants for the arrest of parties, and bind them over. *We then commenced operations. I was active in getting out warrants; and was appointed by this commissioner to examine witnesses for the prosecution of these parties. We procured the arrest of quite a num-*

ber. . . . We also procured the arrest of a number of others engaged in the cases I have mentioned and some I have not mentioned." . . . We could hear almost every day that the Ku Klux were going to raid on us. And in consequence of that Mr. Carpenter and quite a number of our Republican friends have been in the habit of *assembling at the Court House, or at the steps of the hotel near there* (a needless show of bravado, well calculated to provoke assault!) with our pistols and double-barrel shot guns, and remain there until two or three o'clock in the morning. We continued that system of guarding our town for three weeks. I suppose we stopped it about the last of May or first of June. The citizens seemed very anxious about the excited state of things. . . . We had a very considerable trial on Tuesday after the first Monday in June, that was the last trial before Wilson; there were seven young men indicted then—mostly young men, brought up on these warrants of which I have spoken." . . . "*I appeared for the prosecution* and we had quite a lively trial of it. . . . One of the attorneys appealed to the sympathies of the Commissioner for the boys saying that they were poor and could not give a bond; that they would be taken from their plows and confined in jail until the terms of court, that it would be a great damage to have the youths of the country—the hard laboring plow boys taken up and imprisoned in this way, etc., etc., etc. By way of reply I said that I sympathized, . . . was very sorry to see the youths of the county plunged into this trouble. . . . *I went on as a man will* when he gets to talking publicly in this way, and made *some pretty strong remarks*. I said it was very much like the rebellion, . . . the secession leaders encouraged the war, into which they didn't themselves go, but pressed forward the poor plow boy; . . . it was the same thing now," etc. (The harangue is too long to quote). "Four of the accused were bound over and three discharged. That was on *Tuesday* and the following Sunday night they made their attack on me." This trial was on the 6th June and the parties were J. D.

Goode, G. W. Holland, Richard Hames, S. R. Hames, S. B. Padgett, S. L. Wall, J. P. Burgess, the four first named being bound in \$1,000 each to appear at Marion. The two first named and Wm. Webster were tried and bound for whipping Jonas Watts, colored.

The reader who has noted the active, persistent, offensive, and boastful part borne by this miserable demagogue (whose face and personal appearance would prevent his getting an impartial hearing in any court where human sympathies and antipathies were known) according to his own admission, will not be at a loss for the key to the "attack" alluded to in the closing sentence. Let this be borne in mind, therefore, for Justice afterwards became very obtuse, and can *recall no reason* why he should have been attacked except because *he was a zealous "Republikin."*

The real truth was that this trial of the seven young men referred to was the final straw that broke the camel's back. The long-pent torrent of public indignation, hourly swollen by rivulets of passion, gathering from every quarter, burst upon him when least expected. I knew nothing at all of the facts of the case; but have since learned them, to wit, that a party of young men, (John Goode, Geo. Holland, Wm. Webster, McCoombs and Hames) all members of Webster's camp on the South Carolina line, went to the residence of Gillespie, an ex-Radical justice of the peace, who had been talking violently and making himself very obnoxious to his neighbors. Calling him out, they talked with him some time, telling him wherein he was playing the fool, and counseling him to reform if he would keep out of trouble. He was not struck or injured in any way; though one of the party remarked that he suspected about 200 lashes would teach him sense and improve his politics. The maskers then proceeded to the house of Jonas Watts, an old negro who had been threatening to shoot on sight the "first damned Ku Klux Rebel" that he saw. From Jonas they took his gun, and left a bunch of rods with him as a warning of what he might expect. The Ku Klux then went to

the house of the Bradley sisters, strumpets, frequented by whites and blacks alike. The women were out, and they left warning with a colored man named T. P. Bradley. Webster, Goode, Holland, the two McCombs, and the two Hames boys, were all held in heavy bonds by the Commissioner. I had come down street while the trial was in progress in the Court House and found the people at every corner discussing the insolent speeches Justice had made; his declaration that every Ku Klux ought to be hanged, and his public boasts that none of the "cowardly skunks dare molest him," etc., etc. Soon a number of the young men—all of whom were members of the Order—came to me with the argument that Justice must be taught a lesson in prudence; and that unless some measures were taken to prevent the crusade now plainly begun by the Loganites it would result in the destruction of the country, as the Mongrels had discovered a new way of filling their pockets, and manufacturing political capital at the same time. This was true. The wretches would hire, or persuade some old negro with no more regard for the sanctity of an oath than has an old cow to come in and make affidavit that he had been whipped by a score or more of disguised persons. Of course each one was easily recognized through any disguise—and warrants were issued. The issuing and serving of these warrants *gave employment at \$5 a day* to the Commissioner, half a dozen "deputy U. S. Marshal's," Jim Justice, J. B. Carpenter and Bob Logan (all "twenty dollar lawyers," that is men, who under the carpetbag constitution,¹ by paying \$20 took out license to practice law, though without *knowing* a word of it) and numerous smaller lights, as clerks, jailers, guards, etc., etc. What were the fees of Justice and Carpenter I do not know, but they must have been large, as no man draws a *small* charge against the government, when his services are in demand.

¹The Constitution of 1868 contained no provision of the sort. An act of the Legislature provided for the license.

Apropos Jim J's statement about Commissioner Wilson, I find a note among my papers as follows: "While Jos. L. Carson was at Washington (his expenses being paid by us—most by K. K.—to go there and counteract the lies of Logan) he was asked by the notorious John Pool, (a member of the "Outrage Committee"), 'What sort of a man is Wilson?' "Oh, he is an illiterate, poorly informed man, but clever socially and disposed to do what is right, I think." "Ah," said Pool with a shrug of his shoulders "he won't do; we can't depend on clever men: the best way will be to have those Ku Klux brought down to Raleigh, where we can handle them without any neighborhood feelings," etc., etc. A few days later his words were made good by the appearance of Lieut. Green with a company of U. S. soldiers to make arrests.

I deprecated any hasty action: pointed out the results sure to follow; spoke of the passage of the Ku Klux law, and the evident determination of the government to use that law as a means of bringing the South under Radical, if not military rule; and finally urged that the whole matter be postponed until a general consultation could be held.

Next day I was waited upon by additional parties, including some very substantial and respectable citizens—(whose names I withhold for personal reasons)—who declared that some action *must* be taken. For—1st.—Old Pukey Biggerstaff, after the solemnest promises of silence had become a witness, not only in the State Courts, but before the Federal Grand Jury, and was soon to appear before the Federal Court to swear away the liberties of dozens of men, who were innocent of the least interference with him; to say nothing of the few among the accused who were really among his assailants. Something must be done, they argued, to keep old Pukey, and other witnesses away from the Courts.

2nd. It had become an undoubted fact that one Jeff Downey, a low vagabond, who was inducted into the Order, by men who did not know him, and whose presence in the Order had already caused some decent per-

sons to leave the Klan to which he belonged—this fellow, I say as every one expected had turned traitor; and had been seen in Judge Logan's private office, assisting to make a list of names which could be none other than of members of the Invisible Empire. And the penalty of treachery, was "Death, Death, Death at the hands of the Brethren," etc., etc. To this I replied that it would not be just to act upon mere surmise, though to confess my own opinion, I did not doubt that Downey was guilty.

3d.—In relation to Jim Justice; if he were not taught some sense he would keep up this thing of arresting, dragging from their homes, and subjecting to every annoyance, hundreds of our people, the leading Democrats particularly, whether they were members of the Klan or not. It was understood that Justice and Carpenter had a list of 200 of the most respectable citizens of Rutherford, all of whom were to be arrested—a few each day—(so as to draw the \$5 per diem)—compelling them to quit their harvest fields, hunt up witnesses, carry them 15 or 20 miles to town, await the pleasure of the Commissioner, be "bullied" by the hour by Jim Justice, Bob Logan *et al*, and finally hunt over half the country to find bondsmen, to sign bail for their appearance at a distant court—Raleigh or elsewhere—all of which would be kept until after the August Election on the Convention question which the scalawags were determined to prevent at all hazards. In fact, "Bats" Carpenter had as good as declared in his street corner boastings, that the Ku Klux would soon "catch it" on all sides; that troops were coming and warrants were being prepared, and hundreds of so-called "aristocrats" would have to fly the country or go to jail, etc., etc. "Carpenter," said my visitors, "has little force and would do no harm of himself: but Jim Justice is at his elbow with the shrewdness of an unprincipled demagogue, trained by two long sessions among the Carpet-baggers and wirepullers at Raleigh and between them—with Logan to prompt, and back them—they will do an irreparable damage to our

county, state, section, as well as to our Order, and our party. He must be taken out, and given such a fright that he will see his way to something like decency." I reasoned that, while all this was true, and while I should like to see Biggerstaff, Downey, and Justice thoroughly chastised, yet there were political reasons against any demonstration at this time; that all my efforts for a month past had been directed towards the suppression of raiding; and that it seemed cowardly to punish the lesser lights, like Justice and Biggerstaff, while as yet the High Priest of the League, George Logan, had never been touched, or interfered with in any way. Logan, I remarked, was the Head-Centre of the Original Red String—Deserter-harboring-plunder-League, which had formed the nucleus of the Mongrel Party in Rutherford; and were he suppressed the disorders would terminate for lack of inspiration. But these arguments were futile in the face of recent events, and impending perils. Logan was absent from home; and besides, his position as a "Judge"—so-called—however, unworthily filled, would magnify the effect of any punishment inflicted upon him.

Finally, to gain time, and give opportunity for some interruption, I told the parties to meet me at Cherry Mountain, on the following Thursday, when a large party were going there on a picnic, as is the custom in the cherry season. This famous mountain is some twenty miles from Rutherford and the same distance from Morganton, Marion and Shelby, from all of which towns there are frequent parties in the month of June each year. The top of the mountain lies within a thermal belt, so that the fruit is rarely killed by frost and the enormous quantities of cherries attract visitors from all the surrounding country. Sometimes as many as two or three hundred young men, ladies, children—whole families—meet in the orchards on the same day, especially on Thursdays and Saturdays.

One of these annual "meets" was already arranged among the young people of Rutherfordton, for the following Saturday; and I postponed all further discussion

of the long talked of raid upon Justice until the picnic at Cherry Mountain; privately resolving that some "accident-on-purpose" should prevent my meeting them on that occasion—and thus postpone, also, the demanded action.

The meeting on Cherry Mountain was on the 2nd Saturday in June and was largely attended; persons from Shelby, Marion, Rutherfordton, and other points being present. A good deal of Amos Owen's "Cherry Bounce" (a mixture of liquor and cherries) was imbibed by the crowd; and several of the young men became quite intoxicated. No formal meeting of the Klan was held, but by some strange understanding it came to be agreed that a raid was to be made upon Rutherfordton to punish "Old Pukey" Biggerstaff, treacherous Jeff Downey, and as some understood it, Jim Justice.

I was not present, and knew nothing of these proceedings until afterwards. I have often asked persons who were there at the picnic who gave the orders for the raid, but no one seemed to know. It was generally understood—passing from mouth to mouth—that "Capt. Shotwell, the Grand Chief, orders a raid to be made on Rutherfordton tomorrow night," but no one knew who brought the order, nor how the raid was to be projected or anything definite in regard to it. I can only assume that some of the several parties with whom I talked on the subject of a raid, and whom I promised to meet at Cherry Mountain, themselves gave out the report, either designed or by misconception of the conversation with me: the "wish being father to the thought," as it too often is. At all events it was agreed upon among the Klan members present that a raid should take place on the following night; and several young men, holding positions in Klans in South Carolina (though no further from Rutherfordton than were the Cherry Mountain Klans) hastened home to collect, and bring up their brethren.

These particulars, it should be remembered, were unknown to me at the time, and many of them were not known until developed in the course of the trials at Ral-

eigh, or subsequent private communications to me while I was in confinement at Rutherford with persons who were present on Cherry Mountain, or afterwards took part in the raid. Let it be remembered also that threats, and mysterious hints of a raid on Rutherfordton had been of daily occurrence for weeks. Twice I heard of a projected raid, by single Klans, once from the South Carolina line, and once from exactly opposite direction, but *happening*, (and it was always a *chance* communication, as I never left the village, and was closely confined at my books the largest part of every day) to hear of them, I sent positive (in one case *written*) orders forbidding any such action, and re-iterating my frequent orders that raiding must cease.

To sustain my statements on this head, let me quote from the government witnesses on my trial: *vide* page 441, N. C. Test, K.K.K. Documents. Julius Fortune, an illegitimate son of Judge Logan, swears:—"Question—"When did you hear of the raid on Rutherford?" Answer—"I reckon about *two or three weeks before*." Question—"So long as that?" Ans.—"There was a night set, but they didn't go till some time afterwards. Then I was on Cherry Mountain when they fixed it to go next night." Quest.—"You say it was fixed two weeks before to raid on J?" Ans.—"Yes Sir." Quest.—"Why didn't you go at that first appointment?" Ans.—"I don't know, Sir." Of course, he was not told that I had forbidden it. Again, when asked who told him about the raid, he answered—that it was *John Harrill* and that the latter said *he was going to kill Jim Justice* (page 443). Let it be marked that when Fortune testified to this, John Harrill was assisting him to swear away *my* liberty.

Another witness against me—(*the only one who could swear directly that I was a member [of the] order*)—who had been *Chief of a camp*,—testified that I appointed him to be chief—a position of great responsibility and *swore* him to obey all instructions, etc. Of course I would tell this *head of a Klan* all the secrets of the Order. Let us, therefore, see what he—Jesse De

Priest—swears to:—(Page 424) “Did R. A. Shotwell ever instruct you to go on a raid? Ans.—“*No Sir.*” “Did you ever know him to be on a raid?” “*No Sir.*” “Did you know that Shotwell was on the town raid?” “*No Sir.*” “Did not Shotwell tell you they were *raiding too much* and it *must be stopped*?” Ans.—“Yes Sir; he told me that.” “Did he tell it to you when he gave you the oath?” Ans.—“Yes Sir, he said the Klans were raiding too much, and he *wanted me to help him stop it*; that it was *outside of the design of the Order to whip and raid in that way.*” Quest.—“He told you when he administered the oath?” “Yes Sir.” Question by Judge Brooks—“*He told you that raiding and whipping must be stopped because it was outside of the Order?*” Ans.—“Yes Sir.” Quest.—“How long a conversation did you have with Shotwell when he gave you the oath?” Answer—“About an hour.” Quest.—“Did you ever initiate any one?” Ans.—“Yes Sir.” Quest.—“Did you *tell them what Shotwell told you?*” Ans.—“Yes Sir: I told them it was *not the intention of the Order to raid and whip.*” After a long examination one of the Government Counsel again asked De Priest—Question. “*Did Mr. Shotwell come to you and tell you he wanted some more raiding done?*” Ans.—“I don’t know that he came to me. I went to town *to see him about forming a Den.* We talked about some raids made in the Southern part of the county when a young man was shot,” etc. Quest.—“What else?” Answer—“Well we talked about these raids, and *Capt. Shotwell told me he wanted me to help him stop the raiding.*”

Let it be noted that all these men were *government witnesses*—(bribed, with the money in their pockets and new suits of clothes, bought for them by the Loganites, on their backs), who *confessed* their own participation in the raids; but, having perjured themselves to please their employers, and convict me, were either conscience stricken, and thought they would tell a *portion of the truth*, or they had not been posted on this point, and being asked these questions, forgot to manufacture some lie to *coincide with the other part of their story* at any

rate—it was CLEARLY PROVEN that I, PUBLICLY (in the Democratic County Convention) and *privately*, (in swearing in members, and in qualifying the Chiefs of the Klans) opposed raiding, whipping, etc., and asked the aid of others to help stop it. It will be recollected that John Harrell told Isaac Padgett—“That slim-shanked Shotwell won’t do for Chief; he’s afraid to order a raid; and too stuck up to lead one.” And Capt. Plato Durham (page 328—Congressional Com.) testified as follows:—Question, “Do you know whether Mr. S. was present when the raid was made on Rutherford?” Ans.—“I do not know: but I have every reason to believe he was not.” Quest.—“Why?” Answer—“Simply because I believe he is a man of too much sense and judgment and too much feeling for his brother man to treat Mr. Justice in that way. I have always found Mr. Shotwell to be a gentleman. He is a man of education.” (Alas *this* is a mistake.) “and so far as I know him he is a gentleman. *I know*, furthermore, that Mr. Shotwell told me, at the Court, that he would *use every exertion within his power to stop this matter in Rutherford.*”

Could I put upon the witness stand friends of mine—gentlemen of character with whom I talked only a day or two before the “town raid”—they could corroborate the foregoing, and place a new light upon that whole affair. Why these persons were not called out during my trial will appear hereafter. Indeed the true history of this Radical Crusade to carry the Carolinas for Grant in 1871-'72 can hardly be written even yet; because many of those who could assist me in details, and bear me out in statements have never returned from their homes in the far West. Others have since died, some I am at enmity with for their shameless perjuries, and many important facts were lost while I was penned in my living tomb at Albany Penitentiary.

CHAPTER EIGHTH

The Raid on Rutherford.

No one could review the foregoing facts and statements without comprehending the explosive tendency of the atmosphere in Rutherford at that period; nor, could there be any doubt that the motives of those who participated in the events about to be described, were purely personal, and received their subsequent political coloring from the peculiar circumstances of the case, joined to the declarations of those with whom the "wish was father to the thought," and the tongue uncurbed by conscience. The Raid, as arranged on Cherry Mountain, was to inflict punishment upon Aaron V. Biggerstaff, James M. Justice, and Thomas Jefferson Downey: the two first named being Republicans; the latter a Democrat—though I am happy to add that he has been converted to Radicalism since his exposure.

But political reasons are not needed to account for the Raid. "Old Pukey" Biggerstaff had twice violated his solemn pledges, had circulated the most abominable falsehoods respecting the treatment he had received at the hands of the Klan; and had falsely accused large numbers of his neighbors who were entirely innocent of any participation in the 'visitations' he complained of; in fact, several of them were absent from the state at the time he swore they were at his door. And I will here remark, that it was a little curious that the old reprobate could *swear positively* to men whom he admitted were fully disguised from head to feet; though he could not swear positively as to others, who were not disguised in any respect. Jeff Downey had provoked the share of the raid he was about to receive by his treachery to the Order, and perjured violation of a solemn oath, wherein he swore to accept the penalty of treason "which is Death! Death! Death!—at the hands of the Brethren."

He had, himself, often declared that hanging would be only the reasonable punishment of a villain who should voluntarily participate in the confidence of the Order, only to betray it at first opportunity.

As for Jim Justice, I think no sensible person can wonder that he should have received a warning from the Ku Klux. For six months past he had made a practice of abusing and denouncing the Klan on all occasions, publicly and privately; and had repeatedly *dared* them to molest *him* in any manner. Boasting of his boldness, he confesses in his testimony before the Congressional Committee, that he had made "a very ugly speech" a short time before the raid—declaring to a crowded courtroom that he wished he had all the Ku Klux in hell, and had a receipt from the devil for their safe-keeping (*Whereat the negroes and mongrels yelled in paroxysms of delight*) and proceeded to confess as follows: "I abused the Ku Klux very bitterly. Looking men in the eye, who I believed were Ku Klux, I denounced their organization, and conduct in as unmeasured terms of abuse, as I could heap on them: and I did it repeatedly. I was not afraid of them then. I did not think their organization had extended to that degree that they would attack me."

He continues, as already quoted, to describe how he visited the easy-going, good natured Wilson, (Logan's tenant—made United States Commissioner, in order to have him handy and convenient—as Mrs. Toodles would say) and brow-beat him into playing the petty autocrat for the purposes of the Mongrel Leaders, now bent upon creating a "reign of Terror" among the decent people of Rutherford. He admits that he became the Chief Prosecutor of the Ku Klux and in denouncing accused persons when arraigned before the Commissioner, was unsparing in his personal censure, etc. "*I talked as a man will when he gets to talking publicly in that way and made some pretty strong remarks*"—is his mild testimony in referring to his course as the paid prosecutor on the part of the government. Can anyone doubt what

consequences would naturally flow from such a course, when acted by a man of low associations, great personal odium, and a most obnoxious political career, who was addressing himself to, and harassing, large numbers of the younger, and ruder classes of a rural section?

Let it be understood explicitly that the greater part of my information in relation to this Rutherford Ku Klux business, was obtained subsequent to its occurrence; and much of it, from the sworn testimony (though the oath of accomplices, who perjured *one oath before taking other* cannot be relied on except where corroborated) of the participants therein, as published in the Public Documents of the Government, Reports of trials, etc., etc.

And here I wish to state, as the reader of foregoing pages must have seen for himself, that my connection with the Klan was merely *nominal*, and my authority as Grand Chief was a mere myth. I say this not to excuse myself for joining, or acting with the Order, for I shall never acknowledge that it was meant for evil, or that it was unnecessary under the extraordinary circumstances to which we were reduced by Radicalism and Loyal Leagueism. My purpose in so speaking is to explain that I took charge in Rutherford, so late, and found so little organization or subordination and was so poorly provided with means of visiting and influencing the restless elements of the Order that I really was not responsible for or even aware of the main transactions which will appear in the history of the period. I repeat that my connection with the Order was merely nominal, as I had never been regularly initiated; had never taken the oath of secrecy, or any other oath, had never worn disguise, nor had one in my possession; and never attended any meetings, save the harmless conference at Capt. Wood's schoolhouse. As for my authority as "Grand Chief" it also was merely "so-called." It was recognized, I suppose, among the few klans in the immediate vicinity of Rutherfordton; and by the more intelligent, substantial members of the Order, who were in no likelihood of

molesting any one, or going about the country in disguise, except in cases of serious importance, such as the rape of white women by negroes, conviction of barn burners and their release by the League—the judges, or some startling act of atrocity left unpunished by the courts. In extreme cases of this nature scarcely any member of the Order, however sensible, and intelligent would hesitate to act with the klan.

Unfortunately the very class of the Order who most needed the curb of authority and for whose restraint the attempt at re-organization was being made (as stated in the preceding chapter) were those of whom I saw the least and who were the least under subordination to my authority.

They were commonly wild young lads, living in the remote sections along the South Carolina, and Cleveland border (where the Klans were numerous and active, owing to the misgovernment which is now well known in connection with the history of the “Prostrate (Palmetto) State;” and among the sloping “foot-hills, and coves” of the mountains, who rarely came to Rutherfordton and were unknown to me when they came. It is probable that some of them had vaguely understood that I was the “Grand Chief;” but many of them had never seen me, while others regarded me as a “*stuck up town chap*,” who wore white vests, twirled a cane, and was seen gallanting the young girls pretty nearly every time I appeared upon the street. I was somebody with whom they had no connection or association; and though they might have named me as their Chief *after trouble* began, they were not likely to pay much attention to my orders prior to it. Besides, as before stated, a large number of members had been initiated by Chiefs in South Carolina or Cleveland, or McDowell, and when it suited them they professed to still owe allegiance to these commanders, and to none other. Thus, the noted “Puke” John Harrill, a short time before the Justice Raid, talking with a friend of mine, declared that — “That long shanked Shotwell up at Rutherford *won’t do for Chief*:

he *never leaves town, and he's afraid to order a raid, or do anything. I belong to a South Carolina Den, that knows how to operate,*" etc. Yet this fellow after running away to Georgia in the beginning of trouble was sent for by Judge Logan—who promised him perfect immunity, and a good deal more (it is understood he received \$250 in gold, and a suit of clothes) besides witness fees, if he would serve the needed purpose of perjured witness against me. Indeed so well is it known in Rutherford that my connection with, and authority in, the Klan were merely nominal, that although the Mongrels had any number of false witnesses, and might have held me responsible for a dozen raids they felt it to be unwise to make so great a draft upon public credulity. So Jim Justice when asked by the Outrage Committee (page 157)—“Were the Shotwells in the Biggerstaff raid?” Replied—“They have *never been charged with any raid* that I know of, except the one that *I charge them with.*” And Jesse DePriest, a chief of 40 men, testified that I had *never spoken to him of any raid*, but on the contrary had *repeatedly urged him to assist in suppressing all raids!* But these inconsistencies were of small importance in a court already decided as to its action even before the first witness opened his mouth.

Before passing from this branch of the subject I will remark that my own conduct was far from sensible or prudent at the period referred to; as, in the first place, I ought not to have accepted the chieftainship. I was *comparatively* a stranger in the county—having never entered it until some *three* years previous—(from which one year must be deducted for my Asheville sojourn);—I was without a riding nag, and though I could have been conveyed to any part of the county by young associates, I was averse to going about among the people; and my boldly bitter style of assailing the Red Strings, as a party and as individuals, had laid me liable to vindictive reprisals if ever I permitted the least occasion. Moreover I had undertaken the study of law; and, having wasted four years of my youth in the Rebellion, and four

years since it, ought not to have allowed even a temporary diversion of my time, and attention to any other affair. *Per contra*, by way of explanation, be it remembered that I was exceedingly depressed in spirits in consequence of successive failures to establish myself in business; and to one in such a frame of mind, the dull, newsless, lifeless monotony of a village, like Rutherfordton, afar from any railway, with semi-weekly mails, only "semi-occasionally" a chance visitor—was almost unendurable following so soon after a more active and hopeful career. Hence I while satisfying my mind that I was consenting from a patriotic desire to bring about a systematic organization that should benefit the country, and the Democratic party, was, doubtless, also, influenced by a love of novelty and occupation. Perhaps stronger than all, was the "inspiration" of "ardent spirits"—that baneful curse of youth, in the Mountain Sections (as everywhere) of the South, where hundreds of illicit distilleries flood the country with liquor—"cheap as dirt," and quite as filthy. My unhappy thirst for this insidious poison caused me to often abandon my books to seek young companions; and alas! after a day of jovial chat, with a two-gallon jug under the table, one cannot carry a very clear head to the study of law, or have a very clear perception of the force of it. This portion of the history is indescribably mortifying and distressing to me; yet may not be passed over in silence as I fain would wish; for, to my shame be it confessed, it is the key to a certain moral and mental weakness which characterized certain phases of my conduct at this critical period. After accepting the position of "Chief" I should have acted with promptness and vigor; and if finding myself incapable of accomplishing what was undertaken, should have decisively withdrawn myself from a situation which brought me nothing but curses and danger, without any recompense. Instead of promptly looking out for my own interests and welfare, I allowed the days to drift on—receiving abuse from

many members of the Klan, for my supineness and being secretly denounced by the Radicals on all sides for outrages which I knew nothing of; while roundly censured by still another class—the leading Democrats of the State—who held me responsible for “Rutherford Rum-pus,” though I was powerless to prevent it.

There are other features connected with this affair which I shall state one of these days, when preparing my narrative for publication, if ever I decide to publish. At present I see no need of mentioning matters that may occasion painful remark, and affect persons as yet unsuspected in the least.

As near as I can estimate, after reading the testimony at the trial, and from private reports to me while in prison, there were some fifty-four disguised men—members of John Witherow’s, Wm. Webster’s, Russell’s, and DePriest’s Klans—in the party which rode into the village of Rutherfordton, on Sunday night, June 11th, 1871, and committed the deeds which gave to Jim Justice a national notoriety as a martyr to his political principles, gave to the Ku Klux Klan the coloring of a partizan, Democratic organization; and gave the Administration from Grant in the White House, down to the lowest mongrel holding a petty “deputy marshalship”—a much-mouthed excuse for all sorts of outrages, and persecution of Southern Democrats, and particularly Carolina Democrats. The raiders came from two directions; yet both parties were directly interested in punishing Jim Justice and Jeff Downey, as both had suffered from the zealous prosecutions of the former, while every member of the Order was affected by Downey’s revelations, and supposed design of serving the government as a witness. So the twenty (odd) men who crossed Broad River at Island Ford—the South Carolinians) and the twenty who came from Cherry Mountain, and the Logan’s Store neighborhood all had a motive for their long ride independent of any political dislike of Justice.

The two battalions started about sunset, and united, I believe, near Burnt Chimney, a small hamlet at the

intersection of the Island Ford, and Shelby-Rutherfordton road, some five miles from the latter town. By this time it was near eleven o'clock at night, and as many of them had ridden twelve or fifteen miles, with frequent consultations of pocket flasks, it came to pass that many of the party were noisy and demonstrative. One wonders that intelligence of their coming was not borne ahead of them, as they appear to have made frequent stops, and according to the testimony, remained nearly an hour at Cox's shop, three miles from town, and also, a considerable time at one Scott's only one and a half miles distant.

By this time a sudden and terrific storm of rain had burst upon the party. Thunder, lightning and steady torrents descended with a fury unknown during the year; and the darkness must have been a sufficient disguise for any man.

Rutherfordton sits upon a good sized hill, surrounded on three sides by narrow valleys, containing small streams, so that the town-site is a diminutive peninsula, like Harper's Ferry; though the surrounding hills are so much higher than that on which the town lies as to give the idea that it is the centre of a natural amphitheatre. The Shelby turnpike, approaching from the southeast descends the long slope of one of these ridges, passes over a wooden bridge in the little valley, and ascending a short abrupt hill, enters the main street, just opposite the Court House. Some six hundred yards up the street, on the right hand side, stands an ugly brick building containing a store house, and small druggist's shop on the ground floor; and three or four rooms above stairs that were then occupied as a dwelling. These upper rooms were the home of Jim Justice and wife—the two comprising the family, I believe. This portion of the building was reached—not through the ground floor rooms, but by means of a rickety flight of steps, leading to a small open platform, or landing, whence the visitor stepped directly into the family bedroom, if I am correctly informed.

An uglier place to take a man from, cannot be imagined as the assailants must enter a gate, pass between two one-story law offices (Judge Logan's) pass in rear of a grogery, occupied by a political and personal friend of Justice, ascend the narrow stairway (unguarded by railing) and attack the door from a platform so narrow that not more than one or two men could occupy it together; thus permitting a *brave man* to spring out with an axe, or clubbed musket or billet of wood, and defend the narrow doorway against a score of enemies.

But this entailed the risk of being shot down; hence required cool nerve, which was conspicuously absent from the Justice mansion on that night even by his own account.

"That Sunday was as quiet a day in Rutherfordton"—quoth Jim, describing his woes to the sympathetic Congressional Committee a few days after the raid—"as ever I saw in my life. I had been five miles in the country with my wife, and up to sunset everything seemed as quiet as ever I had seen it. I retired to bed very early—soon after dark. During the night I awoke to find it raining very hard; I arose and let down the windows. Everything was perfectly still: I saw no lights, heard no noise except that made by the falling rain. I fell asleep again almost instantly.

"The next thing I recollect was being aroused by a violent crash at the door—a tremendous noise. My door was securely locked, and propped; I had placed a long piece of timber, nearly as long as the door, up under the top part of the door-casing, and raised it with a brick, making it operate on the principle of a lever. From the noise I thought they were firing through the door, so I was afraid to escape through the narrow entry. I told my wife to lay perfectly quiet and she did so. Then just as the door fell (they cut it down with an axe) I got out of bed, and passed behind the bed. I thought of jumping out of the windows; but my room was on the second floor, and I didn't know how many men were outside. By this time two men had advanced into the room between me

and my gun. One said "Strike the matches"—and instantly the room was lighted, revealing the presence of several disguised men looking more like one would imagine the devil to look than you could ever suppose human being could fix themselves up to look. Some had disguises and strange fixings over their bodies. The greatest number had only a broad mask over their faces. These were of red with eyes bound with white and the nose white, and horns that stood up ten inches. Some had long white beards. Some had horns which were erect; others had horns which lopped over like mules' ears; and their caps ran up to a point with tassels. One had a red suit out and out: there were a number of stripes on each arm—made of something bright, like silver lace. There was something round, of a circular form, on the breast of one of them, who stood right in front of me."

Question—(By Senator Poland) Was there any elegance in the manner he was gotten up?

Yes, Sir; it appeared to be a neat concern: much neater than I ever supposed a Ku Klux disguise would be got up. I could do nothing but look at them as they all stood there after the matches were lit. Two of them came forward, and said—"Oh you damned rascal come out." (Justice at the Raleigh trials changed the "rascal" to "*Radical*"). I began begging them to let me alone. They said—"Don't say a word: your time is come." They pulled me into the entry where there was a crowd of them who began beating me with their fists. I received several blows on my body. Then my only hope was to arouse the citizens and I hallooed. I screamed as loud as I could to awake up some persons about me. (One person sleeps on the ground of my building: I can go into his room without stepping on the ground. A little farther off is another neighbor. And then below me, and above me, and on the opposite side of the street are persons in every house). When I hollered they struck me with a pistol—I

don't know what part of the pistol hit me; it was a big one: it felled me to the floor, when they struck me several times in the side. I did not experience much pain from the blows in my side at the time." [Justice in a published statement over his own signature in the *Raleigh Era*, tries to exaggerate his treatment, and speaks of "painful wounds," deep gashes," etc., though on the 3d of July—20 days after the event—he dismissed them in his testimony at Washington, as a very small matter]. "After receiving the blows in my side I suppose I was dragged down stairs into the street; I have no remembrance of my getting down stairs; I say I was dragged because I found skin bruises on my legs. I had nothing in the world on but a loose shirt that I wear at night; no drawers or stockings only a night-shirt. It was raining very hard: the rain revived me and I soon came to my senses. I have a remembrance of being asked where my pistol was: and I remember I replied—perhaps it was in a drawer in my bed room." (The pistol was carried off by some one, I regret to say). "It was dark, rainy, and lightening. A man had me by each arm, pulling me along. Some one asked me "where is that damned Logan?" That was the first word I remember of hearing after I was knocked down with the pistol. Judge Logan was at Cabarrus Court: Bob Logan, his son, one of the editors of the *Star*, was at home. I said—"I suppose he is in his room." They told me to run, and they started forward, running, pulling, compelling me to go with them. They commenced a regular discharge of pistols, and fairly lighted up the street with the blaze of continuous firing; with shouts, and screams, and yells of exultation that exceeded anything I ever heard.

At this moment brother Addie and L. A. Mills, Jr.,—who were sleeping in the private room connected with Huffmaster's Store, in which Mills was a partner, came to the door of the store with a light, and their pistols to

ascertain the meaning of the row. "Put out that light, and go inside!"—said a stern voice of one of the maskers, and they were not slow in performing this requirement. Addie was not able to *prove* this at his trial, for the reason that Mills was in parts unknown; nor could he have been of any service, if present, as the Mongrels would have instantly arrested Mills, who, being the son of wealthy parents they were anxious to capture and *bleed* (pecuniarily); and by charging him also as an accomplice would have prevented his taking the stand to clear Addie; or Addie's clearing *him*. So, too, I was in bed with Ambrose Mills, and Capt. McEntire—all three in one room of Gen. Edmund Bryan's residence) when the tumult was raging. Col. Larkin Bryan, who slept in the adjoining apartment, hearing the noise of breaking into the *Star* office, etc., etc., only two hundred yards distant across the square, asked what it all meant. Receiving no answer (we being intently listening) he rapped on the wall of the partition with his cane, and repeated the question, whereupon one of us answered that Old Harry or the Ku Klux had possession of the town, and it was better to keep quiet. Ambrose and Capt. M. were both compelled to absent themselves from the country when the Reign of Terror began a few weeks later; and though neither had broken the laws in the least, neither could have appeared at my trial without being sent to the Penitentiary along with me; without doing me a particle of good, as their mouths would have been closed as witnesses by charging *them* also as participants.

Justice continues:

I was carried down the street until I came in front of the Court House. [Here one of the Ku Klux, pointing up at the Court Room, said, as I have been told by two persons, though Justice takes care not to mention it, "*If it hadn't been for your brags and your lies, and your prosecution of innocent men up in that house, you wouldn't be in this here scrape.*"] The Rutherford *Star* office is in the rear of the

Court House. A majority of the crowd turned off in the direction of that office. They carried me out on the Shelby road—down the hill and across the branch. I looked around for a chance to escape, but was surrounded by twelve or more men, who held me fast. I was taken some four or five hundred yards from town where I found a guard with a great many horses. Here we halted, and they commenced talking to me; and first about the recent trials. “What kind of cases have you been trying lately?” “Almost all kinds from murder down to assault and battery,”—I replied. “What kind of cases have you been trying lately?” I said—“We have been trying some cases against the Ku Klux.” “Yes”—said he—“You are very fond of that kind of practice; you have been making some strong speeches lately; you are in favor of hanging our leaders. . . . Now you are a leader on the other side; *you advocate the doctrine of hanging leaders: What objection can you make to being hung.*” Well I thought he was getting in on me pretty close. I knew from that they had heard what I said, but I replied that I had never advised anybody to do wrong whether I was a leader or not. [Note Justice says in the *Era* card—“I was told that my political course, and the course I had pursued as Prosecuting Attorney for the United States before Commissioner Wilson in the Ku Klux cases, was my only offence: and for this I must die”].

I had no hope of my life, unless by some desperate means: I talked and talked, what I could. [Here follows a long conversation, differing materially in the three sworn statements made by Justice: though in each endeavoring to make it appear that the Ku Klux abused him for belonging to the “nigger party,” etc., etc.] He continues:

I said—“My course may be wrong, but if I’ve done wrong I don’t want to die for it. I want to live;

I don't want to be killed for my politics; if I am wrong convince me of it, and let me live: don't kill me." They said—"No there are no such terms for you; we know you too well: you have done too much. There is nothing but death in store for you: Better say your prayers."

This conversation occurred after we had gone up the road where the horses were. There were quite a number of men there; the road was filled with horses. They seemed to turn the heads of three or four horses together and one man would hold the bridles. I saw a great many men in disguise, and with pistols. One very tall man had on a white disguise reaching to his feet. I felt very sick and thought I should faint: I really think I should have fainted if I hadn't been allowed to sit down. One fellow cursed me and said I was "Putting on." I said "No, my head's bleeding." He said—"It will do you good to let a little of your negro-equality blood out of you." But when he saw I was getting weak he let me sit down, and squatted himself, holding me by the arm. Then one of the crowd said, "Oh you damned rascal, will you believe a nigger's testimony, tonight, as quick as you would a white man's?" Then I knew who he was for in one of the trials, this same man, in the same voice, in the same way, had said to me, that I would believe a nigger quicker than a white man.*

Question (by Senator Pool)—Did you know this man? Who was he?

Ans:—John Goode. But when they asked me if I knew them I *told them I did not*, and I *appealed to my maker to witness the fact that I did not know them*; although I *did* know some of them.

*Justice mis-states this, I suspect: for it was the common talk of the period that he had declared in his speech he would rather believe the blackest nigger than the whitest Democrat. [Author's note].

Question—Why did you do that?

Ans:—Because I knew it would cut off my chance to escape if I said I knew any of them. This abuse and threatening was kept up I should say thirty minutes. The man who held me said he was a South Carolina and had never seen me before. . . . I told him I would decline and retire from public life. He said he must have Biggerstaff; that he had behaved badly and given a great deal of trouble. They talked of Carpenter and Jeff Downey, who they said had played traitor, etc. It was raining all the time, and I had on only my night shirt. It was very dark, but I could see pretty well.

Presently those who had remained over in town, came up, and a voice called for the prisoner. My guard then made me get up and led me to a little man, who had one of those things on his head and wore an India rubber riding coat. The little man told me he was Chief of the command, and he said “where did you say Judge Logan is?” [Justice explained that he had referred to Bob Logan, not his father: after which followed a long discussion, which cannot be given in full]. He said—“We know our duty and we will perform it: I have come here to-night *with positive orders to take your life: It has been decreed in camp?*” [Note either Justice lies in this (which I have no doubt of) or the “little man” lied: because there had been no camp council, and he had received no orders, unless it was forged, or came from some quota of which *I* knew nothing.] Justice continues:

He then said, “there are seven traitors to our Order, in this county, who are they? You know every one of them, and you must tell me this night.” I replied—“I don’t know any man that is a traitor to your cause.” “You do! And you must tell it; *Hasn’t Downey been talking to you?*” I replied—“No, Sir; not on that subject; I heard that Mr. Downey told some tales on your Order a short time ago

and that's what I talked about." He said—"We know Jeff Downey: and we'll attend to his case: we know how to deal with such fellows: but we want the other six and you must tell us about them." . . . Another thing he asked me—"were you not a member of the Union League?" I said "Yes." He asked—"Were you not very active in organizing these leagues?" I said "Yes." He then made me repeat the oath of the Union League, or as I remembered it. He then said—"What will you give if I discharge you without injury?" I said—"I have nothing as you see, but my shirt." He said "Haven't you drawers on?" I said "No." He said—"I beg your pardon: I didn't know that." He then asked—"Where is old Biggerstaff?" I said I didn't know. He replied—"Oh, there's no use telling me a lie: you *do* know where he is: you *have harbored him in your house*," and he said if I would show him Mr. Biggerstaff they would discharge me. I told them that Mr. B. lived in the old hotel building. He replied that they had broken in there, and couldn't find him; that if I would show them where he was, they would let me go home." [After some further parley, Justice agreed to go, and pilot them to where his old friend usually slept; but the crowd disappeared]. One man said—"Don't turn the damn rascal loose: he says he doesn't know any of us: but if you turn him loose he will go and swear against every one of us: and *in less than a week he will be off to Washington* and have the troops here, and have us all taken up, etc., etc., etc. Let us kill him now. Remember our oath—Justice and Humanity!"—said the little man; repeating it three times and continuing—"This man promises well: he promises to do better: let him alone. I want to talk about Biggerstaff." They answered—"Every rascal we get hold of promises just the same way, and goes right off, and breaks it." He responded "*This is a*

different kind of man: I believe he will keep his promise, etc., etc."

[Note: Two weeks from that date, Justice "kept his promise" by having his story blazoned with every possible falsification all over the land, had warrants issued, and did "go off to Washington" to parade himself as a martyr, and boast of the glibness with which he had intentionally lied to his captors!]

One man on a horse declared I should be killed; whereupon the Chief placed four men in a circle around me, and cried—"Don't shoot here, or you'll hurt friends." After this a man approached and placed a pistol over the Chief's shoulder and said "This is the thing to work on a damned rascal with."

[Note: This was Wm. Teal (or Calvin?) who afterwards "confessed" and was used by the government and Justice to implicate innocent men—thus securing immunity for himself: though he was one of the most uncontrollable of the Ku Klux and certainly would have shot Justice that night if his arm had not been knocked up by—.]

The Chief then talked about Biggerstaff, and how he had broken his promises, and he said to me: That their camps had all been lately assembled and they had taken a fresh oath to kill any man that swore against them in the Federal Courts."

Some altercation then ensued: a part of the crowd drew off: and the men who surrounded Justice, after exacting solemn promises from him that he would reform, and keep out of politics, and cease his prosecution of members of the Klan, and act as a decent citizen, etc., allowed him to return home, sending a guard of four men to escort him into, or to the edge of town. Justice's wily tongue had, in fact, impressed them with the belief that he was really sorry for his course, and would thereafter behave himself. Justice says he promised all they required—declared he didn't know them—said he would never speak of the raid to any one; and would meet them on the following Saturday night at Coxe's shop, three

miles from town, to bring them information of the whereabouts of Judge Logan, and Biggerstaff. He continues:

I said—"Men, I'm afraid to go out there: I'm afraid if I go out you will kill me." He said—"Can't we kill you tonight?" I said—"Of course; but I'm afraid some of those other fellows *will go back on your promise and kill me.*" He said—"No if you keep your promises you are all right, and need have no fears."

And after giving me some challenging signals so that I might make known my presence, the Chief said, "I assure you that you will be treated all right."

After we had some *more words in a friendly way*, I expressed my gratitude not only to him but to the men who stood around me, for discharging me. I shook hands with each of them in a friendly way, and told them "Good bye," and they let me go, and I ran home as rapidly as possible. I had been out about an hour.

There is something almost ludicrous in the suggestions of these closing words, and the scene one cannot help picturing; Jim, in his long night-shirt, very wet and mud-stained talking with great volubility and glibness to a dozen or so tall figures, mounted, and on foot, in horrid disguises, like so many gigantic horned satyrs, gazing on him from hideous eye-holes, as he trotted from one to another to shake hands "in a friendly way," and after expressing undying gratitude (he *does* owe them something for so cheaply elevating him to the dignity of a "martyr to his principles,") gently wishing them "Good-night" and blithely tripping away "homeward bound!" He doesn't tell us that he waved his hat at them from the Court House hill; because I suppose he did not happen to be wearing a hat on that occasion, but he might have gracefully blown them a parting kiss from his finger-tips!

Let it be remembered that in the above account I have taken Justice's own words as reported in the Government Documents, entitled "Ku Klux Conspiracy No. 2,"

wherein his sworn testimony before the Congressional Committee a fortnight after the event, and his evidence on the witness stand of the Federal Court, in September (three months later) are given in full.

I gave the narrative in Justice's own words, because I wish to allow him a "fair showing" in the matter; notwithstanding his injustice to me.

It is proper to say, however, that Justice has made so many conflicting statements of the conversation, and remarks of the maskers that little credence can be given them. Immediately after the Raid—and for several days thereafter—he stated on the streets to numerous hearers, that the Ku Klux evidently expected to find "Old Pukey" Biggerstaff with him in the same house; and that the raid was to punish them for their activity in the Ku Klux Prosecutions. Indeed that this was the main purpose of the raiders is apparent from the conversation and dialogues above narrated. But Justice changed his tune, after consultation with his father (not)-in-law, and other chiefs of the League Klans. They showed him how foolish he was in weakening the force of his martyrdom by allowing the inference that he had been maltreated on personal rather than political grounds. Consequently, he materially altered his "recollections," changed the word "rascal" into "Radical" wherever used by the raiders, used the term "on account of my politics," instead of "on account of your infernal rascality," and in other respects adopted the tone of one who had suffered for his party!

While confined in Rutherford jail I saw several persons who were on the raid. They gave many particulars, unmentioned by Justice; said that his fright and pleading for life—when as yet he had no reason to suppose he would be more than whipped severely—were amazing; especially as he had been boasting for months of his intended prowess if ever interfered with. "Justice," said they, "instead of attempting to defend himself—(for he had a gun and pistol almost at arm's length) was about to dodge under the bed when seized. He was car-

ried down street, begging, crying, beseeching, in heart-rending fashion: then taken to the hillside he sat down, with his naked limbs in the reddish mud of the road, and rocking himself kept up a continuous and piteous pleading for mercy; confessing that he had done wrong, had sought to provoke trouble between the races, though he didn't care in the least for the "niggers," and promised, with many such expressions as "Before God, gentlemen"—"For Christ's sake, men have mercy"—"By all that's sacred, by all the truth that's in me"—that if spared, he would turn over a new leaf, abandon low associations, abandon politics, vote with the honest white men of the county, denounce the Red Strings, etc., etc., etc., etc. But perhaps, as strong as any among his incessant prayers, was his plea that his wife was in "a delicate condition," and if he were killed, she would die, and his poor unborn babe would be slain with the mother, etc., etc. (This takes even a more absurd [appearance than] at first glance, when the fact is recalled that Madame J., neither then nor since, has seen fit to bring forth the interesting stranger, so tenderly cared for by Jim in advance, on this occasion).

However all this lamentation and protestation affected the desired purpose; and we have already seen enough of this man's history to know that he cared little for personal self-respect and dignity, and still less for his promises provided they answered a present end. Indeed I have no idea that the men who 'paroled' him had any confidence in his keeping his pledges; but they were without a leader, (the man Justice talked with being merely a Chief of a small Klan); they had never received orders what should be done with him: they had failed in catching Biggerstaff, for whom most of them had come; they learned that Judge Logan was absent from town; they knew that many of their men were intoxicated, and had exposed themselves, so recklessly that there was hardly a possibility of escaping detection, and it was now past one o'clock in the morning consequently many of them could not reach home before daybreak.

So, when to these leanings were added Justice's pleading, and piteous promises—the scale turned to the side of mercy.

Unfortunately the chapter of this night's operations is not completed. As has been stated, when Jim Justice was secured and sent out of town a party started to search for "Old Pukey" Biggerstaff, who was reported to be sleeping with his daughter in the unoccupied rooms of an old hotel building—a dilapidated pile of rooms near the Court House, with a row of small frame offices attached, which had been designed for lawyers' offices. This concern was owned by Judge Logan, or *claimed*, under one of his mysterious "purchases" of "sheriff-sales" under orders of himself, as Superior Court Judge; and he allowed Biggerstaff to camp therein. The Cherry Mountain men, against whom Biggerstaff had twice borne witness after solemn pledges that he would not do so, were very anxious to get him, and having forced open the rickety old door, lit flambeaux of twisted newspapers and searched the numerous apartments of [the] building. In one room they found Mrs. Norvill's, (otherwise known as the widow Ramsay) little daughter cuddled up in bed, showing that the old fox was not far distant. But he had heard the uproar, and escaped in his nightclothes. Mrs. Norville, whose impudent tongue, and silly swearing in the Logan affidavits had already cost her much trouble, fled out the back way, and did not return till morning. She was dressed; not having lain down when the raiders came. One would think she would have feared to abandon her child, in a deserted house, at such a time; but doubtless she knew that "*the innocent had nothing to fear from the Klan!*" Jim Justice says—"When she returned she found the child in bed, where they left her, not molested at all."

In the row of offices attached to the hotel, were the sleeping room and "law office" (so-called) of Robert W. Logan, ("My son Robert," as the Judge pompously designated him from the Judicial wool-sack) and the printing office of the Rutherford *Star*, a weekly news-

paper of which Bob Logan, and J. B. Carpenter were editors. This sheet, from its first establishment just after the war, had acquired a reputation for poorest typographical appearance, the most glaring inaccuracies of spelling and grammar; and *the bitterest partizanship* of any Radical publication in the State, which is saying a *very, very great deal*, to any person acquainted with the Radical press of North Carolina during the past ten or a dozen years. The *Star* was Judge Logan's organ, and was chiefly edited by his pen, or at his dictation.

During the Ku Klux trials, its editors, both of whom were "20-Dollar" lawyers took notes, for articles, which were just sufficiently absurd, illogical, spiteful, and abusive to cause a severe smarting in the minds of those who were aimed at. Jim Justice himself, when asked by the Congressional Committee in relation to the *Star*, answered, "*The tone of the Star, has all the time been very bitter against the Ku Klux; it has denounced them in unmeasured terms all the time.*"

Carpenter, the proprietor, was also very obnoxious. He had been elected to the remunerative office of Superior Court Clerk, and Judge of Probate, and now he "turned lawyer, and is trying to make a fortune prosecuting Ku Klux."

It is hardly surprising that these things were bitterly remembered when the maskers, in their search for "Old Pukey" found themselves in the office of the very blackest *Star* that ever attempted to twinkle; and without a thought of the after-effect, the reckless youths set to work to manufacture a very extensive and disagreeable *Pi* from the contents of the office.

Bursting into the office, they set about in an ignorant way to break up the material. The cases of type were emptied together in piles on the floor; the cases broken somewhat, the stands kicked apart, and the handle broken off of the old fashioned printing press. The books were torn up, the exchanges gathered into a pile in the street and burned; and the "files" of the *Star* (a specimen copy of each week's issue) were twisted into

flambeaux, and used to light up the operations of demolishing the office. Clendennin, the foreman of the *Star*, afterwards told me there were seven fonts of type, all of which were emptied in piles on the floor.

Now as it has been charged that I led the party which destroyed the *Star* office, I will first declare that I did not have anything to do with it, did not so much as dream of such a thing, did not approve of it, but on the contrary did not only *disapprove*, but greatly *deplored* it. Had I thought of such a movement I should have gone out, and forbid it under threat of personal exposure; but it was generally supposed at the time that the parties were hunting for Aaron Biggerstaff, and the depredations on the "*Star*" were not known till morning. And now to corroborate my denial I will simply call attention to the fact that those who attempted to destroy the office knew nothing of the nature of such an establishment, and therefore, instead of eternally demolishing it as they supposed, really inflicted no permanent injury. The most serious damage was the splitting of the cases and the *pi*-ing of the type. But the cases were replaced at a cost of less than \$10, and the type was picked up, assorted, and used in printing the regular issue on the following Saturday! It was, of course, a great bother to pick up and assort the type: but the printers of the village—including several Democrats—assisted in this work; and as I have said not one number of the paper was lost: though it may have been delayed a day or two. Justice in his testimony says (page 126) that one side of the "*Star*" was "set up" in type and the "form" as it is called, placed on the press ready to print next morning. The raiders knocked off a portion of the handle—letting the top (or *platen*) down on the form, covering and concealing it. He says—"So that was safe." Question—"They couldn't get it out well?" Answer—"Perhaps they did not know that it was in there: at any rate that was safe," etc., etc.

Now, can anyone suppose that I, with my long experience of newspaper offices, presses, types, etc., would

have shown such ignorance as to attempt to disable an office by burning up a few old papers, dumping the type upon the floor, and breaking off the *handle of the press*? Anyone acquainted with a country newspaper office, in a mountainous region, afar from railroads and skilled workmen, knows that the *press* is the vital part of the office. Let it be disabled, and the newspaper must stop for weeks, or months until a new one can [be] brought a long distance at great expense. How can anyone imagine, then, that I with a party of strong men, armed with axes, should leave the press scarcely touched, a full news-form lying on its bed, etc., etc., when a few strokes would have shattered the cast-iron platen, broken off the running gear, and dismantled the machine forever! The idea of *my* being there is absurd from a practical point of view, to say nothing of the slur upon my judgment to suppose that I did not know this assault upon the “*Star*” was precisely what the proprietors thereof, the Loganites, and the Radicals generally—all over the country—most ardently desired! Did I not know that it would characterize the whole night’s work as a *political outrage*, and the Klan as a political Society? Did I not know that it would enable the Radicals to yell—“*Outrage on a Union Republican Press, by Ku Klux Democrats!!!*” from one end of the land to the other? Did I not know that it would enable the brace of scalawags who owned the dirty little office, to make a great cry of political martyrdom, and thereby obtain money enough to purchase a far larger and better-looking sheet? Did I not know that it would advertise the “*Star*” from Maine to Texas, and be a real benefit to it? Pshaw! the thing is preposterous! Yet, as will be seen, the miserable “Pukes” when asked if I was present here also, replied as they had been trained—“Yes, Sir.”

“Old Pukey,” and the veracious “Mary Ann,” were not the only persons who declined the honor of a Ku Klux visit on this night. “My son Robert,” aged 22, dubbed “Colonel” by virtue of a recent appointment in the “Melish” (which never could be gotten together un-

der such a fellow if he should hold the appointment fifty years) who was one of the editors of the "Star," (though he couldn't write ten lines of English without a grammatical or other error) occupied one of the adjoining offices as a sleeping apartment. He had recently obtained a "*twenty-Dollar license*" to practice law, and though he knew literally nothing whatever of the law, he had what was better,—viz. the "ear of the Court;" or in other words *the father on the Bench, and the son at the Bar had remarkable similarity of opinions on legal questions, wherein the latter was interested to the extent of a big fee.* This singular coincidence soon struck the attention of litigants, and men who "knew a thing or two," learned that the only way to make absolutely sure of a favorable decision was to employ "my son Robert," at a large fee. So the noodle-soup youth got some practice; and when the Ku Klux arrests began, was quite active in pushing the prosecutions as each case increased the number of those who sought "*the ear of Court*" through *his pocket.*

The valiant colonel quite frequently had colored society of the feminine gender, at his apartments of evenings, and is reported to have been aroused thereby when the shouts, and pistol shots of the awful Ku Klux burst upon the midnight air. Many a night had the sound been expected, but its reality far surpassed the liveliest apprehension. Suddenly there was a rush of feet; and from the window at the head of his bed, he saw a score of hideous figures, whose ghostly attire looked ten times more grotesque and horrible from the glare of the flambeaux, approaching—actually coming towards his door—after him! This was too much! Even a colonel of militia cannot stand such a graveyard visitation!

"Neither stopped, nor stayed he,
For Lord, nor for lady"

—but *sans* hat, *sans* coat,
sans 'breeks,' *sans* all personal attire, save a very short shirt, and an old pair of 'socks' he vaulted from the rear window, and bounded through the tall weeds, and grass,

with "*White flag*" waving in his rear—a signal of peace—causing him to resemble the *Bob-bing* of a rabbit's cottontail in its flight through a clover patch. Indeed this night caused the prominent Black-Republicans of the village to look more like *white men* than they had done since boyhood; as we have already seen that Jim Justice, and "Old Pukey" were out, figuring in their night-shirts, and now "Colonel" Logan "leaps into the arena" of the stubble-fields, clothed in a single garment, originally of immaculate hue.

Bob spent the remainder of the night in the middle of the patch, undergoing the storm with the graceful philosopher of the husband, who *from under the bed*, counselled his wife to have courage, and attack the robber, in the room.

The chapter of the night's extraordinary proceedings closes with a visit, and assault upon T. J. Downey, the young reprobate who first betrayed the Order to the Loganites. I have already stated that this fellow's character was so bad that when it became known that he had been taken into the Order, quite a number of his neighbors declared that they would not affiliate with him, nor in any way recognize him as a member. The first knowledge I had of the existence of such a person, was in the shape of a note from a leading citizen stating that if "*a low sheep-stealing scoundrel like Jeff Downey*" could become a member of the Invisible Empire he should have done with it. On inquiry I learned that Jesse DePriest had taken him into his Klan—probably while on a drinking spree;—both of them being addicted to debauches and low associates. I then cautioned DePriest that men of that character were not wanted in the Order. Indeed so general was the suspicion against Downey that early in May when there were rumors of betrayal, and treasonable disclosures to Judge Logan, attention centered upon him; and when subsequently he was seen in the private office of J. B. Carpenter, with Bob Logan, Jim Justice and other mongrels, it was not doubted that he had perjured himself, and revealed what he knew, which, how-

ever, gave little uneasiness, as he *could* know nothing of a law-breaking nature, except by hearsay in connection with the Biggerstaff affair.

Suspicion grew to certainty when it became known that the Loganites had a list of 200 names of leading citizens, charged by a converted Ku Klux with being members of the Klan, etc.

On the 27th of May occurred the trial of Womack, McMahon and others for having whipped a notorious prostitute, Betsey Brooks, who was about to seduce old man Womack, a rich old dotard, into a marriage with herself to get his money. *Betsey Brooks was a sister of Jeff Downey*, who sat behind Jim Justice during the trial, or Commissioner's examination, and was seen to whisper to Justice who thereupon plied the accused with certain questions, undoubtedly suggested by Downey. These things were noted, and taken as a part of the general "Case," of deliberate violation of his oath, that was being made up against him. Consequently, when the young men composing the Cherry Mountain Party were arranging the expedition it was made a part of the purposed action to take out Downey and do with him as circumstances might seem to warrant. They were certainly justifiable in hanging him, since he had deliberately and solemnly incurred an oath which required him to accept as his "reasonable and just doom—the penalty of a traitor which is Death! Death! Death! at the hands of the Brethren."

Downey, at the Raleigh trials became one of the principal witnesses of the government against me—though he had never spoken to me in his life; and could not point me out in a crowd of half a dozen. He acquired an infamous notoriety as his initial act in Raleigh by carrying a negro strumpet, heavily veiled, at night, into Mrs. Rowe's boarding house, and passing her off as his sister until detected on the third day, and kicked into the street with his paramour. Then he went upon the witness stand, and swore as follows:—He had joined the order in February or March, 1871, at which *time he was a Repub-*

lican in politics; he had taken the oaths of the Klan: had joined to find out what was going on; had talked with Capt. John Eaves (Judge Logan's son-in-law) who advised him to join it, if he could do so with safety; had been in correspondence with Capt. Eaves ever since he joined the Order; was not on the Rutherfordton raid: had received no orders respecting it; but had heard it talked of for two or three months.

Question—"Why did you join the Ku Klux?"

Downey—"To betray them."

Quest.—"Did you know R. A. Shotwell?"

Downey—"Yes, Sir."

Question—"Did you know him as a member of the Order?"

Downey—"Yes, Sir. *DePriest told me.*"

Let it be noted that this was all that this scoundrel could say against me, yet his *hearsay* evidence was allowed to make a part of the case against me.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Downey was a deliberate traitor to the Klan. (I am satisfied, however, that he *lied* both in swearing that he had been a Republican, and that he had joined the Klan to betray it. I think the treason was an afterthought, born of mingled *fear and cupidity.*)

According to Downey's statement five men (Wm. Alexander, Lox Long, Wm. Teal, Logan Hampton, Spencer Moore, and Joseph Fortune), came to his house, some 3 miles from town, and called him out. It was between 2 and 3 A. M. He stood at the door parleying when one fired at his feet, whereupon he came out. They told him that they had long suspected him; and had been confirmed by a confession from Jim Justice, whom they had just finished, that he was the first to betray them, etc. etc. Downey became greatly frightened, and protested by all that was sacred that he had never whispered a word—that he had kept his oath—was as good a Ku Klux as anyone, etc. They proposed to give him 300 lashes but reduced it to 200, then to 100, then to 50; and finally merely brushed him a little with some pine twigs.

There were some fourteen other men who remained out on the road, and took no part. Downey's wife and children interceded for him so piteously, and he himself was so ready with promises of good behavior; that they, at length, allowed him to go.

Next day the scoundrel came to town, and, being very drunk, forgot his caution, and assailed Jim Justice in bitter terms for having "gone back on him," "betrayed him to the Ku Klux," etc., etc., showing that there really was an understanding between them. But afterwards he changed his tune, and pretended to be a good Democrat. It will be noticed that he swears he was a Republican at the time he joined the Klan. We will now quote from Jim Justice's testimony before the Congressional Committee:

"When Downey came to town next morning after he was whipped he was very angry. He said *he thought the Ku Klux Order was a good thing*, but he didn't see what right they had to whip *him*: that *he* was not a bad man; he *didn't care how much they whipped the damned Radicals*. His cursing was because they whipped him."

Question—"He thought it was better medicine for other people than himself?"

Justice:—"Yes, Sir: that is the way he talked. There was a young man named William Tanner, whom I recognized in the raid on me, and Downey was cursing him, because they whipped him. Downey said—"Damn you, you *do* know that they had no right to do it; you *do* know whether those men knew about me or not."

Downey afterwards said that his chief (Jesse DePriest) warned him he must not talk as he was doing. He said that upon that they got up a meeting in the woods, and there was quite a number of the Ku Klux present: and it was there agreed that he should give up his disguise; return his pistol, and all go on as friends. He said this meeting was on Wednesday night after he was whipped, and Downey talked to the "Den" telling them that if they would let him alone and not kill or hurt him any more he would go on, and be a good faithful

member. He then returned his pistol, and was to deliver up his disguise the following night, but that very afternoon (Thursday) he was taken with a *capias* summons by the United States Marshal, to appear before the Federal Grand Jury. He gave his disguise to Boshier (the Marshal, a Lieutenant in Kirk's gang) and furnished the solicitor with the names of a great many persons—including men who were *not* present that night as well as [those] who were. Robert W. Logan, and Jim Justice also went to Raleigh and made just such statements as might be expected considering the men, and opportunities.

One thing connected with this night's work may be mentioned as illustrative of the curious composition of the Klan. There were, at the time, lying in jail, three men who for no provocation whatever (nothing at all adequate to the crime) had recently murdered an whole family—burning their dwelling over their corpses—and trying to lay the fiendish atrocity upon the Ku Klux. These murderers (the Adairs) were well known Republican leaders in this section. They generally surrounded the polls on election day, with pistols and bludgeons, and so bullied the Democrats that only a few, bold men had voted against the Radical ticket, at their precinct for many campaigns.

Yet there was not the least movement to take out these midnight assassins, notwithstanding their crimes, and their blatant Red Stringism. And why? Because the facts were so well established against these wretches that even their political confederates admitted they must be hanged after next Court. So, the Ku Klux, willing to allow *the law to take its course* whenever there was reason to believe *that justice would be done*, had no desire to forestall it, although in this case there was unusual provocation to do so.

On the morning after the Raid (Monday) there was, of course, considerable excitement in town. One of Jim Justice's neighbors, (Mrs. G. Mills) a Conservative, happening to be alone that night became much frightened

at the nonsensical shouts and firing of the Raiders, and fled in alarm to her brother's residence (Dr. John Craton) some distance up the street. Other little incidents occurred all of which were to be talked over.

I had known nothing of the raid on the "*Star*" office until next morning; and feeling that it was a great mistake, to use the mildest terms, determined to show my belief by my works; and going into the large crowd of Radicals and negroes at the Post Office (where the mongrels usually congregated every morning pending the arrival and opening of the mail) I sought out Bob Logan, one of the Editors of the *Star*. But first meeting Major L. P. Erwin, Editor of the *Vindicator* (my own paper prior to my sale to Major E.) I talked over the matter with him, and suggested to him that he (Erwin) should go to Logan and Carpenter and place the *Vindicator* type, presses, etc., at their service for several weeks, or until they could pick up, and assort their own type. The Major afterwards made the offer, I believe, and added that he would lend his own printers to help fix up the "*Star*;" all of which was rejected with scant courtesy. Indeed between bad whiskey and bad temper the whole gang of scalawags were in a desperate rage, and there was danger of collision.

Shortly after talking with Maj. E., however, I saw Logan go into the old store-room connected with the office, and started in after him. A friend touched me on the arm and whispered "Don't go in there; they suspect you, and will fall upon you where you can't defend yourself." "Pooh!"—said I—"never fear for me: I can take care of myself against a whole battalion of them: Why did they all run like sheep last night, as they openly confess they did: after all their bragodocio?"

"Robert, I learn that your office was assaulted, and torn up last night; and I have come to say voluntarily that I do not approve of any such proceedings: I am a newspaper man myself, and while I think the *Star* has been outrageously abusive and denunciatory, I am not one who would oppose an opponent in mob style. Now,

I desire to say that if I can possibly assist you in any way I shall be very glad to do so; and as I know a good deal about printing offices I think I can help you."

This was a rather extraordinary offer from me; for I had no association with these scalawags in any way, and had been abused for a year or more in an underhanded way, by the *Star*, and the "*Star crowd*." But I felt sorry for the affair and really wished to help repair the injury.

My overtures were met in a very different spirit, causing me great mortification at having made them. Said Logan, turning away with a nervous frown—"We don't need none o' your help nor sympathy; we can take care of ourselves, and we mean to do it hereafter. I've heard as much Conservative talk this morning as I want to know; you fellows all know a good deal more about this affair than you make out."

"See here, Bob Logan—if you mean that in an offensive sense, come out here, and let me hear you"—quoth I—"I made my offer in a spirit of friendliness, but if you take it that way, I recall it." The postmaster said something in an undertone, and Logan went behind the railing with him, as was the habit of the scalawags, notwithstanding the laws forbid the handling of the mails by outsiders.

Naturally great excitement followed these extraordinary proceedings. Flocks of whites and blacks came to town from all parts of the county; and a thousand rumors were in the air. *Justice declared repeatedly on the street that he did not know one of his assailants, and could not even conjecture who they were.* He also said that he had promised to keep everything they said, locked in his bosom, and he meant to keep the promise as long as he lived. Perhaps he would if the Military had not arrived a few days later; and Judge Logan also, whose *protege* he was. I will remark here that Jim walked the streets on the morning after the raid, with little sign of physical distress; and did not begin to make an outcry about his "wounds" until prompted by Logan, and the

others. Naturally the relaxation of intense excitement, and stimulants, produced a day or two of mental lassitude, easily attributed by him to the effect of his treatment, though I daresay the exposure of half an hour in the drenching rain may have given him a severe cold. He states that on his release from the Ku Klux, he ran home, gathered some chips to build a fire; and then started out with a candle to hunt for his wife. She had slipped into an adjoining building, and seeing him from the window, called him in.

On Wednesday evening (June 14) Gen. Morgan, commanding the Military District of North Carolina, arrived from Shelby; and next day held a conference with some of the citizens. He then returned to Shelby, where there had been a company of Federal troops for several weeks, and sent up a detachment of 15 men under Lieutenant Green, a descendant of old Nat Green, and a most uncompromising abolitionist; just such a fellow as would make a typical "Freedman's Bureau Agent" of the period of 1865-6-7, when to be *White*, at the South, was a crime punishable by forfeiture of many of the dearest political personal rights. The arrival of Green with his Blue Coats, was celebrated by the negroes and mongrels by a general drunken row, "making night hideous" with shouts and obscenity, accompanied by firing of guns, and cursing in front of decent people's houses.

All of these things contributed to make the excitement greater; and to spread a feeling of foreboding among the more conservative, peaceable citizens, who could not see a way out of the coil into which public affairs were fast drifting.

True to the predictions of those who wished to punish Justice on the night of the 11th of June, he set off for Washington, (*via* Raleigh, and the Federal Grand Jury) a short time afterwards, and spent *two whole days* in reciting startling tales, some without any foundation, others with a small foundation but without any justification of the inference drawn by him; all of which was given to the Radical Press with a thousand embellish-

ments to "fire the Yankee heart," and furnish a plausible excuse for the "Reign of Terror" about to be inaugurated to sweep the Southern States in favor of another four years of Radicalism and negroism.

As an illustration of the villainy used in manufacturing the tales of "Blood and thunder" for Northern ears, we will mention the instance which enraged Old Horace Greeley, who with all his abolition bitterness, had some sense of fairness, and political honesty. He says in the *Tribune*:—

We have a word for Gov. Holden and Senator Abbott [our N. C. Carpetbag Senator, who came with Sherman's invading army, and in two years later was elected to the United States Senate, by virtue of 80,000 negro and 20,000 Red String ballots.] Just before the North Carolina election, we printed a letter from Judge Tourgee [another Carpetbagger, elected like Abbott] concerning the Ku Klux outrages in that State. *Certain very startling statements were made* in it, which but for the *respectable signature* would have been universally scouted. [This alludes to a villainous lie about sixteen Quakers being drowned by the Ku Klux in a mill pond]. Judge Tourgee promptly wrote us complaining that the figures he had given in enumerating cases of outrage, had been *increased ten fold* by the *addition of a cypher to each*, converting *ten into a hundred, etc., etc.* [!!!] Now we printed the letter precisely as Governor Holden, in person, delivered it to our correspondent, and as the latter understood Gov. Holden had received it from Senator Abbott to whom it was addressed. We submit that these gentlemen have allowed too long a time to elapse without explaining how this disgraceful garbling occurred. We should have expected them to be as indignant as we were ourselves at the fraud practiced upon us, etc., etc., etc.

And he proceeds to ask—"Gov. Holden who garbled that letter?"

Holden, of course, didn't answer; and we can imagine him cursing at the meddlesome old Greeley, who couldn't understand why the ten Ku Klux Outrages were converted into a hundred—"for political ends!"

Senator Abbott, too, comes in for a share of the villainy; though well able to bear it, being used to charges of all sorts, and of laughing at them, in his sleeve, knowing that the more despicable he became in the estimation of the decent portion of the State, the greater would be his power with the negro and scalawag majority. I will admit, however, that the carpet-bagger from New Hampshire was a much more decent and honorable man than his colleague, the scalawag Senator John Pool who was placed on the Senatorial Ku Klux Committee, because he was recognized as the very man to make the most of the testimony before the committee: however false, improbable, and damaging to the reputation of his native state, it might be. For instance let us quote the following from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:—

Mr. Boynton, the well known Republican correspondent of the *Gazette*, writes from Washington that it is strange so little is known of the true condition of things in North Carolina. There is more than a suspicion that but little cause exists for the extraordinary course taken, etc., etc. One fact known here to most of the press, had done more than all the stories from either side to throw suspicion, etc., etc. The fact is this:—a few weeks ago, Senator John Pool came to the Reporters' gallery and called out a man he supposed to be connected with the *Chronicle*. He then showed him a North Carolina newspaper in which there was a collection of Ku Klux outrages, murders and robberies drawn out at great length. The Senator went on to say that it was desirable that the *Chronicle* should at once *begin the publication of this collection and keep it up until the statements made should be well disseminated in the North*. He explained quite confidentially, the need of this by saying that to carry North Carolina next

fall [for Grant] it would be necessary to use the militia extensively, and if this collection of outrages could be well circulated it would justify the step in the eyes of Northern Republicans. Mr. Pool made the mistake of communicating this to the wrong man. However, he must have ascertained his mistake and remedied it, as the accounts of dire outrage began to appear the second day after this conversation, and in due time the [illegible] appeared upon the scene.

Let it be borne in mind, this is *Republican* evidence: from a Republican to a Radical sheet noted throughout the country for its rabid hatred of Southern Democracy. Yet it here confesses that Senator John Pool (a member of the Ku Klux Committee) was secretly scheming to mislead the North, and palliate the use of military to "*carry the State.*" Not to punish crime, or suppress lawlessness, but to "carry the State," and thus allow the carpet-baggers and mongrels another long lease of plunder.

CHAPTER NINTH

The Radical Harvest.

Meanwhile the local agents of Grantism were reaping a rich harvest in Rutherford. The *modus operandi* can be best illustrated by an actual instance. A mulatto strumpet after being an intolerable nuisance to the neighborhood for several years, is at length visited by parties in disguise, who warn her to pack her baggage and quit the country. Months pass—the troops come, and Ku Klux arrests begin to be made in the county. She is told by some low Radical paramour that she can obtain damages if she will. Straightway she appears before Commissioner Wilson charging a dozen or more of her neighbors with the whipping. Away goes the marshal to arrest them, generally arranging to haul them out of bed at dead of night. Perchance they have no horses at hand, and must walk a dozen to twenty miles to town, where they must go to jail to await the convenience of the Commissioner; and if allowed to stop at the hotel, must pay for their own, their horses, and their guard's board. Next day towards noon, the Commissioner rides in from his farm (Judge Logan's,) chats a while, and finally calls court in the Court House. But the prosecutor, or the Commissioner's legal counsel (!—Jim Justice, Bob Logan and Carpenter) are slow coming in; they being in the rooms below stairs "arranging" with any of the accused that are smart enough to pay in advance for freedom from persecution. At length the trial, or examination begins. Of course the only defence is to prove an *alibi*; a thing not easy to do, even by the quietest of men, because those who stay at home, and go to bed early can rarely bring valid *proof* that they didn't *afterwards get up, slip out, and go and do and perform, etc., etc.*

But after all, the most abundant proof of absence will not avail if the strumpet swear positively that you were there; for this sapient representative of the "Great and Good Government," has laid down the rule that in any case wherein the complainant swears positively to the defendant, he must bind the latter to appear at the Federal Court for further trial, no matter if he should prove by a thousand witnesses that he was not in the state at the time, and that his accuser was a noted liar! And now the accused must look for bondsmen; and they are not easy to find, for the generality of farmers in this region are merely "good livers," with no large amount of property over and above the Homestead Exemption, Wife's Dower, etc., etc., and they must be worth \$500, or \$1,000 (sometimes twice as much) above these exemptions, above all debts, claims, etc., etc., and, therefore, I repeat that bondsmen are not easy to find, especially when scores of men have already "gone bail," for accused parties; and others are waiting for calls—sure to be made—upon them to sign for relatives of their own. After finding sureties, the accused must next find a \$20, \$50, or \$100 bill to fee a lawyer—or pair of them—to manage his case. He then hastens home to relieve his anxious family; but must lose no time in selling the plow-horse, milch cow, or some favorite tract of land, to raise money to pay expenses already incurred, and the cost of transporting five or ten witnesses, two hundred and fifty miles to Raleigh, next month; for though the accuser is a vile negro strumpet, it will require half a dozen witnesses to overturn her testimony in a court organized to convict.

At length court meets—the accused by scores and hundreds march for two days to the head of the railroad—40 miles away—and by hook or crook reach Raleigh. Perchance the accuser doesn't appear. Perchance the accused (no matter how innocent) are not able to *prove* that they were not out of their beds on the specified night. Who among us can today refer to a night, three months ago, and *prove* that we were not out of doors that night?

Possibly that was the very night we *did* happen to be prowling away from home for some purpose; though not dreaming of interfering with the low-down negress, whom we couldn't approach without holding our nose. But we can't *prove* it; and possibly (as was done in hundreds of cases) the very persons whose expenses we have paid to Raleigh to prove our innocence, are arrested on some similar charge, and thus incapacitated for clearing our skirts.

However, let us suppose that the accused prove their innocence—and are allowed to return home. They find their summer's crop utterly ruined; because their usual labor for June, July and August was spent in attending trial, hunting witnesses and bail, and arranging to go to Raleigh. The horse which should have drawn the plow was engaged in bearing the owner to town twice a week or oftener to consult the lawyers, raise money, send out witness-summons, etc., etc. So the crop which might have replaced the two or three hundred dollars spent for legal fees, railway ticket and other expenses, is lost for want of cultivation, and harvesting.

And who shall recompense? There is no redress whatever. The accused or complainant are without exception, either absolute paupers, or have no property above the Exemptions. Besides to attempt redress would necessitate another long season of preparation, another long trip to Raleigh, and additional outlay on the meagerest possibility of return. Of course, I have not taken into account the loss of time, of health, of personal freedom, of reputation: (for it is damaging to be hauled to trial, even if *acquitted*).

Now, the above is no fancy sketch: nor in the least exaggerated: it falls short of the truth. It is but a faint outline of more than *fifty cases* that occurred in the single county of Rutherford, prior to the Raid on Jim Justice.

Is it any wonder that such injustice and harassment of citizens—whether innocent or guilty—charged with simple *trespass*, or at best *assault and battery*, should

kindle the hottest indignation, and keep swelling it until the cauldron overflowed?

What, moreover, could be more aggravating than to have the petty officials—the commissioners, deputy marshals, prosecutors, secret agents, etc., etc., who ostensibly represent the government, but are really using their power to gratify private malice in some cases, to punish political enemies in others, to make party capital in still others, and to *fill their pockets in all*; what I say could be more aggravating than to have these creatures playing autocrat over the liberty and lives of those with whom they dare not offer to associate as private individuals!

Few persons not resident at the time in Rutherford County can have any adequate conception of the condition of things which followed the return of Jim Justice, Bob Logan, J. B. Carpenter, Jeff Downey and the other mongrels that had been despatched, or summoned (at their own suggestion) to Washington and Raleigh to recite their skilfully concocted tales, and plead for military backers. They were not only eminently successful in getting a large force of troops but also, in impressing the Grant Administration with the advantages to be derived from beginning the grand scheme of political intimidation with a terror-striking raid upon the Democrats of Western North Carolina. “*Only give me troops* (for these fellows don’t mind a dozen of our marshals half so quickly as a single “Yankee” Corporal), and *allow me unlimited authority to make such terms as I think judicious with the more timid and unscrupulous of the parties we capture*, and I will soon have nine in ten of the most influential Democrats in this section implicated in the doings of the Klan. Then, it will be easy to get men to swear that the chief leaders of the party in the State are connected with, and active managers of the Order. Then, we can directly implicate parties in the adjoining counties of South Carolina: this will give us a grip on the Order there, and soon we shall have the

Democratic leaders in that State, also under the ban. This will occupy a couple of months. We can then put on the screws, and make a clean sweep of indictments and arrests that will strike terror into the whole South, and force ten or twenty thousand Democrats in each state to either quit the Klan, and join our party, or fly into exile, or purchase immunity from prosecution by remaining away from the polls, and secretly assisting us with advice and information. Meanwhile the horrible tales we shall be able to produce from the confessions of our witnesses—(who having broken the ice, and won the hatred of their late accomplices, will care little what they say)—will have the effect to horrify the North, inflame the old time prejudices afresh, and cause our full strength to turn out: besides leading many weak-kneed Democrats to become disgusted with their Southern allies, and refuse to go to the polls. Even here in the South we shall find thousands of Old Time Whigs, and Union men, who have been voting with the Democrats, that will be shocked at the plausible stories of Ku Klux outrages we shall get up and will take little interest in the campaign.

“In short, I am as certain as that God made me that we can sweep the South; provided the work of up-rooting the Klan is properly undertaken. And to this end, I repeat, give me plenty of troops, plenty of power, and plenty of money, and I pledge my honor, and newly-acquired wealth, that I can insure both the Carolinas for Grant next fall by 50,000.”

The above letter, which we have *supposed written by Judge Logan* (after his return from his semi-annual circuit, in June,) and endorsed for instant consideration by Gov. Caldwell, S. F. Phillips, Marshal Carrow, Joe Hester, and W. W. Holden, and addressed to the Attorney General of the United States, may not have been couched in so many words, or in such matter of fact statement of the objects and means to the end, But that such statements *were* made, and that such an *understanding* was arrived at, cannot be doubted by anyone famil-

iar with the transactions in Western North and South Carolina, during the twelve months preceding the Presidential campaign of 1872—the most infamous chapter in American politics.

The story of Radical outrage and wrong in the Rutherford region in the year 1871-2 is one of the most shameful and atrocious known in the political annals of English speaking peoples since the “Bloody Assizes” in the West of England. It is common to speak of America as the “Land of the free, and the home of the brave;” yet I doubt if we can compare favorably with the English, French, Germans, Swiss, Hollanders in the point of *general, average*, courage; and during the past twenty years all special claims to personal freedom have faded into a mere memory of the past. Andrew Johnson, in one of his messages (which were remarkable papers, considering the source) vetoing the Reconstruction Bill (passed *over his veto*) speaks of the autocratic powers given to the military agents of our so-called “Home of the Free”—in these apposite terms:—

“Authority given to an officer amounts to absolute despotism, *aggravated by the power to delegate that despotism to his subordinates*—This power has been denied to English Kings for 500 years. In all that time people speaking the English language have borne no such servitude. It reduces the population of ten states to a condition of *abject degrading slavery*,” etc.

Senator Thurman of Ohio, from his stand in the National Senate, declared in majestic tones, “Your Reconstruction acts were *calculated to make Ku Klux!* I do not wonder that they *did make Ku Klux*. After putting 8,000,000 of people under the heel of military autocrats, with power to try them by Military Commission; to court martial them and hang them, in plain violation of the Constitution; and then putting a set of ignorant field negroes, above all the intelligence of the white race, and using those instrumentalities to send men to the Senate and House of Representatives, and to put them into power as governors, and judges, etc.;—men, too, whose feet

were scarcely warm upon the soil—I do not wonder that it made Ku Klux. I am not justifying the Ku Klux; but it was quite natural they should have risen: you cannot trample out the impulses of the human heart by any laws you may make, not even by the code of Draco itself,” etc.

One of the leading daily newspapers of the South, says:—“The Spanish Inquisition, The Council of Three at Venice, The Star Chamber of England, the Inquisitional Committee of Phillip in his effort to subdue the Netherlands—any or all of these awful bodies were more commendable than the Congress that enacted the Bayonet Bill [Enforcement or Ku Klux Act]. We say this because the accursed persecutions referred to were peculiar to their age. . . . This infamous law, was a flagrant assault upon the liberties of a free people and will be looked upon hereafter with a detestation commensurate with its iniquities. The most cherished rights of the States were corruptly ignored by this vengeful law, and a cruel state inflicted upon the most precious safeguards of the citizens.”

Truly in after years it may appear astonishing that so many deliberate assaults upon the privileges and persons of American citizens, under the pretences of enforcing an unconstitutional “Enforcement” law, should have been tolerated—tamely submitted to—in a land trained to boast of its Freedom. The explanation must be found in the almost abject humiliation with which our Southern people accepted the consequences of their great defeat. The world of outside sympathizers, our late military and civil leaders, the local press, the pulpit, and party platforms all twanged the string of “accepting the situation,” until two effects were produced; our people were taught to submit to any sort of outrage, injustice, robbery and insult perpetrated by “one having authority,” under the government, no matter, if he were only the colored fire-kindler in the office of deputy United States’ marshal’s deputy; while, for the other effect—the aforesaid deputy U. S. marshal’s deputy’s boot black,

and all his kindred petty "powers that be," were encouraged by the very abjectness of our submission, to arrogate authority far beyond anything to which they were entitled.

And this insolent abuse of authority, or arrogant *usurpation* of authority, received open countenance from the superiors of the petty autocrats through all grades, from the Blue-coated Boot Black on up to the Attorney General of the United States; *provided* the usurped powers were exercised to annoy the Southern Democrats, and strengthen Radical-Negro-Carpet-bagger Supremacy in the South.

So well understood was this latitude of authority for political purposes, that after the passage of the Ku Klux Bill, the officials of the government in the Southern States seemed to consider themselves authorized to take political and military control of the region embraced in their particular official districts; and no Bashaw of the Orient could have wielded more unlimited power than some petty "Deputy Marshals," U. S. Commissioners," "District Attorneys," etc., etc., in the Carolinas. They seemed to feel that they might go any lengths—violate any law—trample on any private or public right—*provided* the object, or *ostensible* object, (for these fellows often cloaked *private* schemes under pretence of *working for the party*) was to undermine the Democrats, and strengthen the Republican party. This undoubtedly was the deliberate intent of the framers of the Ku Klux Act. It gave little, if any, more protection to the colored men, than they already possessed, which was sufficient in all respects; but it was aimed to place, and did place every decent citizen of the South at the absolute mercy of the government officials, (who were the chiefs and managers of the Radical party) and of the most depraved and vicious white and black elements of society. I have already mentioned two prominent cases in Rutherford (Capt. J. W. Clark and Henderson Weaver) of gentlemen, arrested, harassed, forced to pay large sums, threatened with half a year's imprisonment in the filthy county jails

—simply because a worthless black field hand charged them with turning him off their plantations because of his politics! So it was everywhere. Let any Southern *Democrat*, give offence to one of his servants, and the latter could hurry off to the nearest U. S. Officer, Commissioner, or Freedmen's Bureau Agent, and bring his or her charge of "political persecutions," "intimidation" or "Bribery to vote;" and forthwith the Democrat found himself arrested, hauled about, compelled to hire lawyers, and eventually to *bribe* not only the *accuser*, but *also the Court*, to escape heavier punishment, for of course, "the Court" would not believe a decent White Democrat oath in denial of a filthy, lousy, utterly disreputable white or black complainant. And the cases of this sort were not few, or rare: they were of daily occurrence. I speak of White "*Democrats*" because it made a great deal of difference who the accused was, and what were his politics.

The first man in North Carolina to set the example of proscribing and discharging employees for political opinion's sake, was Major William A. Smith, (known as Bloodhound Billy—because he hunted deserters with dogs during the war) Republican candidate for Lieut.-Governor with Judge Settle. He as President of the N. C. Railroad, caused it to be known along the line of the road that any employee voting the Democratic ticket, in the election of 1870 should be discharged next day. Quite a number were Democrats of long standing, and would not be intimidated. Next day they were turned off, and left with large families dependent upon them. Several of these men were admitted to be the best workmen in the railway shops, leaving no excuse for their discharge. Yet they could get no redress, for Smith was one of the leading Scalawags, and the Enforcement Act was passed to punish *Democrats*, not to interfere with Republicans.

It is impossible to depict the condition of affairs in the Rutherford region at that time, and I doubt if credence would be given the picture were it drawn in full similitude with the facts. Scores of the best young men, both

of town and country, had already sought in exile that security which innocence and respectability by no means assured. Hundreds of the wealthier class of farmers were either gone to the mountains on various ostensible errands, or were visiting friends in adjacent communities, taking care to avoid recognition by unreliable persons. Daily there were tidings of the departure of a number of my acquaintance in different neighborhoods, some of whom were members of the Invisible Empire, though many were not. All could see the plain purpose of the gathering of the military, the coming of Baltimore Bond, the daily deviltry of the "Deputy U. S. Marshals" and the increasing insolence of the Mongrel leaders; the lawless liberties of the unconstitutional "Ku Klux Bill" were to be wielded as a besom of terror over the ranks of the conservative and intelligent classes of the South, beginning in Carolina, with base design to wrest away the electoral votes in the ensuing campaign. The outlines of the plot were foreshadowed even at that early date; but Gov. Holden's testimony to *Rev. C. T. Bailey, editor of the Baptist Recorder, and a member of the same church to which Holden was then attached*, five years thereafter, made manifest the deliberate and unscrupulous manner in which the scheme was laid and carried out. Hugh L. Bond, who had been selected to play the part of the American "Jeffreys" was already in Raleigh, and either in person, or through trusty agents, was stimulating the carefully picked grand jury to issue indictments by the hundreds, including the names of every Democrat of any prominence against whom a particle of evidence could be procured, no matter how patent the falsity thereof. The remotest "hearsay," if it alleged a connection with the Klan, and was imputed to implicate an influential citizen, sufficed to base a bill of indictment and was followed by the arrest of the individual, if he was come-at-able. The intent of these proceedings, of course, was to create a "Reign of Terror" and drive a large number of Democratic voters into distant parts, for the first effect; and then to arouse sectional and party

feeling at the North by parading the extent and lawlessness of the "*White Brotherhood*," and stigmatizing them as Democratic Outrages upon Unionists. Constant rumors reached me to the effect that I would be arrested, that I should be killed, that the Yankee soldiers had offered to take me out and hang me, etc.; to all of which, however, I gave little heed, as I knew I was in no way liable to the legal authorities, and as for the Mongrels I had long before given them an opportunity to attack me. Almost daily I walked down to the office of the *Vindicator*, and to call upon my sister-in-law, passing directly in front of Judge Logan's door, and without being either "molested, or made afraid."

On one occasion, the Scoggins gang, with a large guard of Mongrels were leaving the village to convoy some half dozen of the Biggerstaff raiders to Marion, and while riding past my father's residence were very noisy, shouting and cursing in a way which showed that many of them had stimulated their courage by copious *drams*, although as yet only about 9 A. M. As the cavalcade moved on, J. B. Carpenter, the Radical clerk of court, and editor of the Loganite organ reined his horse opposite the carriage-gate of our premises, and shouted to my younger brother—"You better keep Randolph Shotwell out'n my path—I'll shoot him dead as a door nail the minute I lay eyes on him!"

It happened that I was sitting at an upper window, somewhat shaded by honey-suckle and trellis-vines, and looked up from my book just in time to hear this blood-thirsty threat. Snatching my revolver from the toilet-stand drawer, I ran down stairs, and finding the front door locked, leaped out a low parlor window, and ran into the street with design to test Carpenter's warlike propensities. But ere I reached the front gate I saw him galloping over the brow of the hill out of view, having lost no time in doing so after launching his threat. My father was much disturbed by the occurrence, but I laughed the matter off, telling him I had no idea of raising a skirmish in front of the parsonage; that Carpenter

was somewhat in his cups, and probably supposed me many miles distant, etc., etc.

About this time I learned of a new source of annoyance, [one] which rendered me more uneasy than all that had gone before. The Radical sheriff, Martin Walker, had received a summons from the Radical sheriff of Buncombe, commanding him to bring me to Asheville to answer for the costs in my old case for caning U. S. Attorney Lusk. The amount of the cost, (\$70) was more than I could either obtain, or borrow, at such a time, (all my wealthier young friends being absent); and I knew that should the sheriff see me, he, as an eager tool of the Loganites would force me to either go with him, or give bond for attendance at the fall term of the Court, which would be equivalent to putting the shackles upon me for several months to come, besides subjecting me to a great deal of mortification and ill-usage. Moreover I saw that father, and Jennie, and others who felt an interest in me were exceedingly and increasingly nervous, lest I should become embroiled with the Mongrels—though no man was ever less quarrelsome than I am, habitually—; and as I disliked to keep them all in this condition of disquiet, I the more readily adopted a suggestion of brother Addie to go out to our Green River plantation for a few days. The farm lay along the west bank of the beautiful Green river, some eight miles from the village, and, just over the line in Polk county; a fact that influenced my acceptance of Addie's proposal, because it secured me from molestation by the civil officer, whose summons ran in Rutherford only. Accordingly a few days later, Brother came in with an extra riding nag, and I returned with him; not taking any extra clothing, nor even putting away my private papers, as I expected to remain away no more than a week at farthest. Alas! it was many a long week, and month, and year, ere I returned to my studio!

It was a delightful season for ruralizing, and I, who had been for nearly a year living a sedentary, student life, greatly enjoyed the novelty of the perfect quietude,

the green woods and breezy atmosphere. Brother's quarters were upon the west slope of a wooded ridge, forming the western wall of the valley of Green River, which ran through mile on mile of alluvial level and "bottoms," land without a tree, brush, or fence, to break the broad expanse of waving young corn, which was now breast-high, green, and lustrous, with the rustle and undulations of waves on an inland sea! One hundred and twenty-six acres of this growing grain was our own, and comprised the whole plain of the Valley, south of the river. A similar tract, on the opposite bank of the river belonged to Frank Weaver, whose home was one of the oldest homesteads in all of the west, and was formerly "Welcome Hall," to all who chose to come. As both brother Addie, and Mr. Weaver were "keeping Bachelor Lodge"—having only black servants about the house—, and as they were the nearest neighbors, it occurred that I passed as much of my visit at Weaver's, as on our own side of the river. And having nothing to do, and nothing to read, it was easy to fall into the habit of drawing quite too frequently upon the big brown jug, which is to be found in all dwellings in that region. Polk County at that time, and no doubt today, seemed overspread with illicit distilleries. Every secluded ravine, every impenetrable brake, was apt to have a sylvan satyr, a deadly demon, far more fatal to the circle of its charmed and spell-bound victims than was ever the mythical—.

Yea, no nest of rattlesnakes in the mountain cliffs was half so deadly as the little copper-colored serpents, coiled upon a pile of rocks, on the verge of a pure and trickling rivulet, whose purling was itself a never ceasing cry against the poison of the—worm of the 'still!

Many of these rusty "'stills," as they are locally termed, might be concealed in a large barrel, and can, therefore, be quickly removed from place to place to avoid the revenue officers; though at the time referred to it was deemed safest by the majority of the distillers to send a few gallons, and a sum of money to the Revenue

Headquarters for the district. So it was alleged by the mountaineers with whom I talked and there was sufficient corroboration in the two facts that few of the illicit stills were disturbed, and most of the Revenue men grew rich in a wonderfully short period. I have elsewhere mentioned my visit with Dr. H— to the “Big Island” vicinity, in 1870, when we saw several stills, and were told there *nine* within sound of a musket.

An incident will illustrate the prevalence of this unlawful traffic. Being invited to dine at a worthy farmer's on Green River, I arrived early and found mine host shelling corn. He apologized for not being able to set out the decanter, but would have it filled in short order. A bushel of the shelled corn was placed in one end of a bag and the brown jug in the other; then mine host called one of the young negroes saying—“Jump astride there, Jack, and take the cross cut over the hill to the still.” “Which still, Mass'r? Old — he don't make so mighty good liquor, nowadays.” “Well, go to the nearest!”—quoth Mr. —, and we took seats on the porch. “How much do you get for a bushel of corn?” I asked. “One gallon; you see he makes two gallons out of the bushel, and he keeps one, for toll.” “And, what is corn worth?” “Well, it varies according to where you sell it; round here it ain't worth more'n 60 to 70 cents; but I hear it brings nigh to a dollar by the wagon load, in Spartanburg.” So the gallon of whiskey cost only about 60 cents—little more than the government tax. Said I—“You make no secret of the matter; are these illicit distilleries so well known in the neighborhood as the negro boy's remark would signify?” “Oh, yes, any negro in this county can go blindfolded to a still, maybe half a dozen of them. Of course there ain't no particklar risk about it; all these 'stillers is squar'-out Radicals and the big leaders knows it would not do to rile 'em, there's enough of 'em, and their relations, and folks as is afeard of 'em, to turn the election in this county, an' Rutherford, an' Henderson, an' a lot of other counties; and you mark my words, they'll do it one of these days if they

get some new Revenooers, an' go to rampagin' around for stills.'" There is not the least doubt in my mind that he was right; and that the government has been cheated of hundreds of thousands of dollars by corruption of its agents on one hand, and a desire to retain the political following of the rude mountaineers on the other.

But the enjoyable phase of my visit was destined soon to come to an end. Daily we heard rumors of new outrages by the Klan; and finally a message was sent me by an old friend that General Leventhorpe, who had just come from Raleigh, brought definite intelligence that myself and brother Addison were to be arrested; that Jim Justice and others had gone before the Federal grand jury and sworn to most outrageous statements concerning many well-known citizens, and that all my friends besought me to leave, to go off somewhere until after the flurry was over, as the mongrels were so emboldened by assurances of protection and immunity for any misdeeds committed in the interest of Logan-Grantism that they would not hesitate to treat me in the most barbarous manner.

On receipt of this intelligence I was seized by a boyish desire to return to Rutherfordton and defy the whole gang of Mongrels with Logan at their head, and the Yankee army at their back. But I had spent the night with Frank Weaver, and, a heavy rain having swollen the river, I delayed crossing until the next evening when to my surprise I learned from the servants that Bro. Addie had gone to town and had not returned! What could this mean? I instantly mounted and set off at a gallop for the village. This evening's proceedings proved to be a chapter of errors all around. By taking a different route, I reached Rutherfordton actually in advance of Addie, who had stopped several hours with a friend. He came in after I had gone out.

On arriving upon the brow of the amphitheatre in which the town is situated (though itself upon quite an eminence) I saw a strange spectacle for a time of peace and quietness. On both sides of the valley were camps

of artillery, infantry and cavalry, whose white tents were pitched in all directions over the green fields; while a large number of cavalry horses were picketted upon the level meadows below the village. Buglers were practicing, officers riding about, and groups of Blue-Coats lounging on the sidewalks. At the foot of the hill was a small encampment directly on the side of the road, and several soldiers, were lounging at the bridge over which I must pass, but whether they were sentinels to arrest travellers I could not tell. However, I was, unfortunately, too well supplied with "Dutch courage" to have been stopped by a regiment unless shot down. Riding slowly down the hill I fixed my pistols within easy reach, and quietly rode into the Yankee camp, as if merely a curious citizen who had never before seen so many "soldier men." My design in so doing was to allay the suspicion of the guards at the bridge; they, however, made no objection to my passage. It was my intention to enter the village by the back street, but I saw there were a number of heads at the windows of the ugly, rusty-looking, jail, and I determined to go up the main street, and see what number of guards were stationed at the jail, and whether Addie was confined there; for although the boy knew nothing of the Klan or its operations except hearsay on the street, I meant to raise a party and rescue him, or die in the attempt.

My appearance riding into town, seemed to astonish both friends and enemies. Several young men hastened after me to my father's door to urge me to leave town instantly as the mongrels would certainly send a squad of Yankees after me, etc. I replied that I knew no reason for their molesting me, and I did not much think I should be disturbed. But, to my great surprise, I now learned Addie had not come to town at all! This put a new phase on the matter. And when I saw that all at home were dreadfully worried, expecting the appearance of an army of soldiers and mongrels, at any moment, I told father I would return to the Plantation as

soon as I could change my linen, and pack up some books and papers to read. — — — happened to be spending a few days with father, and was in the parlor as I passed through. A few polite inquiries delayed me still longer. Not wishing to prolong the agitation of the family, I re-mounted and galloped off. Rumor of my arrival had spread rapidly, as was evident from the crowds of negroes, Mongrels, and soldiers at the street corners. The largest gathering was at Deck's groggery. The Mongrels, as I afterward learned, were trying to persuade the Yankees to arrest me, and sent several piteous messages to the military commandant to "come in and capture the Ku Klux chief;" but he replied, "Arrest him yourself, if you wish; I have no authority to do so, and shall not trouble him until I have." They, however, knew that I had not come in town to quietly submit to any of them; so, although I paused at Miller's store directly opposite the crowd, and purchased a box of matches and then rode leisurely down the street, no man interfered with me. This was fortunate; for I was now worked up into that feverish state when all judgment and prudence was lost sight of, and had any mongrel, or half a dozen of them, approached my bridle-rein I should certainly have emptied both my revolvers into them, and the consequences would have been sadly disastrous to my future, whatever might have been the issue of the present difficulty. It may be that few of readers will comprehend the situation of affairs in the Rutherford region at that time which rendered such things, such intentions, possible, but I think few of them would feel differently under the same circumstances.

On reaching the bridge near the Yankee infantry camp I perceived that a large number of soldiers were gathered near the picket post, which was at the end of a deep cutting through the red clay hill so that I was obliged to pass within arm's length of the sentry's bayonet. It was now near sunset, and [I] became somewhat uneasy lest the trap should be sprung upon me at this place where there was not a particle of chance of either

resistance or escape, as the walls of the cutting were impassable, and the road too narrow to wheel and retreat up hill towards town. The actions of the picket were strange; he ran into the centre of the road as I came through the cutting, and the crowd collected near him. An officer with the red sash of the Day-Guard, stood at the edge of the stream but made no sign. I rode up, and nodded to the crowd, saying "How do you do, boys! Got a nice camp out here!" There was an inaudible grunt of response from two or three, and the sentry after glancing at me closely turned to the officer a moment, then stepped aside, and I crossed the bridge, addressing the Lieutenant with a "Good evening, Major!" as I cantered past the camp. He looked after me with an undecided look, as if he were hesitating whether to arrest me or not. If he had any such intention, it was then too late; for I should not have obeyed any command to halt, after passing the bridge.

I reached Weaver's about nine P. M. and spent the night there; Capt. Tom McEntyre having come over to join us. He, too, had been repeatedly warned to fly the country, and like myself was averse to doing so. He had horses standing idle in his stables and could easily gallop over the South Carolina line in an hour's ride; but still he lingered—hesitating to give a kind of color to the Mongrel manufactured lies against him by running away.

As already stated, I missed brother Addison while *en route*, and had left Rutherfordton on my return before he entered. The following occurrences then transpired; after visiting home, and one or two other friends, he went to the residence of "Judge" Logan to see Robert Logan, who it was said, had a warrant for his arrest. It was scarce half past eight o'clock but the house was darkened, and only after repeated knocking could he bring any one to the door. Two members of the family at length came and denied that Robert was at home. Addie was probably himself excited and indignant, and insisted that the valiant Colonel of Militia was within, and that he

had said he had a warrant for the arrest of the Shotwell boys; and if so, now was the time to serve it, etc., etc. At this the women became very abusive, declaring that Addie wanted to get Bob outside the door, and kill him, etc., etc., whereupon Nelse Logan, an impudent negro, of whom I have before spoken, rushed out with a Spencer revolving rifle, and threatened to shoot Addie if he did not go away instantly. Brother had never left the side walk, (the dwelling being close upon the street) and paying no regard to the black rascal, he assured the women he had no designs on either the "Judge" or his hopeful son, that he had ridden all the way in from Green River to find out what truth there was in the flying reports, and if it were true that Logan held a warrant for him to deliver himself thereunto. But the women and their black-guard both *railed* at him like crazy geese.

Brother then walked down street where he had hitched his horse when suddenly two men sprang from behind the trees of the sidewalk and presenting pistols at his breast, demanded his surrender! The men were Wm. Deaver of Asheville, a roystering, insolent revenue agent, whose reputation is defined in the editorial extract from the *Charlotte Observer* given below; and Elias Albright, a shiftless wagonmaker, of the town who had formerly been a Conservative, but had found it more profitable to play lackey, and tool for the Mongrels.

As Brother Addison had come to town for the purpose of surrendering, if wanted, he made no resistance to this demand, irritating though it was, and merely asked to be allowed to speak to some one at the stores to have his horse sent up home. But no, the cowardly creatures forbade his uttering a word on pain of death, and actually marched him down the *middle of the street*, with drawn pistols covering his head, as if they were in mortal dread of some sudden onset of the mythical "Avengers!" Addie expected his horse would be stolen by morning, but happily the poor beast was found about midnight, and carried to shelter.

It is hard to write calmly of this outrage upon a youth in his teens, a respectable young man, hard-working and honorable, who knew nothing of the Klan, save the common rumors of the street, and whose very presence in the town indicated his fearless innocence! Yet these men instigated by the Mongrels, but authorized by nobody, seized him on the street with all the brutality that could be used with a desperate assassin, marched him to the common jail, and forced him into a small room, already over-crowded, where he nearly suffocated for lack of air and water! Recollect that he was known to be an honest, respectable, peaceable young man, whose simple *parole* would have sufficed to keep him until the pleasure of the court should be made known. Recollect, moreover, that however criminal he *might* have been, it was as black and illegal an act to seize him upon the highway, search his person, and cram him into a filthy dungeon without *the least authority*—without *any sort of warrant*—without *a particle of evidence*, connecting him with any lawless act—and with only the power of force and malice!

As will hereafter be shown, United States Marshal Carrow confessed that the warrants for the arrest of Brother, and myself, had not yet left Raleigh on the 26th day of August, two months after our arrest! The scoundrels meant to hold us until they could manufacture some sort of testimony to implicate us!

The intelligence I gained in the village filled me with indignation, and perplexity. It was clear that Logan was using the Federal troops to back up his agents, the mongrel deputy marshals in a daily harassment of every section of the county, making the excuse of search for one man to startle and frighten a score of others; thus working upon the fears of the timid, and creating a real Reign of Terror throughout the whole region. I knew that among the four hundred members of the Order were scores of weak, or selfish, or cowardly fellows, who would certainly try to purchase security for themselves by trumping up tales to please the Loganites, and as I had no personal acquaintance with many of them, and was

looked upon as an aristocrat, one of "them stuck up town fellers," or "lawyer fellers," it was to be expected that I would be selected as the subject of the revelations; especially at it was known that the Mongrel Leaders were greatly discomfitted because they could obtain no evidence against me. My forebodings in this regard were fully realized, as will hereafter appear; several men claiming to be intimate with me, whom I had never exchanged a word with, nor so much as seen, prior to my arrest.

And here is shown the absurdity of treating me as Chief of the Klan or in any degree responsible for its acts. Had I possessed one tithe the authority the Mongrels wished to ascribe to me to make more certain my conviction, I might have checked all this tattling and false-swearing, by a prompt notification to the cowardly renegades that they could not with impunity desert the Order, and then assist in destroying their late comrades. But my authority from the first was merely nominal—not recognized by more than a score or two of young men of the better classes. All the wild young fellows of the remote sections of the county did as they saw fit, and could not have pointed me out in a squad of ten men.

And here the reader may wonder—Why did you, who must have foreseen the coming storm, permit yourself to be gradually enfolded in the web of circumstances of this nature? The answer must be a *confession of weakness*! Had I been a real "Chief" I should either have utterly forbidden the raiding, and made sure that I was obeyed; or I should have taken the lead in it, and made it so deadly, sudden, noiseless—therefore, terror-striking; thus insuring that no Jeff Downeys, John Harrells, and the like ilk, should purchase safety and fortune by treachery. And at length, when the cloud began to loom up very dark and threatening, my pride—always a fatal possession to me—utterly refused to countenance any desertion of the men who had been associated with me; even of those whose reckless disobedience brought all the trouble. It would seem the act of a coward in me either

to abandon them and fly to safety, or to denounce them and clear my own skirts.

Thus it was that I weakly "allowed things to drift," although, seeing very clearly that the rapids were just ahead, wherein *my* boat would go to ruin, let what *might* the rest betide!

It was some of the same silly pride of faithfulness that caused me to spend six months in Fort Delaware's small-pox haunted quarters rather than desert the Confederacy (though plainly enough *in articulo mortis*) and accept the offer of a wealthy Northern relative to give me a start in life.

On the afternoon of July 2nd, Dr. Thurston and Franklin Coxe, Esq., two of the best known, and most influential citizens of the county, galloped up, and informed me they had ridden half a dozen miles out of their way to warn me to take care of myself, as the mongrels certainly were arranging to capture me, and were determined to gratify their malice at my expense if I should fall into their hands.

Great excitement prevailed throughout the county; gangs of low down mongrels, so-called "acting Deputy Marshals" armed with "Seven shooter carbines," and equipped with rolls of *blank warrants* (that is *the warrants were filled up in all respects except the name which was left blank, and filled in with a lead pencil after the victim was captured!* Could anything more lawless ever have been done by the Klans?), were prowling over the country seizing any man, and *Democrat*, of course, who seemed likely to *pay for his* release, or whom the "Man-Hunters" disliked, either personally or politically. Numbers of these "hell-hounds" boasted on going out that they would not come back without at least one secesh Democrat trotting at their horse's tail! And there is every needed proof that several of the more notorious "Deputies," when unsuccessful in hounding down their special quarry, consoled themselves by arresting some other unoffending citizen, well knowing that charges would be preferred against him upon a mere hint to one

or two of the Ku Klux Renegades, or if no evidence at all could be procured the victim after a few weeks of torture in the county jail would be only too glad to pay \$50 or \$150, for the privilege of freedom, and "no questions asked!" All the offices and tribunals, civil and military, State and Federal, were in the hands of the Radicals, and men knew that no outrage done in the interest of Geo. W. Logan, Tod R. Caldwell, and Ulysses S. Grant, would ever be punished, or so much as inquired into: and as the local Democratic newspaper was held in rigid silence by a compact involving the very existence of the paper, there was little likelihood of even the story of the outrages reaching the public ear. No such condition of things ever before existed in a so-called free country, and it is proof of the law-abiding, almost truckling, disposition of the people of that region that they did not rise and massacre the mongrels, or their leaders, and release their victims.

The Man-Hunters were riding from dawn till dusk, seizing men in their fields, their stores, at church, and even school boys at school. Wives and mothers were insulted and frightened, until had they been delicate city dames they would have gone into hysterical spasms. In some instances, loaded pistols were thrust in the faces of lone women, to make them reveal the whereabouts of their husbands or fathers.

William B. Wilson, a tenant and tool of "Judge" Logan, held the office of United States Commissioner for Rutherford, but being a plain farmer was unable to enter fully into the devices of the Mongrel leaders. His spirit was willing, and when acting under instructions from Logan he could show himself as reckless as any of his confederates; but it was found that when left to himself he was apt to conduct the examinations before him with some degree of fairness; consequently he had been virtually removed by the appointment of Nathan Scoggins to sit with him, or without him; after which Wilson became a mere cypher, while Scoggins from the first assumed the power and brutality of an Eastern Despot.

It will be recollected James M. Justice testified before the "Outrage Committee" at Washington as follows: "The Commissioner is a very clever man, but not of much ability in the discharge of his duties. *He shrank from participating in anything of the kind.* But some of us went to see him, and told him he must come out and do as we suggested, or resign and let another man be appointed in his place He *agreed that if the testimony would justify,* he would issue warrants for the arrest of parties, and bind them over! We then commenced operations. I was active in getting warrants, and was appointed by Wilson to examine the witnesses for the prosecution. *We procured the arrest of quite a number.* We also procured the arrest of quite a number engaged in these and other cases," etc. . . .¹

Pool's shameful suggestion was carried out in many respects; but the Loganite leaders were determined to have their own round of insult and abuse of the prisoners before transferring them to Raleigh. Nathan Scoggins was, therefore, selected to sit as the so-called Judge of a "Star-chamber Court" whose practices far surpass those of the historic annals. I cannot say whether he was chosen on the principle that "no zeal is like that of the convert," or because it was conjectured that, as his four brutal brothers were "deputized" to act as "Man-Hunters," he would take care to throw into their hands a plenty of *blank warrants*, worth \$5 each, to the said brutes, when filled up, and returned to "brother Nath," accompanied by some poor countryman, ten to once chances. ignorant as a babe even of the nature of the charge against him. If the latter supposition was the moving motive of his appointment, it was fully realized. Nathan issued reams of blank warrants, and drew five dollars a day (for 2½ hours generally) so long as Andy, Bill, Joe, and Jim could find men to snatch away from their homes and march (sometimes 20 miles, through scorching heat, or denching rain) to jail to await their turn before Nathan's corrupt commission.

¹The omission is a repetition of Pool's remarks to Joseph L. Carson already quoted on p. 393 *supra*.

My limits will allow me to give only a brief sketch of this tool of Logan, and unscrupulous renegade, Nathan Scoggins; but some notice of him is due; for he ruined many a better man during the brief careers of his money-getting and iniquitous rule. Prior to the war he owned a little farm of not much value, and a few negroes, to whom he was a severe master. Early in the war he became alarmed at the prospect of having to fight, and soon after the passage of the Conscription Bill in 1862, came out as an uncompromising Union man. Geo. Logan had organized a disloyal, or "Peace" Party, and as most of the able-bodied voters of the decent classes were absent in the army doing their duty to God and their country, Scoggins became quite a leader among the traitorous "Red Strings" who subsequently elected him to the Legislature. Here he was thrown with a more respectable class than he had ever been permitted to associate with, and he probably became ashamed of his disloyal associates. At all events, the close of the war found him so unpopular that he was defeated for several nominations in his party; whereupon he deserted the Loyal Leaguers, declaring he could not stomach negro suffrage, and negro equality. He made several attempts to get office, but was received coolly by the Democrats. Again he turned his coat, and rejoined the Leaguers, but the excesses of the carpet-baggers and some local troubles, wheeled him around a second time into Democratic ranks in 1870. This time, to prove his sincerity, he joined the White Brotherhood, and became a most energetic Ku Klux organizer. He, it was, who initiated young George Holland, (one of my fellow prisoners at Albany) whom he tried to persuade to raid upon Tom Pope Bradley. When the schemes of the Grantizaries to use the Klan troubles for the harassment of Southern Democrats became manifest, Scoggins went to certain citizens who knew most of his conduct as a Ku Klux, and telling them that he was going back to the League, made the Baby Bargain with them—"You don't tell on me, and I won't tell on you,"—whereupon he went to Lo-

gan, and enlisted as his docile tool henceforth for-ever-more. And now to conclude this biography for the present, let me quote the words of a printed, and widely published card, issued under date of Aug. 4, 1873, by A. D'K. Wallace, Post Master of Rutherfordton, and a young *protégé* of "Judge" Logan, who was also an active agent for Logan in almost all the deviltries of the Ku Klux Reign of Terror.

"When the Klan was exposed, this man Scoggins procured the appointment of U. S. Commissioner, and commenced a crusade against his former political friends *unequaled in the annals of this country*. As Commissioner, he was *guilty of crimes whose enormity startled even those who believed him capable of any crimes.*" [And who had him *appointed for that reason?*"] "As these crimes have been laid before the world already I will only say that, notwithstanding *strong opposition from most unexpected sources*"—[The Judges?]*—I succeeded in getting him removed from the office of U. S. Commissioner, at the last term of the U. S. Court, for receiving bribes for his action as a Judicial officer, and for swearing falsely to accounts against the government! Do not all honest men believe him to be a Thief, and a perjured scoundrel? Yet this man with the aid of some prominent men of our own party (Republicans) was during the very court which exposed his villainy, elected Mayor of Rutherfordton!*"

Such was the character of the man who acted as the ostensible head of the Rutherford Renegade Inquisition, and dealt out insolence, slander, chains and torture, as the result of his pretended examinations of scores and hundreds of respectable if poor and uneducated Democratic countrymen, whom his four brutal brothers had dragged (often half clad) before him! If these things seem incredible, remember that I write for the public eye, and there are thousands who can confirm if needs be.

To return to my visitors, the most important intelligence brought by them was that Mongrels in the village were rejoicing over the receipt of orders from Raleigh,

directing the Federal officers to lend all possible aid to the "Man Hunters;" and to arrest me if it required the whole force, etc., etc. I laughed at this, and assured my friends a single Blue-Coat could arrest me at any time, if he exhibited his warrant; but I did not much think I would allow a Mongrel to take me, unless he should surprise me asleep. "Well"—urged my visitors—"they will double upon you, perhaps this very night, and will torture you in every possible way, when they get you. We do assure you, if we stood as you do, with all the scallawags thirsting to capture and ruin you—which they will be sure to do—we wouldn't stay here another hour! But, Good-bye! Be very careful!"

And they galloped off through the forest, leaving me more saddened, and melancholy than I had been since the troubles began. As I have confessed, my actions at this period were exceedingly weak, and foolish, undecided; and no one could more bitterly reproach himself therefore than I. I saw clearly that I ought, in self-defense to to as many hundreds of other members of the Order already had done, i. e., retire to the mountains, or cross the line (only a few miles distant) into South Carolina, where there were numerous friends who knew me well enough by reputation, to make sure of my receiving a cordial welcome, and protection.

But here came questions over which I cogitated for many an hour. Would it not seem cowardly in me to fly at the first hint of peril, leaving in confinement dozens of our brethren, (not to mention my own Brother) whom we were pledged to "aid and assist in time of distress?" Would it not be significant of conscious guilt for me to fly actually before there had been any attempt to capture me? Again, to fly was to abandon my only home, my rapidly aging father, my studies, profession and prospects in life! Besides I felt a bitter indignation at the thought of being thus forced to cower and fly from a lot of low-down scallawags like they who, I knew, would alone seek to molest me! Alas! the deepest reproach of all, and it is one that mortifies me beyond expression as

often I recall it, was the abjectness with which I submitted to the spell of the cup—the fatal sorcery that dulls the brain—unnerves the arm—disorders the perceptive faculties, and leaves the victim a prey to doubts, and indecision! It is painful to make this acknowledgement, but I have set out to set down the full truth of this “sad, eventful history,” and perchance in such chapters of error and weakness, consist the chief value of the book.

On the afternoon of July 3d, Young McL., who had come out to look after the stock, servants’ rations, etc., became angry at an order I had given a negro boy, Tom, about his own age, and with all the self-willed obstinacy of a spoiled pet, on finding I meant to be obeyed, hurried Tom upon one horse, and mounting another galloped off to town, carrying the darkey with him. I knew that both were extremely anxious to see the parade of the Yankee troops on the following day (The Fourth) and therefore gave myself no particular uneasiness about them. Yet this little incident proved to be the match which lighted the train!

The boy, Tom, was another illustration of the well-known fact that the African is devoid of gratitude. His character has no parallel among the races and tribes of the earth. He is ordinarily docile and fawning under ill-treatment, but presumptuous, and encroaching under kind usage. During the war it was discouragingly common to find confidence misplaced and the most trusted, the most petted and pampered, of the slaves, the first to pilot the Yankees to the hidden valuables, the choicest stock, etc. The negro boy, Tom, had long been a table servant in our family; and from me, in particular had received nothing but kindness, stray shillings, clothing, etc., and had I thought of him at all in connection with our affairs, it would not have been as a treacherous agent of our mongrel enemies. It was the old story. Every Southerner believed *his* slaves would remain faithful, and could be trusted to any extent; all of which was a mistake. Tom’s first business on reaching the village was to acquaint the chiefs of the Leagues how they might

come upon me unawares, and, by forming a large half-moon, hem me upon the river bank, as I was unable to swim, and the river was freshet-full!

There was another unfortunate circumstance connected with the affair. I slept near an open window on the night of the third; there was a damp mist o'erhanging the river which drifted in upon me, and in the highly fevered condition of my system owing to an excessive billiousness, gave me a severe cold, and brain-racking headache. Indeed I feared I should become seriously ill, with no one to look after me in any way, as the servants were gone off to celebrate their usual Holy (Lazy) Day. Had the horses, therefore, not been taken to town, by M. and the negro, I should certainly have either ridden to the house of some friend, or returned to the village and thus have escaped much annoyance, even if it precipitated the hour of my arrest, as probably it would have done. The Fourth of July was dark and gloomy—one of the most wretched days I had ever spent. My head became heavy as a block of lead, and my system was entirely out of order; while my mental relaxation or depression was very great. There are, I need scarcely say, many minor matters connected with the history of that period which affect others equally, and more than myself, therefore must be passed in silence though many of them would explain, if not altogether relieve, much that is seemingly inexplicable in my conduct. Few persons realize how closely they are connected with their associates—how much of their lives are interwoven with that of their neighbors, and relatives, and acquaintance, until perchance they undertake to outline some phase of the past; when it will appear as if others were the principals, and themselves only the subordinate actors on the scene. At all events, I can conscientiously declare that in every chapter of this volume I am forced to decide between the omission of names and incidents and the silent suffering of misapprehension and injustice as the consequence of such omission.

The Federal troops at Rutherfordton celebrated the "Glorious Fourth" by a demonstration of cavalry, artil-

lery, and infantry, pompously arrayed, and paraded through the little village, in the belief that it would strike terror to the hearts of the "Secesh Democrats" and simple countrymen, many of whom were yet trembling in dread of "another war!" while at the same time encouraging the scalawags to wage any sort of war upon their Democratic neighbors, who of course could not hope to show any "army" like that to back *their* party. The intended aweing of the "Rebels" was in that respect a failure, but there is no doubt that the effect upon the negroes and terrified Ku Klux was quite equal to expectations.

Here and there among the spectators may have been an old "Grey Coat," who had seen some of these same "Yankees" trotting rearward with wild eyes, and lolling tongues, seeking escape from "Rebel" daring. To such as these, the booming of the artillery and the tramp of the [troops?] could suggest only the farcical nature of a parade which while pretending to celebrate the "Birth-Day of Freedom and free Government," was really designed to show to an unoffending, peaceable people, how little of liberty and free government they now possessed, and how formidable were the military preparations to hold them in subjection, trampling upon their rights of person and property, and seizing their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers to drag them many hundreds of miles away, and confine them like galley slaves! How strange to add that one of these jaunty minions of the military despot at *Washington* was Lieut. Greene, the grandson of Gen. Greene for whom the "Mountain-boys" of Rutherford, (after driving Pat Ferguson from Gilberttown—one mile from Rutherfordton—and destroying him at King's Mountain 30 miles below) rallied and fought, and fought again making the name of Nathanael Greene one of the proudest in American History! But *this* fellow, Greene, was not only eagerly anxious to do the bidding of the vilest of the mongrels, but afterwards slandered our people by his statements, public and private!

CHAPTER TENTH

Arrested Without Warrant.

Early on the morning of the 5th, Andy and Joe Scoggins, Chest. Bradley, the "Hodge boys" and two or three other so-called "Acting-Deputy Marshals" carefully prepared themselves for the long jaunt which they were informed would bring them in rear of the quarters on our plantation where I was lying sick. In the suburbs of the village they were joined by a Yankee sergeant and corporal with a squad of soldiers; a force sufficient to arrest a dozen or more instead of one, and he sick in bed. Possibly they felt that as they were going upon a lawless errand, having no warrant nor the least proof to implicate me, it were better to have so large a force that resistance would be out of the question. True, the five "deputies" were enough for that, but I daresay they had other designs than risking a possible fight, so long as there were a plenty of Yankees to do it for them.

The plan of march embraced a wide detour of eighteen miles, crossing Green River at Morris's Mill, 5 miles above our plantation, and descending through the by-roads and woods until upon the brow of the ridge overlooking and in rear of my quarters. The scheme had been agreed upon among the leading Mongrels on the previous night probably; as the news became known on the streets of Rutherfordton at noonday that "A big company has gone out to fetch in Randolph Shotwell!" Father himself heard it, and at once ordered out his buggy to come to the plantation. I believe he designed coming at any rate, but hurried his movements on learning the reports in circulation. 'Twas an unhappy trip for him.

All the morning of July 5th, I sat about the house, or reclined on the bed, in a wretched condition—in a kind of stupor, yet full of fever. For fully two days I had neither eaten nor drunk anything; and I am very sure

I needed medicine, especially for a torpid liver. I seemed to have lost all energy, and apparently all my nerves. Late in the afternoon I took a chair out under a tree on the hillside a few feet in rear of the house, where I might overlook the valley of Green River stretching far below. Across on the opposite wall of the valley was a red streak which led down to the ford of the river; and with the fine field-glass I happened to bring from home, I could easily see any one approaching from town; for the red line was the red clay road. I had no particular object in watching the road except that I rather expected father would come out that evening. Indeed my physical condition was such that I could take only a languid, listless interest (if the expression be admissible) in anything.

At length, just at sunset, I saw father driving down the distant hill, on the other side of the river. At the same time the field hands who had been working in the valley below the house, quit work, and came up, with manifest agitation, which, under other circumstances, or rather if I had been in full possession of my perceptive faculties, I should have read aright, and instantly acted upon; for these ungrateful creatures had seen the Yankees sneaking through the thicket, and knowing their errand, came up to see me arrested and maltreated!

I continued to watch father, who after passing the perilous ford drove rapidly up through the plantation; his tall beaver hat showing plainly above the waving sea of green corn, which overspread the valley as far as eye could reach. I was glad to see him; for his knowledge of medicine was equal to that of an ordinary physician; and if I were liable to a severe spell of sickness, he could take me back home. But these cheering reflections were dashed to earth in an instant. I was sitting with my chair tilted back against a tree, when suddenly there came the rattling sound of falling fence rails, and the clicking of musket locks! Glancing over my shoulder, I saw a line of Yankee soldiers advancing at a run, in a semi-circle, and pointing their guns at me, as men creep upon a sleep-

ing quarry. Two minutes before I should have had no other idea than to turn to them and inquire, "Well, men, what is all this parade about?" But seeing the warlike, yet cowardly, attempt to trap me, so enraged me that I sprang at two bounds from my chair to the narrow interval (four or five feet wide) between the house, and the servants' cabin, drawing my pistol as I went; with a vague intention of shooting down the first two or three Yankees who followed me, and then retreating into the "Bottom" or plain of the valley, and taking my chances of passing the river, or drowning. Happily my poor old father, on this occasion as on many another, proved my good Angel; he happened to drive up at that very instant directly on the line of fire through the interval, as the road ran along a few paces in rear of the houses, and would be exposed even more than myself to the Yankee bullets! The moment's hesitation allowed me to realize the folly of any resistance, as the Scogginses, Hodges, Bradley, and perhaps other Mongrels had crawled through the bushes growing on the hillside just below the quarters, and were actually nearer to me than were the Yankees, but were in no hurry to appear until the latter had closed in upon me. They now rushed upon me from behind my back, yelling like Indians, and flourishing their pistols. I fell back half a dozen steps; then seeing the uselessness of fighting so large a party, especially as the Yankees were armed with revolving carbines, or seventeen shooters, more deadly at half-a-mile's distance than my pistol at half a dozen yards, I stood still, and asked what all this uproar meant! For answer, the mongrels who were panting and blowing with nervous trepidation, seized me by both arms, wrenched away my weapon and repeatedly searched my pockets; though I protested against the outrage, and on its second repetition said with contemptuous emphasis—"There are only a few dimes in there, if that is what you are after!"

Father had been obliged to drive around some out-buildings, and, after momentarily bending his head in prayer for strength to endure this new misfortune, he

hastened into the middle of the party, and without alighting from the buggy demanded in stern tones, what right they had to trespass upon his premises, and by what authority they molested his son! "*Oh! don't worry yourself; we've got all the authority we want, ain't we fellows?*" responded Scoggins, with an insolent gesture towards the Yankee muskets. "*Might does not make right,*" said father. "*I have a right to see your authority for arresting my son. If you have any warrant I demand to see it!*" "*Oh, don't tear your shirt! We'll show our papers, at the proper time, and place!*" "*Here is the place! Now, is the time! Show me your warrant, if you have any! The law requires it! I believe you be violating the law and trespassing on my premises, in a violent and lawless manner!*" "*Oh, dry up! old man,*" said Scoggins, but looking down, with a mean and sheepish aspect, as did the other mongrels, while the soldiers looked on, grinning with evident enjoyment of the scene. "*What's the use of talking? We've got all the 'thority we want, in them here barkers [pistols], an' we're a-goin to take this prisoner to town or die a tryin'; so the sooner you shet your gabble, the better you'll git satisfied.*" He then ordered four Yankees to take me in charge, and shoot me if I attempted to escape. There were some other brutal remarks by the party; but strange to say I have lost the recollection of scores of minor incidents of that shameful summer-time, owing I suppose to the stupifying and overshadowing effect of greater sufferings.

Despite all protests, and without five minutes' delay, my assailants marched me off through the woods to their horses, which they had left about half a mile distant, when they set out on their cowardly sneaking in the thickets. I was at first excited and indignant to a degree that made me forget how ill I was; but the exertion of scrambling up the hill through the ravines and rough ground, showed me how weak I was; so that when we at length reached the ford of Green River, I was glad enough to mount one of father's mules, even with the disagreeable addition of a little darkey riding *en croupe*.

A Yankee soldier was placed on either side of me: two, also rode behind, and two in front. The Mongrels headed the cavalcade, and joked and chuckled in great glee at their success, and consequent *eclat* among their fellows.

My own thoughts were much with my poor old father, who was left alone in the cottage, and whose grief I knew would be too poignant for any sleep that night. With his two sons in the filthy jail, hectoring and maltreated by the lowest order of humanity — creatures whom none of us would have thought of inviting to visit us, or join us at a meal and with all his hopes of making some money by the magnificent crop just beginning to develop, and many other troubles not to be mentioned here, it seemed as if every joy and every hope of earth were fled! Yet, for myself, as I looked back across the dark valley of Green River (for it was already dusk), there was but one star of cheer—the little glimmer of light from the window, afar across upon the other hillside!

In the beginning of the march to Rutherfordton the Mongrels, who seemed to be almost drunk with delight at their shameful exploit, led the way as they supposed, into one of the many side roads, or turn-outs, that are common in the region, but which proved to be a narrow wood road leading into the heart of the forest. The night was dark, and there were several fallen trees across the path which threw the procession into confusion; and had I possessed ordinary strength I should have vaulted into the thicket, and escaped with ease. But the night air, and a thorough wetting I had received in fording the swollen river, while dripping with perspiration after my long walk over the hills and rocky ledges, rendered me as cramped and stiff as an iron man. Nevertheless I should have attempted it, had not the boy riding close behind me, and clinging like a monkey, prevented me from whirling off the saddle and sliding rearwards, as I must do to avoid the grasp of the Yankees on each side of me. That they would not fire after me, or at least would not try to hit me, was intimated pretty plainly by some remarks to me as we rode along; and two of them

afterwards came to call upon me at the jail, saying in the presence of the jailor—"Be gorra! why didn't ye skedaddle the other day! *We wusn't afeerd of hurting ye, wus we Jem?*" And Jem said—"Devil a bit would I!" Thus it would seem that misfortune had marked me for her victim, while mocking me with impossible possibilities.

It was past midnight when the wearisome march ended at the door of the dilapidated, three-story, brick jail, on the bleak hillside, at Rutherfordton. I had said to Scoggins, *en route*, that as he had no warrant for my arrest, I supposed there was little use of speaking of *bail*. "Nary bit of use," was his coarse response; which, however, did not surprise me, as I well knew that the motive of my capture was to expose me to all manner of annoyance and mortification, (*humiliation* they would term it) until the sitting of the United States Court in September; and longer if possible. In proof of [it] I found quite a number of the most malignant of the Mongrels awaiting us at the jail entrance. They had been informed that a large party were gone out after me; and had we not gotten in for several hours later, they would still have squatted on the door sill, gloating over the spectacle which they hoped to witness, to wit, Randolph Shotwell *in jail!*

The jailor, one Eli McArthur, was also watching—late as it was—and rattled a large bunch of keys, as a welcome, upon our entrance. He was a short, fat, greasy, vulgar-faced fellow, with a double chin, gouty legs, fishy grey eyes, and a number of moles and freckles; a turn-key such as might have stepped bodily from one of Dickens's novels, and whom I am sure, Victor Hugo would walk a dozen miles to see, and—describe! He was in a dingy shirt, with rusty suspenders holding a pair of greasy breeches, and as he unctuously grinned at the assembled scalawags, saying, "Some uv you fellers might's well cum up an' see me show Mr. Shotwell inter his rooms," a specimen of silly facetiousness worthy the stupid lout. I thought I had never seen a more disgusting and repulsive appearing creature.

Ascending half a dozen short flights of stairs, only wide enough for a single person to pass at one time, and very dark and dirty, probably unscrubbed since the jail was built, McArthur led the way to the box-like ante-chamber on the third floor. When the curious Mongrels were all entered, he locked this door, although the guards had their weapons in their hands, and for the fourth time searched my pockets for concealed pistols, daggers, blunderbusses, rope-ladders, poison, etc.; actually capturing a finger nail knife, dangerous perhaps to the delicate hull of a grape. I was well aware that the elaborateness of this search was a mere form, designed to humiliate me before the crowd; therefore I submitted calmly.

There were three doors opening from the little ante-chamber; the entrances into three rooms constituting the jail proper; the first floor being occupied by the jailor's family, and the second by the guards and occasional visitors of the Mongrel leaders in the country. Two of the jail-cells were large, or considerably larger than the third, which is a mere closet with two windows, designed to confine one, or at most *two* prisoners.

Yet it was the door of *this* room, after a disagreeable clanking of chains, and rattling of bar-bolts, that McArthur threw open, saying, "*Go in, and make yourself at home!*" As I stepped across the threshold there came a puff of fetid noxious air that seemed to come fresh from a neglected pig-sty! Perhaps the similitude was heightened by the spectacle (as soon as my eyes could penetrate the gloom), of *nine* full grown men, undressed, and devoid of any bedding except one or two blankets which they had spread in the middle of the dirty floor as the common couch, in which all were huddled, like a large nest of porkers asleep in a fence corner!

The room was about ten feet long, by eight in width, with two small, barred windows, very high from the floor, and so situated as to rarely catch a breath of air, there being no chance for a draught through the room. The floor had not been cleansed in years, probably if, indeed, ever, and, as the room was the usual cell for vagabond

negro sots, the accumulation of tobacco cuds and spittle, remnants of food, slops, and all manner of filth, formed a sedge-ment around the walls, with small lakes of nauseous liquid in the corners. An open slop-tub, sitting at the fireplace, served for all purposes of the nine adults, and of course added nothing to the *appearance* of the place. I had never spent a night in so filthy a place, even during the oft-quoted hardships of the war; and as I caught a view of the crowded, almost suffocating interior, I turned to the jailor, and said,—“Where am I to sleep? This place is already full!” “Oh, you kin squeeze in with the boys,” replied the grinning baboon, “Sort o’ lay spoon fashion, you know!” At this, he winked to the other mongrels who snickered loudly. “*I cannot lie down in that nastiness,*” said I, “*Will you allow me the kindness to send my servant, Tom, up to my home to fetch a pair of blankets? He can return in ten minutes, at the farthest.*” “No!” grunted the turnkey, “*I won’t! I aint goin’ ter be runnin’ up an down these yer steps all night. I aint got nothing to do with your blankets: sleep where you please!*” Thereupon the fat rascal waddled down the stairs, with his fellows; all chuckling gleefully at the outrageous treatment I would now have to bear!

My fellow-sufferers, among whom was my younger brother, of course, promptly proffered me the use of a share of their bedding, such as it was, and with one voice gave utterance to their regret at my capture. All were confident I would take measures for my own security, and one of the party said, “It made me right sick when I saw you follow McCarty into the ante-room! Why, Captain, they will torture you to death!” “Never fear! my friends; I know well what they will *try to do*, but I can bear a good deal.” The atmosphere of the box was always close and loathsome, but on this sultry July night, with no breath of air stirring and nearly a dozen adults packed therein, most of whom were laboring men, seized in their fields, and dragged away in their coarse clothes, several of them without coats, or stockings, the place

seemed *unendurable*. I made all haste to grope my way among the piles of boots, dishes, and recumbent forms on the floor and took my perch on the narrow window-ledge, apologising to the others, for so doing on the score of being extremely sick, and out of sorts. And thus was the greater portion of the remainder of the night passed; I clinging to the bars of the rusty, dirty window, on the third story of the loathsome jail! Now it will be well for the reader to bear in mind two facts: 1st, that there was not the least necessity for such treatment; there were other, and larger rooms, which might have been used instead of this small one; it was only an act of civilized humanity to provide blankets, wash basins, and some sort of benches for the use of the prisoners, even if every one had been red-handed murderers, taken in the act; 2nd, every thing done against Brother and I (and perhaps others) was lawlessly criminal from the hour of our arrest; we were seized, without warrant, without knowledge of the charges against us (for there were no charges of which our captors were cognizant, save possibly a hearsay report that a bill of indictment had been recommended against us by the Radical Grand Jury at Raleigh), without opportunity for giving bail or confronting our accusers; and in short, we were taken, held, and barbarously treated merely to gratify the spiteful malice of a low and unrecognized class of Mongrels, instigated by the vindictive Mongrel leaders.

All prisons look their worst in the early hours of the morning and as several of my fellow prisoners were young country lads, accustomed to rise at the first tinge of dawn, and stir about with a good deal of noisy racket, there was little chance to avoid seeing this miserable hole—aptly termed the “Black Hole” of Rutherford—in all the repulsiveness of the sunrise hour. Most of the night I had held my uncomfortable perch on the narrow window-ledge and, as the nights were still quite cold, I awoke to find myself thoroughly chilled, my head apparently as heavy and as solid as lead and my face racked by neuralgic pains! Had I been elsewhere, the day would have been passed in bed with medical attendance.

But I knew that any complaint would be interpreted by the Mongrels as a sign of mortification, and a mere pretense to cover my real feelings. Besides I already was resolved to endure all things (so far as I *must* submit) without a whimper of complaint, or the asking of any favors from my lawless captors. I therefore contrived to get up, and secure half a tin cupful of water to wash and bathe my head and said little concerning my illness even to my companions. Perhaps the account of Brother Addison's capture, which I now for the first time heard, served to rekindle a spirit of indignation which supported me for the moment. "There is something strange about the placing me in this room with you," I remarked, "It is a favor I had no idea they would grant when I spoke of it down stairs." "They don't mean for you to stay here," said Wm. Edgerton, "McArthur doesn't like to open the other room at night; he is a great coward and fears the murderers might break out and jump on him. They'll move you yet." He proved a true prophet.

Breakfast was brought up about 8 A. M.; several mongrels accompanying the fat turnkey to get a glimpse of me. They saw my back only. The morning meal consisted of a shallow platter of boiled Irish potatoes, some shrivelled slices of fried "hog middling," and a cake of corn bread. The platter was set in the middle of the floor, (the bed place also) and the entire party of men were compelled to squat around it, while one after another fished out, with his fingers, a "cracklin," a chunk of bread, and a potato or two! The supply was less than half enough to satisfy hunger, even such stuff as it was.

It will seem incredible, but it is the truth that the unfeeling jailor refused to allow a single ordinary comfort, such as a table to eat from; chairs, or stool, or benches, to sit upon; knives, forks, or spoons to eat with; a razor to shave with; or indeed, any thing else!

These deprivations were not precautionary in their intent; they were meant to make the prisoners as miserable as could be done under any pretense that could be trumped up. Recollect that the jail is on the third floor, with successive double doors, iron lattices permit

the outside guards to see if the jailer were interfered with by the inmates, and there were Yankee guards, surrounding the jail at night. Why then deprive the wretched prisoners, who were known to be men of respectability and culture, and who as yet had not been even examined, but were held out of sheer lawless malice—why deprive them of a chair, a table, a mattress, forks and spoons, pens and ink, toilet articles, etc.; all of which they would cheerfully furnish at their own expense! The reason need not be stated. The reader will soon learn to account for these cowardly outrages.

Edgerton was right; the Mongrels had no intention of leaving me with my young brother; crowded to suffocation though that room was. I was propped in one corner of the room, watching my fellow prisoners gobbling the rough morsels of breakfast (for which I was not yet acclimated) when the heavy tread of a large gang of mongrels was heard outside, accompanied by much chuckling and laughter; and after the usual rattling of chains, and grating of rusty bolts, the jailor's repulsive visage appeared in the doorway, as he called—"Where's *Randolph*? Come here, I want you!" Not being accustomed to such familiarity from men of his class, I did not move until he asked again: then I said—"I am *Mr. Shotwell* if you want me!" Whereupon I walked out into the ante-chamber; only remarking to my friends in the room, "*Keep cool, boys! Bear all that is put upon you, without giving any trouble! But remember you will some day be free again!*" They all realized that a shameful outrage was to be put upon me, and their faces expressed their hot sympathy.

Opening a door on the other side of the ante-chamber, the jailor marched me within, while all the Mongrels followed grinning to each other. The room was some twenty feet long by twelve feet broad; and in the middle of the floor stood a rough and rusty iron cage, resembling a huge, square rat trap, in which were already *seven* grown men, huddled together until there seemed to be no room to turn! McArthur opened a small door at the end of the cage, and, saying "Here's the place for you,"

motioned for me to enter. "Stop!" said I, "I cannot prevent this outrage, but I protest against it as an outrage!" Whereupon I quietly stooped, and stepped through the narrow doorway into the cage. The Mongrels had come up in expectation of seeing an outburst from me, with possibly the necessity of forcing me into my new abode among the murderers and negroes: but I had no intention to furnish any such delectable entertainment. Giving them only a look of calm contempt, I entered the interior, nodded cheerfully to the inmates, and took my seat on an inverted bucket in one corner, which J. H. Sweezy, one of the party, kindly vacated for me. Discomfited, and perhaps seized with some faint glimmerings of decent shame, the Mongrels slunk out of the room, and returned down stairs much more quietly than they came up.

THE MURDERERS' CAGE.

The "Cage" is just what its name signifies; a large square box constructed of iron bars crossing each other like lattice work, and riveted at each intersection of the bars by bolts, welded while hot until they form a part of the bars themselves. The lattice work is sufficiently open to permit an arm to be thrust between the bars but only that. I have spoken of the "Cage" as "large;" but this must be understood in a qualified sense only. The structure is perhaps 10 feet long by 7 feet wide, and extends to the ceiling, but the ceiling is only 7 feet in height and of a smoked pine boarding, rendering it darker and lower in appearance than it really is. Similar "cages" are to be seen in many of the county gaols of the Western section of the State and are called the "murderer's cage," because none but murderers or desperadoes of the most violent character, are ordinarily confined therein. They are built for the safe-keeping of a single, or in special emergencies, of two inmates. Let this be borne in mind as I now come to speak of the occupants of the one into which I had been so shamefully thrust!

A CUT-THROAT COMPANY!

I have said the "Cage" was crowded; the word hardly conveys the whole truth. Instead of one, or two inmates, here were *eight* grown men packed into a space scarcely eight feet square! Three of the number were *negro rascals of the lowest type*, all under sentence to the *Penitentiary*, I believe. Three of the whites were *murderers*, perpetrators of the blackest massacre, that ever appeared in the annals of crime in the South! The seventh man was J. H. Sweezy of the northeastern portion of Rutherford, who had been placed in the Cage to gratify the malice of certain of the "Deputies," whom he had insulted at the time he was arrested. Assuredly no menagerie ever contained so dissimilar a collection as were here forced into companionship!

Many persons believed, at the time, that I was placed in this murderers' den, for the dual purpose of degrading me as far as possible, and also having me beaten by the gang within. J. B. Carpenter, who it will be remembered announced that he intended to shoot me "on sight," was one of the crowd that came up with the jailor to see me put in the cage, and I observed that he held a whispered consultation with the Adair men (the assassins), while I was being placed inside. Mr. Sweezy was of the opinion that Carpenter, who was associated with Bob Logan, and had just come from the Judge's office, told them to "take care of Shotwell." This will necessitate an explanation. Columbus and Govan Adair were young men of 21, and 24, the sons of Henderson Adair, a farmer of some property, residing ten miles above Rutherford, in a rather wild region, or perhaps on the verge of such a region. They were wild boys as any in those wild mining regions. Both deserted from the local military or homeguard, and joining a band of robbers, ostensibly "Unionists" hiding from the "Rebels," spent the period of the war in hunting, fishing and foraging upon their Democratic, or "Secesh," neighbors. Both became leaders in the treasonable "Heroes of America" or "Red String" organization, which was the forerunner of the

Midnight League villainies, which necessitated the organization of the Klan; and it is a curious fact that both wore the badge of the League (a crimson cord) upon the lapels of their coats, when they went to the scaffold; and one of them called the attention of the negro spectators saying—"Do you see this Red String? It hangs where it always did!"

MONGREL LEADERS

On my coming into Rutherford after the war, I frequently heard of outrageous occurrences in the upper portion of the county with which the names of the Adairs were freely coupled; but as these men, including their father, and brothers were the most active Republicans, and owned a comfortably homestead, they were not molested, as all the county officers from justice of the peace to sheriff, yes to judge and governor, were also rabid Radicals, and had no idea of breaking up their party in Rutherford, by punishing such eccentricities. Among these, (as one of the participants confessed when under sentence of death) were the burning of Round Hill and Liberty churches, the burning of J. C. Keeter's barns, including six mules, several cows, and a quantity of wheat, oats, etc.; the stealing of Martin Harris' mule; the stealing of three barrels of liquor, and a number of minor offences; all perpetrated with a malicious delight in wickedness rarely equaled anywhere!

As the boys became older, their passions deepened, and their notoriety as desperadoes extended over the county. Perhaps the term desperadoes is too strong; they were rough country boys, brutal and bullying where they felt themselves masters, and sneaking and treacherous where compelled to restrain themselves. Thus it was a custom with them to attend the polling places in Cuba and Green Hill precincts, and with a gang of similar fellows at their backs, all armed, and carrying trimmed clubs, make demonstrations of hostility against the Democratic voters who were few in numbers, until at length many timid men feared to go to the polls at all. At one election only three Conservative ballots were cast,

although more than ten times that number of Conservatives came to the precinct during the course of the day. They were confronted, and cursed, and bullied by the "O'Deer gang" (as the local parlance termed it) and concluded not to vote! When I became a candidate for the Convention from Rutherford and Polk Counties, these bullies gave out the assertion that I would not dare come into their precinct, and that I should not receive a vote at their box. I knew nothing of it until after I had made arrangements to spend election week in Polk where I was but little acquainted with the people. But I changed my route, and going by Green Hill, spent nearly half a day at a store within a mile or so of the Adair settlement; sending word to all the adjacent residents to come, and see me. I heard afterwards that the Adairs sent a small boy to reconnoitre; and upon his report that my brother and I were at the shop, and taking things coolly, they abandoned any idea they may have had of giving me a beating. I had not at that time even seen the rascals, and I presumed they had little knowledge of me, as they rarely came to the village. When the massacre of Silas Weston and his family startled the country, my feelings were so wrought up thereat, that I wrote a detailed account thereof for both the *Raleigh Sentinel*, and the *New York Sun*, and denounced the atrocious crime in vehement terms as it deserved. Of course, the local leaders of the Mongrels were full of sympathy for the murderers, even though their guilt was so plainly proven, and joined with them in declaring that the time would come when they would "make things hot" for me!

Hence, as I have said, the Mongrels in getting McArthur to force me into the "cage," imagined they had made sure of my being beaten nearly to death, as the negro Leaguers and the white Leaguers were united in crime and politics, while I could make little resistance in this crowded space, even had I been armed or a good boxer. However, I was not at all nervous about it, and indeed was so sick and miserable I should not have cared what become of me. My face had become quite

swollen, and the throbs of neuralgia which I need scarcely say were not improved by my cold bath in the river while drenched with perspiration, and the subsequent sitting in the window all night for lack of bedding, now rendered me almost frantic. And mingled with the actual pain was the mortification of knowing that the Mongrels, who came up in troops throughout the day to gloat their eyes upon the rare spectacle of a gentleman in a den of thieves and cut-throats, would assume that my tortured and almost tearful expression of countenance was the effect of my situation; whereas it was only the physical result of their cruelty. I trust, however, that despite my sufferings I assumed an air of calm dignity while they were present.

Towards the inmates of the Cage (the murderers and negroes) I observed a quiet reserve, not haughty or sullen, but plainly drawn, and invariable; and I must say that after the first few hours they sought in every way to show me little kindnesses, some of which I could not refuse. Possibly the speedy shift in the weather was in consequence of a remark let fall by Sweezy, to this effect,—“*Captain, I’m glad you are in here; for I’m sure when the Klans hear of it they will come and have us out in a jiffy.*” “I am told”, said I, “that a Grand Klan, numbering over 500, hold themselves in readiness to ride in this direction whenever I send for them.” Such was the fact; though, as I had not the least idea of making any call, the remark was merely the idle utterance of a man in tortures. But the murderers and negroes caught at it as a matter of great importance to *them*; for were the jail surprised, as was the one at Marion, and the Ku Klux released, what might I not see fit to do with them! I could set free, or hang from the jail window, at a word! And in this possibility would it not be wise to postpone the beating which the Mongrels were so anxious to have bestowed on me? I think it altogether certain that this conclusion was reached after a whispered consultation in the corner of the cage at dusk, when it was supposed I had dropped asleep. At all events from that hour they with one accord sought to

ingratiate themselves with me. For example Govan Adair, who had just received from home a large, wadded bed-comforter, as thick as a mattress, when rolled, urged me to accept the use of it to sleep upon. The temptation was great, for, as father was still at the plantation, and brother also a prisoner, there was no one to bring me any bedding, and after McArthur's brutal treatment I could not even ask him to send for a servant from home; but I thanked the man for his offer, and propped myself in one corner of the cage for a third night without sleep.

In truth there was no space for me to rest. The cage, as I have said, was about 10 feet long and 7 feet wide; and the seven men why lying at full length occupied every inch of the floor, except that about nine inches of space was left vacant at the feet of the shorter men.

Thus if I reclined at all I must lie lengthwise at the feet of the whole party, subject to the kicks of the long-legged, and the odor of fourteen last year's socks! Probably I need not say I did not partake. It was almost suffocating, in the sultry twilight, when not a zephyr of air was stirring, to simply endure the *odor d'Afrique* which pungently pervaded the place, when the greasy, slovenly bucks adjourned for the night!

So all that second night in the Black Hole of Rutherford, I sat in the corner upon the upturned bucket, with my shoulders jammed against the rusty bars, holding myself up, lest I should fall over upon poor old man Sweezy, who needed sleep almost as much as I.

If any reader think I dwell too much upon the minute details of my treatment, let him remember that these trifles when incurred day by day, became extremely hard to bear, and must be considered individually to show how every feature of my sufferings was imposed not because of any offence I had committed, but because as a man, and an editor, I had boldly denounced the Mongrels in their lair. Reflect a moment; I was placed in the "Cage" not because there was no room elsewhere; not for being desperate, or troublesome—I was mild as a lamb; not for safe-keeping—the old cage could not hold two strong men if they really intended to escape; nor was there any

other reason, or even *ostensible* reason, for this treatment of an honorable young gentleman, whose simple parole would have held him secure as walls of beaten brass! No, there could have been no excuse for the outrage even if I had been *convicted* of all that malice could invent against me: whereas as yet I had not been even brought before any court, or commissioners; no one knew what charges had been trumped against me if any at all; and there was really no warrant upon which I could be held one moment save by the force of a gang of armed cowards, backed by the military!

THE BLACKEST CRIME IN OUR ANNALS.

Allusion has been made to the atrocious massacre of which three of the young men confined in the cage were the chief perpetrators; viz., the Adair brothers, and Martin Bénard. It may be best at this point to give the details of that horrible crime, to which, in many respects, there is no parallel in the history of the Old North State. The western and northern boundaries of Rutherford are lined by the rugged and irregular walls of the Blue Ridge, with the numerous off-shoots and spurs. In this wild region there are few roads, little cleared land, and only a sparse population, living in cabins, and gaining a precarious livelihood by hunting, fishing, gathering nuts, digging in the placer gold mines, which exist in all directions, or hiring to the occasional thrifty farmers, who own the snug little farms in the mountain inlets, or "coves," where the land is more level, and fertile. Some of these mountain "Poor Whites" never get a dozen miles from home in as many years; and both in habits and manner of living, indeed in general intelligence, are not one whit above the better class of negroes. They "squat" their cabins in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and apparently might be lost to the world, and mankind for years without the fact becoming known.

In one of these mountain coves stood the cabin of Silas Weston, a mulatto, who, unlike his race, had abandoned the idle herd in town and, having obtained a few acres of land, had settled down to hard work and was in a

more prosperous condition than some of his white neighbors. In accordance with that curious taste, which leads so many negroes to prefer a white prostitute as a wife rather than a respectable girl of their own color, Silas married Polly Steadman, a free and easy widow, who, however, appears to have made for him a faithful wife and mother. She had one child by Steadman, named William; and three by Weston, David, Theodosia, and the babe in arms.

One night Silas heard a rattling near by, and going outside saw Govan Adair, and Martin Bénard, walking by a wagon which Columbus Adair has just driven out of the bushes. Supposing that Silas would gladly share with them, they showed him a barrel of brandy they had just stolen from a resident of the vicinity, and they offered him a gallon or two to help them bury it. Whether Silas was habitually honest is not known, but he refused the bribe, and retired to bed. In a few weeks rumor fastened upon the Adairs, and though the Radical officials of Rutherford had allowed them to burn barns and meeting houses with impunity the authorities of McDowell County were not so *tenderish*, and it happened the owner of the stolen brandy resided over the line in that county. Warrants were issued, and Silas Weston was summoned as a witness. The Adairs visited Silas and ordered him not to swear against them. He replied with unusual boldness, considering the character of the parties, that he had no desire to injure them but that if he were put on the witness stand, and sworn, he should tell all he knew! Poor fellow! With these words he sealed his own fate, Republican and negro though he was! He seems not to have had any suspicion that his bold, bad neighbors would seek to put him out of the way.

THE HELLISH PLOT

The young Adairs returned home and acquainted their family with the "stubbornness" of the "nigger." "He swears he'll let out all about that brandy and it will be a heavy slam on us all," they reported to their father.

Old Henderson perhaps was not so bad as his boys, but he was very proud of their virility, and probably considerably under their influence, while perfectly willing to profit by their rogueries; therefore equally guilty with them. He suggested that a second call be made upon Silas Weston, a few weeks before the meeting of McDowell County Court, to see if he was really determined to "play the fool, and tell out o' school." The boys knew there was no use of further parley, and insisted that the negro, and all his family must be destroyed. The circumstances were favorable. Silas was a Republican negro, living with a white woman; and it was well known that one of the articles of the Ku Klux creed was to break up the cohabiting of whites and negroes; so that if the entire family should be destroyed the first suggestion to every mind would be—"Here is another terrible warning by the Klan!" and no one would care to make too many inquiries concerning a deed, whose perpetrators would probably take severe measures to any undue curiosity! Everything was favorable for this theory, as a recent demonstration at the _____ place, half a dozen miles from Weston's showed that there were Klans in the neighborhood. Indeed there were several reasons in favor of the bloody conspiracy. It would electrify the country, and furnish Judge Logan another "Rebel Atrocity and Ku Klux Outrage" to report to Senator Nye, that it might be heralded from the floors of the Senate, furnish the text for thousands of malicious onslaughts upon the South, and help to foster that feeling which was, in a few months later, to justify any act of outrage done to "Rebels." It may seem incredible that men should coolly plot a fearful massacre with a view to its political effect; but the truth is known to most of my readers that a volume of such cases could be compiled from the annals of "Reconstruction" in the South.

So it was determined to *surprise, slaughter, and burn* the Weston family—*every human soul*—and lay the awful crime at the door of the Klan. There were two brothers younger than Columbus and Govan; yet even

Craton, aged 16, and Avery, aged 14, appear to have entered into the plot. Martin Bénard, a young fellow as rude, and uneducated as a Bushman, had long been the factotum and assistant in crime of the Adair boys, who probably intimidated him at first (as he was personally a coward) and afterwards held him by knowledge of their mutual crimes. By his confession, it appears that old Henderson Adair came to him, telling him of the plot, and ordering him to come along and participate; that they had paid him seventy-five cents to help steal the brandy, and as the purposed murder was in consequence of that theft, he must take his share therein, else they should not pay him the 75 cts, and would very likely kill him too. The threat and the fear of losing the money were enough to bring Martin as an active participant. It seems to have been the design of the Adairs to implicate all who might be called as witnesses and at the same time to make quite a party, so that the tracks of a variety of shoes might be seen near the Weston cabin; thus giving direction to the conjecture that a large party of Ku Klux had done it. According to Bénard, the whole Adair family came into the woods, though the old man, his four sons, and Martin himself, crept to a cluster of bushes within pistol-shot of the Weston Cabin. And now let the reader look upon the strange and awful scene!

THE TWO PICTURES

Outside.

Gliding through the thicket come six men. They halt and gather in a group, squatting in a clump of stunted cedars, so close to the doomed cabin that they can hear voices within; hear Silas chirping to his young brood, and see the occasional shadow across the firelight, shining through the chinks, as Polly bustles about getting supper. The night is dark, but as the stars light their lamps, it will be seen that this group of bloodthirsty assassins is strangely made up. A gray haired farmer, his first and second born sons, standing in stalwart pride,

but with baleful grey eyes, watching like lynxes from the bushes, Martin Bénard trembling with fear, but ready to prove the cruelest of all when once all danger is past; and, saddest of all, those two boys, the youngest just passing the first decade of life, yet he, the one who will fire the first shot in this wicked tragedy! Did none of the watchers tremble, and turn pitiful? Did no one say, "Let us go back?" Did no single voice say, "Spare the children; save the babies, they are harmless?" Not a word!

Within.

Silas Weston had been at hard work all day, but shortly after dusk came home, singing an old plantation song, and talking at intervals with his dogs in negro fashion. Placing his tools behind the door, he sat down at the hearth, and began to play with his babies, one a little fat dumpling on the floor, and the older standing at his knee. William or "Lee," as he was called, sat on a stool fixing his shoe. Theodosia, a girl of 12, was helping her mother set the supper table, which stood in the middle of the cabin, but near the fire place as the blaze of pine-knots served for candle light, as is the custom with their class. The rich warm glow of the blazing pitch threw an air of comfort, and picturesqueness over the group and the interior of the cabin, that partially obscured its bareness and poverty, even if these simple-minded folk had realized the bleakness of their surroundings. At length, Polly lifted the fried meat, and corn-bread, and called the children to the table. Silas took the babe on his own lap, at the head, while Polly "chucked up" the fire to give a fresher light. She knew not that fierce, murderous eyes were glaring upon her from the baleful darkness without. "Listen to Towser!" said young "Lee," the last words of his life. The dogs were growling with the deep gutturals of dog-anger. "What can be the matter with the dogs?" said Polly, stepping to a broad crack in the rude door.

MURDER MOST FOUL

As she did so, there came a fiery flash through the chink, and a loud report, while with a terrible scream, "Oh! God! Have Mercy! I'm shot, I'm shot!" she staggered against the bed with a ball through her eye. Thus the boy, Craton Adair, began the murderous massacre! At the same instant the door was burst open, three fiends rushing in filled the happy home circle with bloody corpses! Govan and Columbus Adair shot down Silas, and threw him into the fire-place, cutting his throat as he lay. William, or Lee, and Theodosia crawled under the table, but were shot like pigs upon the floor. David sprang to help his father, received a ferocious gash with a hatchet, and screaming, "Oh I am dying!"—died!

Martin Bénard, no longer afraid for his own vile life, seized the baby and, *as it looked up in his face with a little crow of innocence*, with arms extended to him, *held it on his arm, and drawing his knife across its throat, tossed it on the floor with the other corpses!* Meanwhile the mother was making a frantic fight for life. Shot through the temple, and one eye burnt out, she yet resisted until hacked in pieces with knives (as the fiends had emptied their pistols) and kicked under the bed, a supposed corpse! And now the bloody work was over; the family were destroyed! The gory bodies of Silas, Polly, William, Theodosia, David, and the baby were to be seen in the dim light of the fire, (which Silas's powerful frame had somewhat smothered in falling), scattered around the little cabin which only a few minutes ago had witnessed the peaceful supper circle! Is it not wonderful that human nature can produce monsters capable of planning such a massacre, and coolly executing it, all without provocation, save the ones I have already stated!

HIDING THEIR WORK

"You have made a powerful noise! We must get away from here in a hurry!" cries one of the assassins, from the outside. There are not many neighbors in that wild region, but some illicit distiller, or coon-hunter, might

be within sound of the firing. So without stooping to feel if the spark of life were gone out of every frame, they hastily threw the corn-husk bed and blankets upon the bodies, gathered the logs of "rich-pine" to add to the pile, applied the torch, and when the mattress blazed up in a bright light, all skulked off into the bushes lest if any one were watching they should be exposed to plain view thereby. Probably not one of the blood-stained party once reflected that there is an eye which could follow their devious path through the forest as clearly by night as in the glare of the blazing cabin left behind them. All went home, and burned or hid away their bloody garments, putting on clean under-garments, and retiring to their beds like children, weary with the sport of the day, but with no thought more troublesome than that they had played a nice trick on some playmate, and would enjoy the fuss of wondering who did it, when day light of morning should bring discovery. And now I have to record the most astonishing feature of this black crime.

MURDER WILL OUT

"*Dead men tell no tales!*"—appears to have been a safe maxim for the pirates, floating the Black Flag on the "high seas," a century past: but the shedding of blood was not so grave a crime at that period when the strong felt no remorse at slaying and spoiling the weak. In our more civilized, and, as a rule, more humanized age, there is an off-setting adage; to wit, "*Murder will out!*" Of this saying a wonderful illustration was about to be given. It is probable the fiendish assassins of the Weston family felt as secure from detection as if they had made their victims march off the gang-plank in mid-ocean, with cannon balls round their necks. Had they not slain every living soul? Had they not burned the cabin, so that only the six bleached skeletons would be found in the ashes? Even the light of the flames would not be seen; for the cabin was in a secluded cove, remote from any other dwelling or highway; and no countrymen of all that region was out of bed as late as half-past nine at night.

Besides, after all was discovered, who would think of any other agency than the Klan? And the awful thoroughness of the work would intimidate inquiry. So the murderers slept without qualms, and without dread. Little did they think that their black crime was known at that very moment! That Polly Weston herself was to rise up—as one from the dead—to bear witness of their atrocity, and bring their necks to the hangman's rope! Yet such was the fact. Polly had all the vitality of a mountain born woman, and though shot through the eye, and stabbed in eight deep gashes, she was not dead! Perhaps her pulses and heart had ceased to beat; but life still lurked within the frame ready to resume its pulsations by the scorching heat. Dr. L. S. Lambert, the noted Anatomical Lecturer, told me of several cases of resuscitation of hanged and drowned persons, by warm appliances after all evidences of life had been absent for a full hour, and after the extremities had grown cold. At all events, when the flames burnt the flesh of the prostrate woman, she sprang to consciousness, extricated herself from the pile of corpses, and at once recalled her recollection of the horrible reality! Almost any other woman would have relapsed into a swoon at the sight of her husband and children, murdered and burning together! But Polly's first thought was of her baby, and, with the instinct of motherhood strong upon her, she ran out, and deposited the bloody little creature on the grass. Then crawling under the canopy of dense smoke which filled the cabin, she felt the hearts of her husband, and children, but found all were still! Then she endeavored to drag out the body of Theodosia, but could get her no farther than the threshold, for the flames were leaping fiercely, and the Polly was drained of strength, by her bleeding wounds. Then seeing nothing more could be done, and fearing the murderers would return, she "*stooped down (to use her own pathetic language) and bid them all good-bye, and crept away into the dark!*" Truly it was meant for this murder to "Out," else how could this shot, hacked, and half-burnt, mother, with one eye shot through, and her strength exhausted, manage

to crawl in her bare feet, through the darkness, over rocks, bushes, fields, and fences, carrying her bleeding baby, for more than a mile, to the house of the nearest neighbor, and on arriving, retain strength to narrate the whole shocking story! It was a wonderful instance of female endurance, not even surpassed by the heroic strength of soul and body which supported the wives of the American pioneers amid scenes of savage cruelty. The neighbor, a Mrs. Williams, after recovering from the startling sight, which had broken her sleep at midnight, dispatched a runner to alarm the neighbors, and procure medical assistance.

Fortunately among the first notified was 'Squire Hanes, the local magistrate, who seems to have acted with commendable promptitude. As Polly was thought to be dying, her sworn deposition was taken; with unusual minuteness of detail; a paper which afterwards became of much value, as showing that Polly while upon the verge of death, and much troubled concerning her sinful life, made solemn oath that the Adairs and Martin Bernard were the assassins, stating the individual act of each up to the moment of her unconsciousness. They were not in any way disguised, she declared, but wore certain well known (to the neighbors) articles of clothing, and she saw them so frequently there could be no mistake. She detailed every incident with a sickening realism and distinctness that left no doubt of the fact.

NEMESIS SWOOPS!

"Vengeance is mine!"—saith the Lord! Three or four hours elapsed after the bloody massacre; the Adairs arise at dawn, as is usual in the country; and strange to say instead of having soiled clothes as is common the middle of the week, all are in clean clothing as if it were Sunday! Govan had just arisen, but Columbus and the younger lads were somewhat restless. The old man, Henderson, had already gone to the fields after some stock. The sun was just peeping over the eastern hills when a circle of men closed in on all sides of the Adair farm house; they were 'Squire Hanes's posse. When

the women of the household rushed in and saw Govan and Columbus (who with Bénard were alone suspected at that time) being tied by the posse they burst out, "Oh! have they got you *already!*" and when some of the party went in search of old man Henderson and told him of Polly Steadman's statement, he lost his head, and burst out with, "*Isn't she dead yet! Did any one ever hear the like!*" These exclamations taken with subsequent revelations, showed that the whole family were cognizant of the murder, even if they took no part therein; and they probably supposed, by the promptness of the arrest, and the report of Polly's survival, that all was known; hence the unguardedness of their remarks, remarks which gained fatal weight in the light of Martin Bénard's confession two years later!

Govan and Columbus, themselves, were very violent; threatening several of their captors by name, and swearing they would burn up the neighborhood, and "go for" all who had anything to do with their arrest, as soon as they were released. These were looked upon as no idle threats, by the inhabitants of the vicinity who had long been in terror of the young desperadoes; and I doubt if some families would have remained in the county had they escaped, or been released. No Democrat would have been safe in bed. The three assassins (Polly saw but the three, Govan, Columbus and Martin, the others remaining upon guard outside the cabin) were bound with ropes, and driven to the county jail, under strong guard and attracting a crowd of negroes and loafers as they passed through the village; and were locked in the cage together with the three negro felons. Martin, however, was separated from the others, for a couple of nights; but raised so much uproar, declaring that he dare not sleep alone, as he *saw ghosts, and would die if not given some company*, that the jailer put him with the others; greatly to the relief of all the Adairs who knew the cowardly nature of the young villain, and could only depend upon his silence so long as they had him within arm's length. It was, of course, the proper means to attain the ends of justice that all three of the prisoners

should have been separated, not only for safety but to give conscience a chance to work; but the Mongrels were only too fearful already that they would have to convict their useful brethren of the League. Indeed the latter did not seem to have any fears of being punished by the Rutherford authorities, most of whom paid daily visits to the jail to bring their aid and comforts. But before tracing the careers of these bold, bad men to its fit ending upon the gallows, it may be well to give some of the notes kept by me of my own observations of their demeanor and treatment, while I was undergoing the shamefully enforced association with them in the "Cage."

COWARDLY BRUTALITIES!

FAMISHING FOR WATER IN SIGHT OF FOUR WELLS!

Lest any reader shall judge the appended verbatim, literatim extracts from my journal to be exaggerated, or too highly colored, I earnestly declare that they fall short of the reality, there being some things connected with our treatment unfit for publication, and many incidents of brutality being unrecorded, as I knew the Adairs were reporting my frequent writing in private memorandums, and as I expected these notes would be forcibly taken from me, I very naturally endeavored to be as mild as the facts would permit; since it was within the power of the Mongrels to subject me to even greater cruelties and indignities. Indeed there were creatures who had both the will and the opportunity to do me serious detriment by putting poison, or pounded glass in dishes of food sent to me by outside friends. I stake my veracity on all statements given in these entries from my journal, so far as I had personal knowledge.

July 6th, 1871.—In the "Murderer's Cage," of Rutherford Radical Bastile!"

"As night approaches, I recall with shuddering my weary vigil last night which must be resumed within an hour; for men who have hitherto occupied this murderer's den are already stretched upon their blankets (an odorous assortment of thieves, burglars and cut throats!)

and the only inch of space left for me is about a span at the feet of the party! Mr. Sweezy, a respectable farmer who was placed in the cage yesterday, offers to give me his place; but he is an old man, not in good health, and I could not think of taking it. The Adairs and negroes seemed anxious to make me comfortable, and offered me a new, cottonpadded bed spread they had this morning received from home, but I courteously declined; stating that I had requested the jailer last night to allow me to send for bed-clothing; but although my own servant was at the door, on a horse, and could return in ten minutes, he denied me in a way which precluded my asking for any other attentions. "You needn't ask!" cried one of the darkeys, "He wouldn't tote it up, if it was down at the door right now!" I did not need this information, but it is confirmatory of my private belief. Fortunately the Adairs obtained from some one a square piece of plank to shut in the odor of the slop bucket, and this furnished a low seat in the corner of the cage, which I shall occupy during the long night—not to sleep, however. My face, and jaw, still give me intolerable pain, almost causing me to cry out in the paroxysms of agony. It is hard that physical and mental suffering should unite to gratify my enemies in this hour of their triumph. I find that we are to be tortured in a new, and effective manner. McArthur has heretofore given a pitcherful of water three times a day for the six occupants of the Cage. In cool weather this quantity might suffice for mere drinking purposes, but the air is now excessively hot and dry, creating an unusual thirst, as I can testify; for as we were coming into town several of the Yankee soldiers declared they were famishing and begged to be allowed to stop and quench their thirst; and I felt almost crazed when locked up in the hot, fetid room without a drop of water! It seems, however, that instead of increasing the supply as other prisoners were brought in, the jailer cut it down one-third, and now grants but two pitchersful in twenty-four hours, to wit, at nine A. M., and 4 P. M.! This is shameful brutality! Shortly after I was forced within this hateful cage I inquired for

water, and was told there would be not a swallow until the middle of the afternoon; that no one of the inmates had washed his face for two days, having needed every drop to drink, and that the pitcher was passed from mouth to mouth as soon as handed within, and generally was drained in half an hour! Is not this a most inhuman style of treating helpless prisoners? But twilight creeps in, and my face forbids further notes tonight. It is impossible for me yet to realize how great a wrong has this day been done me!

July 7th, 1871.

Is it worth while to record the facts of this great outrage under which I suffer? I fear not! Few will comprehend, not many will sympathise, and many will disbelieve—even if I myself survive the infernal tortures designed for me by my foes. Our sufferings today have been almost unbearable. I thought I had learned the *torments of thirst* while making long marches upon the dry Virginia ridge roads during the war, but on those occasions there was the sustaining effect of knowing that every step was bringing us nearer to rest and refreshment, whereas here the pangs of thirst are increased by knowledge that relief cannot be had; and I can now understand the horrible tortures of men cast away upon rafts in mid-ocean, who see “*Water! Water! Everywhere, but not a drop to drink!*” There are five wells, and a running stream within 150 yards from the jail, and two of them are just across the street, about 20 paces from its door! So that we can *see*, and almost touch, the cooling draught we so crave! How easy for McArthur, or Allbright, or Callahan, or one of the guards or one of the soldiers, to bring up a couple of bucketsful three times a day! Yet the fat brute who has us in his power, actually refuses to give us more than the two pitchersful in twenty-four hours among eight adults, and really wishes to curtail that quantity, as he never entirely fills the pitcher, and generally spills a portion in handing it within the cage door! I requested that my share—a pint—might be given me in an old cup, as I wished to use a portion of it for refreshing my swollen

face; but it was denied; and I am now resolved never to ask another favor of my brutal keepers, though I die for lack of it!

My face is more painful than ever: the neuralgia rack-ing from jaw to temple and back again, with a keenness that nothing will alleviate or assuage. And here I have to record another piece of malicious meanness I had overlooked amid the excitement yesterday. On the morning after my lawless incarceration, I was in such agony with my teeth that I asked John E. McFarland, who came up with the jailer and his gang, to buy me a dime's worth of opium or laudanum, if he had a vial, which I had not. He was a scalawag like the rest, but was a kind hearted, honest man, and was kindly disposed toward father, who had often preached in the Duncan's Creek church; therefore I felt less hesitation in asking him to do me this small service than I should of any the others. After several hours' absence he returned, and gave me back the dime, stating that Dr. John M. Craton, the village druggist, refused to sell me the anodyne. I was astonished at this, and pained also; for I had hoped to obtain some relief from the opiate; besides it indicated an ill will on the part of the Doctor for which I was not prepared though I had heard of his talking vehemently against the Ku Klux even before the Justice Raids. However, I said nothing, but silently accepted this failure to obtain medical relief, as but a portion of the grievous burden I am bearing. This evening a new phase is put upon the affair. Young Edgar Harris and one or two curious persons came up into the room, and stood around the outside of the cage, when supper or dinner (for we get but two meals) was brought in. Seeing my swollen visage, Edgar inquired about it, and I gave him the money asking him to get an opiate from his father, Dr. John W. Harris, who kept a small stock of drugs at his office. McArthur heard the request, just as he heard me ask McFarland, and followed Edgar to the door, whereupon the latter returned and handed me the money saying "They wont let me get it for you!" The truth then stood apparent that my Mongrel keepers were

the real obstacle: being anxious to make me suffer to the farthest possible extent. The cruelty and spitefulness of this prohibition is revealed when I state that McArthur is aware of [my] sufferings;—Mr. Sweezy in his awkward, kindhearted way having said to him—"You ought to give the Captain some bedding; he is awfully pestered with the nuralgy." A grunt was the only response. Oh! it is hard to be brave, and calm and strong while racked by these physical and mental harassments! And how shall I endure these coming hours of silent watching throughout the long, long night! Strange to say the murderers sleep like logs, and the negroes snore in a most annoying way, for one who must prop himself in an angle of rusty bars, and sit on a hard plank all night within hearing!

July 8th, 1871.

This morning found me so weary and weak that after Mr. Sweezy arose I fell on his blanket, and went to sleep almost instantly; being awakened only by the coming of a gang of scalawags about nine o'clock. The nap somewhat relieved my neuralgia; though my head aches and is swollen like a tub. One torture succeeds another! The heat today is overpowering, suffocating! And no mortal pen can tell of our suffering from *thirst*! I know I am burning with fever, and I should consider my desire for water, exceptional if the others were not much more oppressed than even I; judging from their complaints. I wonder if it doesn't frighten the murderers to find how much it is possible to suffer from lack of water, even in natural life! How much worse hereafter! Several scalawags came up today to gloat over the spectacle, of "*Randolph Shotwell caged with the niggers*," as I heard one express himself; the jailer always finding time to escort his fellow fellows for this purpose, though he forbade old Mrs. Sweezy to accompany one of the gangs coming up, notwithstanding that she had ridden more than twelve miles to see her husband and bring him some little home comforts. I pitied the old man, as he stood craning his neck to catch a glimpe of "Milly" as she rode home without seeing him. Tears were in his eyes,

but with the absurd shamefacedness of *men* in regard to the exhibition of natural affection he put on his glasses, and sought to hide them by professing to read his Bible.

This day has been full of sad and gloomy thoughts, despite my efforts to crowd them down. Father returned from the plantation, but in accordance with a pressing message from me he has not yet come to see me. He has an inherited tendency to apoplexy, and I dread the effect of his seeing me caged like a wild beast, and in worse company than beasts. Thank God, a man cannot be tainted by his surroundings, no matter how vile and foul, if he does not assimilate with them.

Another thing that worries me is the spread of demoralization in the county. Today great droves of countrymen came in to bow the knee to Baal in the person of George Logan, and to purchase safety for themselves by swearing away the liberty of their neighbors. Of course every one of these so-called "confessors" has perjured himself; for all took solemn oaths never to reveal aught of the "secrets, signs, or passwords," or other proceedings of the Invisible Empire; not only this, but, if all reports be true, most of them have perjured themselves a second time by asserting falsehoods. Where it all is to end, I cannot see, but it at least is clear that none of us who value our word, and believe in consistency and uprightness of conduct, can ever associate with, or recognize, men who have broken faith and lent themselves as tools of our worst enemies. Hence there is an end of all hopes of future usefulness in this region if the prevailing demoralization spread much farther.

I think we shall suffocate! Just now I begged all the inmates of the cage to sit down that we might see if there was any air stirring but all were so impatient under the intolerable heat and thirst they soon were up, and trying to catch a breath of cooler air. Yet with eight large men in a space only 6 by 8 feet square the standing only made it seem more crowded and oppressive. Rutherfordton lies on a ridge, but as the surrounding hills are twice higher, it is virtually in a valley, or amphitheatre, while the jail is situated at the foot of the town,

in the very lowest level of the valley. Hence it is in great measure cut off from the breeze; though exposed to the full blaze of the sun, from its first to its latest gleam, as there is not a tree, or other shade within a quarter of a mile. The building has a tin roof, which is only about a foot above the top of the Cage; consequently every burning ray is collected, and steamed down upon us, rendering the room stifling from eight A. M. till the same hour, or later, at night.

July 9th. PANGS OF THIRST BECOMING INTOLERABLE!

During these three days I have learned to better understand the heroism of the old Martyrs of Europe in those dark days when Torquemada sat as Chief-Inquisitor, and the Duc of Alva, harassed the Netherlands and Claverhouse hounded down the Covenanters. Not that I would attribute to myself the nobility of self-martyrdom; but assuredly I can see as never before I saw, how large an amount of endurance, of faith, of self-command, and self-denial the martyrs must have possessed to be able to "endure all things — suffer all things" — steadfastly! Today I have often thought of the cry of "Ye Ancient Mariner" —

"Water, water, everywhere,—
And all the boards did shrink!
Water, water, everywhere—
And not a drop to drink!"—

I think I could now paint a picture of "Tantalus and his Cup" that would be full of vivid interest. All this weary day, when we were drooping and dripping with the intense heat, (which seems peculiarly dry and oppressive, probably owing to the long drought) when our very tongues seem ready to loll like panting dogs, there could be heard the continual rattle of Mr. Guthrie's chain pump, accompanied by a fine flow of water, whose gurgling and splashing, sounded almost within reach of our lips, and this very tantalizing increased our craving. In truth no one can form any idea of his thirst until deprived of its gratification. I verily believe I could drink a full gallon yet ere dusk.

The murderers have asked their father who was here today to make a fuss about the treatment we are receiving, and old Henderson told them it was already known, and there was a talk of getting up a certificate from the physicians that it would kill us all if continued. I doubt if anything is done. The mongrels would be glad to cause the death of both Sweezy and I; though I never saw a more harmless, easy-going man than he seems to be.

He declares to me, privately, and knowing that secrecy is not necessary with me, that while he was a member of the Klan, as were all his neighbors, he knows nothing whatever of the raid in which he is accused of participating. He was arrested without warrant, and when the Man-Hunters really had no designs upon his liberty until they failed elsewhere, and took him to make sure of \$5 apiece for their ride! He sent up in town today for a lawyer, asking that he would examine the papers in the U. S. Commissioner's office, and see if there was any chance to have his case called up, in order that he might give bail and return home to settle his affairs. The lawyer (C.) returned reply that he must have \$5 in hand, (Before he would walk down to the Court house—only an hundred yards!) and as Sweezy was arrested in his shirt sleeves, without \$2 in his pocket, he cannot even learn definitely what accusation is alleged against him! Oh! the selfishness that this Reign of Terror is daily developing!

My shoulders are red with being cramped and jammed in the corner of the cage at night, trying to hold my big body from falling over on old Sweezy. I dread the approach of night, and then I dread to see day dawning again, though the scent from the negroes and the foul feet of the others, are more annoying at night than any other time.

Per Contra to all the meanness of the mongrels, and the selfishness of so-called friends, I am just cheered beyond telling by the receipt of a nice waiter of delicacies from Miss Delia Mitchell—thoughtful little lady! There

had been an whole pound cake, and a bottle of wine; but the scalawags below stair have cut out a good big slice from the cake and drunk one-third of the wine! It is shameful! But I feel sufficiently pleased at the kind intent, to forgive the robbery in transmission.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

IN PRISON: RUTHERFORDTON

July 10th '71—A CURIOUS PROPOSAL FROM THE ADAIRS!

I find this place even more intolerable than I had anticipated when first marched within. Aside from the mental annoyance, there are physical ills right trying to both body and mind. The heat and thirst grow worse hourly. The negroes have not touched water for personal ablution in months, I imagine, considering the *odor d'Afrique* which constantly fills the cage. Their bedding, and apparently all therein, are swarming in lice; while the flies and fleas fairly storm the interior, and require the constant slapping of handkerchiefs, and hats, to secure a moment's relief. To these must be added the interminable jargon of Bénard and the three (other) "niggers" who sprawl together like a nest of pigs, playing cards with a filthy pack (sickening to look at), and laughing, singing, cursing and quarreling until I grow ready to take a boot and brain the party—or crack the vapid noodles "where the brain ought for to be."

I am ashamed to make so much ado of our torments; but it must be remembered all my complaints and repinings are confined to the silent pages of my private memorandum book. I have not uttered one word of complaint, or remonstrance, (save my formal protest against the cowardly outrage in forcing me within the cage) since I came here nor do I intend to make any, so long as I keep my reason and self-control. I have not even joined the others in their almost hourly denunciation of our brutal keepers; though I feel the maltreatment far more acutely than any of them. My system was entirely out of order when I came here, and has grown worse with the confinement, intense heat, and depriva-

tion of strong spirits which alone kept me out of a sick couch for the fortnight preceding my arrest. Hence my physical and mental relaxation are full of misery.

I find I was right as to motive of the surprising courtesies and proffers of kindness (The negroes "black" my shoes nicely every morning) of the cut-throats in the cage. Today Govan Adair called me to a corner, and whisperingly asked if I wanted to send any messages. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I heard you and Mr. Sweezy talking about the way you could have yourselves rescued if you chose and I think now is the best time; there are only three guards down stairs, and you know how much "fight" is in them. Why if ten well armed men were to creep up closely in rear of the jail; hide in McArthur's patch till about half an hour after dusk when all the loafers are gone home to supper, and then make a rush through the back way into McCarty's kitchen and through the hall, they would find every one of the guards without arms, (for father says they leave their guns and pistols with the jail keys on the top of the safe, when all is quiet) and it is my belief that McCarty, Allbright and the rest would run like deer. The Yankee soldiers don't come on duty till nine; so the thing is easy as fallin' down stairs. Why me, and Lum (his brother) kin take this jail any dark night, if we was foot loose, and had our poppers! Now, me an' the boys has been a thinkin,' in case we got things fixed for you, you would see fair play done us you know, and so, I'll just tell you, we've been a talkin' to our daddy, an he's right ready. An' he says if you'll give the name of one, or two plucky boys in South Carolina, he'll take the best team on our place, and a light three seat wagon, and go like lightnin,' and bring 'em; and the old man says he'll lead 'em, an' he's been a studying all the ropes 'round the jail for these three weeks. He says he kin make the trip to South Carolina in one night, an' come back the next night, lay in the woods over thar on the town hill, where they kin see this here winder, an if there is any signs of discovery or doublin' the guards,

why we kin burn a newspaper, an' they'll see the light, an' not try it. Here's matches the old man give me yesterday a purpose. And all he wants is you to tell me, an' I'll tell him, next time he comes, where to go to, to git help. He says he'll try it with no more than five fellers, if they're the right grit."

During all this remarkable statement, I made no response wishing to hear every word on the subject he would volunteer. There is not a shade of doubt in my mind that the proposal is *bona fide*, and I feel no doubt that if I should send word to Capt. Jim ———, and the ——— at L——, they would come instantly with an 100 men if necessary, or 500 if a forcible rescue were deemed best. But I would not send such word, save in the direst extremity, for it would expose the lives of the bravest of them, and whether successful or not, would intensify the bitterness of the situation and probably bring twofold tortures upon all the members of the Order who were unable to get away, or, as I was, too stupid to look out for their own self-preservation. Besides I could not in honor make use of the agency of the murderers without "seeing fair play for them" (as Govan expressed it) and I should not be willing to permit the black-hearted desperadoes to again prey upon the public, even though their conduct could never in any way affect me and mine. Still I deemed it wisest to give no definite answer and merely replied, "I do not care to talk about this at present. There are a good many rumors in the air, and to tell the truth I have listened for several nights for some sort of a row, or signal, or something. There are men in the other rooms who have plenty of plucky friends in the country. But I do not care to talk of this at present. I desire to know why I am thus imprisoned, and why I am not called for examination, but at present I shall quietly await developments."

The vagueness of my answer seemed to have a good effect on the whole party; for I have no doubt Govan communicated it to all the others. I noticed that he

wrote a long note, ostensibly memorandum for his lawyer but really to acquaint his brother. They are certainly shrewd, at all events in the line of low cunning and tricky expedients.

McArthur has just been up, with a gang of mongrels who grinned and chuckled with scarcely any attempt to conceal their enjoyment of the spectacle of a *gentleman*, within a cage, herded with a lot of *their associates*, and party confederates. Two of the Scoggins gang, Ches Bradley and others, were in the crowd, and all gathered at the end of the cage where I was sitting, as if desiring to converse, but I calmly turned my back squarely towards them; and continued to write a letter. Yet I came very near to doing a foolish thing. One of the mongrels asked Sweezy, "How do you like living up here out of the wet?" and ere he could reply, I turned with the words at my tongue's end, "*Tell him we live like Lazarus, starving on crusts and snarled at by dogs!*" Mr. Sweezy heard my half-involuntary ejaculation, and looked around inquiringly. Happily I bethought myself of the impropriety of bandying words with these low fellows who could grossly insult me without any possibility of my resenting it, so I whirled back to my letter, and scolded myself for an hour.

It is amazing, and abominable, the intimacy between the mongrels and the bloody-handed murderers here confined. The negroes daily speak familiarly of "Bob" (Logan) "Bate" (J. B. Carpenter) "Eli" (the jailer) "Dolph" (Mooney) "Chess" (Bradley) and "Jim" Justice! The other day when I first heard the negroes remark, "We must tell Jim to bring us some more tobacco," I had no idea they were referred to a white person, but today the youngest darkey called out, "Here's Jim! *Oh! Jim, let me see yer a minute! I want a chew terbaccer!*" And Justice actually gave the tobacco without seeming to notice that he was thus familiarly addressed, as if by an old crony, by a dirty black rascal already under sentence for stealing, and sure to hang

if he live long enough to develop the capacity for villainy he possesses.

6 P. M.—Sweezy said to the fat jailer, when he came up for the evening inspection, “Mr. McArthur won’t you fetch us a pitcher of water this evening? It is two hours yet till dark, and I’m most pestered to death right now.” “No!” said the latter, as gruffly as if he had ben asked to turn us loose, “*I aint going to spend my time tote’n you water to guzzle, an’ waste.*” And oh! my fingers ached to be outside of the cage, with a good stout cow-hide! It makes me also, like old Mr. Sweezy, “a most pestered out,” to suffer as we are doing when there are three wells, whose hourly rattle we hear; and of which there are two almost within the shadow of the jail building! Is it not shameful in the lowest degree that we should thus be tortured when even a ten-year old boy could supply our every demand in ten minutes, at morn, noon, and night!

6½ P. M.—More prisoners brought in! I pity them; though luckily for me their coming enabled me to receive a present of some flowers, cake, and jelly, sent me by Dr. D’s kind daughters, and Miss Laura M. Also from my excellent little friend, Miss M. M.; all of which would have lain on the table in the hall, to be pilfered, and made fun of, until 9 o’clock tomorrow, but for the arrival of the poor fellows—whosoever they were—that have just been locked in the other rooms. Noble little friends, are they who have cheered me in this shadowy hour both of the eve, and of my fortunes! Glad, thrice glad, am I, that there are a few courageous spirits not afraid to express in unmistakable form their gentle sympathy for one who has never done aught for his own aggrandizement or personal ends, in all this affair, but who owes his sufferings to his devotion to the principles of honest government, and his unwillingness to allow the glorious women of the South to incur the perils of the League. How I wish I could thank my fair friends for their thoughtfulness!

July 11th, ARE MURDERERS HAUNTED BY SPECTRES OF THEIR VICTIMS?

A secret note informs me the ladies are aware of our sufferings, and several of them actually sent word to the jailer that they would carry a supply to us daily if allowed! Old Henderson Adair is also moving among his Radical associates; told Logan, and others, that it "was a shame to keep his boys crowded, like sheep in a cellar, and tormented nigh to death, *just to bedevil that fellow, Shotwell;*" they ought to "take his boys out of the Cage, if this sort of thing was to go on," etc., etc. I have more hopes from this than from the physician's certificate; for the old man has too much political influence to be treated with contempt by his party leaders—the men who maltreat us. (When I speak of us, and "we," I refer to the respectable citizens incarcerated here on unknown charges).

I have been watching the murderers closely for those signs of remorse, and self-terror, which the story-writers tell us is the penalty of slaying a fellow creature in cold blood; and I am satisfied that men do not experience it. Yet if ever there was a case where haunting recollections of their crime, and the dying looks of the victims would haunt the assassins, surely this was one. Recall the fact that an whole family were slain, yea butchered, in a premeditated, and most brutal manner (for when the shooting and stabbing was finished the Weston cabin must have resembled an abattoir, strewn with bloody corpses!) and that the perpetrators were mere boys, of 19, 21, and 24 years (not including the still younger brother), country lads who had never been above one hundred miles from their birthplace, if even half so far! Think of these, seemingly uncontaminated, farmer lads, beginning as election day fighters and Red String bullies, proceeding to the blacker grades of felony, stealing horses, burning churches, and school houses, and finally planning the foulest murder that ever disgraced the history of the State! This, too, on a peaceful Sabbath evening! No, I believe I am wrong as to that!

Yet to look at these men quietly sitting on their blankets, reading their Bible, as they do every Sabbath, and sometimes on other days, it would be hard to realize that they had a history already, and that it was a dreadful one! I suspect, however, a physiogomist would distrust their faces. Govan Adair in particular, has the dark, scheming visage, and quick, furtive eyes of a born villain. Both he and his brother have the quick, cat-like step of a tiger, or panther-leopard, about to spring! I noticed today a playful attempt of Govan to startle one of the negroes, who for a wonder, was quietly, and somewhat seriously watching the distant woods from the only window, which is in front of the Cage; and as Govan stepped lightly across the floor with his head bent in the attitude of an Indian creeping upon his victim, I was struck with the *tigerish* aspect of the man. Govan is the oldest, and most wicked, I think; though Columbus is as the left hand to the right, and is more fearlessly open than his brother. Columbus is light-haired, freckled, tallest of the three, and more "hale and hearty" in manner. His laugh rings out many times during the day if he can play some trick on the darkeys, or cheat them playing cards. Govan also laughs but, in a sly, wicked way, as if even his own mirth were coupled with a sneer. Both these young men are of middle stature, yet are wonderfully active and muscular; and are fond of boasting of their feats of strength.

But to return to my question concerning their demeanor. I have watched them closely by day and by night, and I can see no signs of remorse. They eat far more heartily than I, and sleep soundly, giving me cause to envy them almost every night, for I sit propped in the corner of the cage, while they are stretched under blankets, snoring like the steam pipe of a Mississippi tug-boat. Martin Bénard is the most restless, at all times; but he is known to be very cowardly and I believe his nervousness to be only concerning the future not the past. His original interest in the murder appears to have been only the 75 cents he earned by helping to steal

the brandy. He was not indicted with the Adairs for the theft, hence had no personal interest in wishing Silas Weston put out of the way.

Bénard (pronounced *Bay-nard* by natives) is a small, yellow faced, shock-headed, mountain "boomer;" ugly to look upon, ignorant in the last degree, and with no intelligence save the trickery of a wild fox. Yet I sometimes pity the fellow on seeing him turn the leaves of an old Bible, the only book herein, and gazing long and rapidly at the letters, much as a monkey would turn over the type in a printing office, wondering what all those little things could mean. The Adairs are evidently afraid of his turning state's evidence and do all they can to keep him under their influence: dividing all their little home comforts, fruit, etc., with him. Old Henderson Adair supports Bénard's "wife," and I am told that he has promised the Bénards a little farm of 46 acres, and some stock and wagons, when the trial is over! Does not this show very clearly that they all are afraid of him? He, on the other hand, is afraid of them, and well he *may* be: for they will certainly find some means to kill him if he shows any signs of defection. However, I am satisfied if Martin were locked in a cell by himself, and shown the certainty of his conviction and execution he would reveal every detail of the massacre within a week. I notice that the Adairs dread to have Bénard speak to me, and one or other, instantly creeps to his elbow, with a basilisk gleam, curious to see. The whole party—myself not included, however—usually spend the twilight hour in singing, and what do you suppose are the tunes? Old *sacred* songs, hymns, and camp-meeting choruses! The negroes really sing well, as most negroes do, and their *rondo* of the "*Old Ship of Zion*," roared out by four voices, has a strange, pathetic sound under the circumstances; especially on Sabbath evening as we all sat in the gloom of the unlighted cage, while far up on the hill the slow pealing of a single church-bell broke upon quiet air, echoing across the shadowy valley, and forming a mournful refrain to the voices of the singers.

At length, it seemed to irritate Bénard; "Let us go to sleep!" he cried; and as all the others settled into quietude, I leaned against the side of the cage, and listened to the faint, far-off strains of the singing in the little church on the hill, catching occasional notes of the grand old hymn—"Rock of Ages! Cleft for me!"

July 12th, 1871. TORMENTED BY BED-BUGS, LICE, AND ALL MANNER OF PESTS.

Yesterday, our sufferings were greatly increased by continual clouds of fine dust, and sand, which filtered in upon us until our hair and clothes were gray. And for five long hours of the day (not to speak of last night, when I who couldn't sleep was constantly longing for water) we were without a drop of any sort of liquid to assuage our thirst, which was naturally accelerated by the dry wind, and dust. The jailer filled one pitcher at nine in the morning, and at 4 P. M.; it being passed around and emptied, in two draughts each, by the party. I have one of the negroes instructed to hold a towel under the drip of the bucket when he fills the pitcher; thereby dampening it enough to give me a clean face once a day, but,—well, I fear I cannot endure this much longer without attacking our wicked keepers, with my tongue, if no other way; tho' thus far I hope I have deceived them into thinking they have not worried me in the least. The other men, in both rooms, have complained a good deal, and there is some talk of writing to Genl. Morgan, the military commander of the District, but I do not see that he can do anything. We are held by the civil gang—the uncivil crew, led by Judge Logan, Nathan Scoggins and his brothers, Jim Justice, Carpenter, and the rest.

I have spoken of the vermin with which the cage is infested, but have neglected to mention another variety of creatures that often (indeed *half* the time) make a part of the wonderful "collection" of inmates. They are enormous *rats*! The jail has been built for many years, and being inhabited by filthy white and black prisoners who scattered the remnants of their food all

around on the outside of the cage, naturally attracted legions of rats and mice, which have thrived apparently, as the walls are honey-combed, the floors gnawed through at the corners, and there must be a grand retiring room somewhere up the chimney, judging by the nightly raids therefrom. On my first coming in, I was warned by the negroes not to hang my hat, and coat, upon the side of the cage. "Dey'll shell ev'ry button off'n yer clothes, an' eat yer hat all to pieces," quoth black Dan; and I learned that it was true; the voracious vermin literally "shelled off buttons, like a squirrel among the hickory-nut tree tops. The only way to protect our clothing is to tie it in a bundle, and suspend by long strings from the top-bars, of the cage. As I was unable to sleep at all for three or four nights, I found a kind of interest in watching these huge rats, which resemble kittens in the dim star-light, stealing down the chimney place, or gliding from their holes in the corners and from under the window boards, creeping across the floor, light as a fly on the window pane, or the moving shadow on the dial plate, perhaps engaging in play with one another, and often a full dozen of them streaking up the side of the cage, running along the cross-bars, and peering down at the pendant bundles, as if to say—"Now, look at that! Is there any fairness in swinging those clothes, and biscuits, and apples, and things, where a respectable rat cannot get even a sniff at them without breaking his neck! Never mind I've seen lots o' folks in this cage before now and its my private belief, there'll be a time when we can sit atop the jail roof and watch those clothes swinging down in the yard with *stingy* folks inside of 'em! But oh!,—Kingdom!—who is that big fellow yonder in the corner, a sitting up on a bucket, staring up at us, like a crazy owl, (I do hate owls! They're all feathers, and eyes, and no meat!) instead of being abed, and asleep! Oh! crackee!, he looks as if he wouldn't mind eating even a rat! I'm afraid he's hungry, and I'll just step back up the chimney for a minute or two!" (Exit, rodentibus!)

It was really amusing to hear the darkies tell of a fright given to Bénard the night after the raid upon Justice last month. He became very nervous, and sprang to his feet at the least sound, thinking the Ku Klux would return, and take himself and comrades out to execution, as they so richly deserved. This trepidation kept Martin from sleeping, except in occasional broken naps.

Shortly after midnight when the silence of death rested on all the jail, there came a wild, unearthly yell, and Martin, who slept in the centre of the group, bounded up against the top of the cage, like an India-rubber ball shot from a catapult! It was several seconds before he could be quieted sufficiently to explain his fright. He had been dreaming that horrid Ku Klux *things*, in horns and tails and fiery nostrils, were around him, when suddenly a tremendous rat, having tried to slide down a string to a bag of cakes, etc., swinging directly over Martin missed its footing and came down with all four paws, and tail *ker-slap!* across Martin's nose and face! It was, of course, rather startling, but the poor rat must have thought it hard luck to lose his supper and startle the congregation by turning loose such a racket-alarm as Bénard's mouth. It is becoming, however, no amusing matter for any of us, as the long-tailed rodents actually cut our shoes, and bed clothing; and nibble at our fingers while we sleep. The Adairs declare (and the negroes affirm it) that they caught (18) eighteen one night before I came, by simply placing a sandwich of ham and biscuit inside his long boot-legs, and suddenly closing the end! I would not think it credible had not Mr. Sweezy also seen several rats caught by them in the same way. But enough of this rat-tale! I mention the subject simply because these small annoyances, rats, mice, lice, dust, rust, (my shirts are all stained by the rusty bars of the cage) fleas, ear-wigs, (of which I am more afraid than of a rattle-snake), etc., altogether make up a most distressing list of *pests*, to increase the torment of the sultry atmosphere, sickening stench, (the slops are emptied, but once a day!) and continual thirst! Perhaps a

stronger man would say nothing of these things: perhaps if I had anything to read, or any one to converse with on congenial topics, I might *think* less of them; but unfortunately from my birth I was of a sensitive, fastidious temperament, and these small offences to the senses, do worry me not a little. I think I could, like the Roman, burn my own hand with greater equanimity than to be herded with these filthy negroes and be subject to all the sights, sounds, stench, vulgarity, and vermin that appertain to such a set; though as I have before stated they all seem anxious to please me; offering me more than my share of both food and water, and blacking my shoes almost every morning.

Every night the mongrels gather at the jail door, and laugh and talk for hours. We cannot see them, as the cage is five feet from the window but the coarse, boisterous voices of many of them can be generally distinguished as they boast of their exploits in hunting down the "Ku Klux," "Rebels," "Secesh Democrats," etc., in their daily raids throughout the county. I heard McArthur say, "Thar's sum gals up town, as has been a sendin' nosegays, and sich, ter that bigoted Randolph Shotwell, but you bet he aint got 'em, nur aint gwin ter git 'em. I says ter Callahan, 'Lets sample that 'ere cake; mout be som'thin in't'; an' you bet, we sampled it!'" (Here there was a general horse laugh. (Beg the horse's pardon!—'Twas a donkey-bray!) The jailer continued—"I jist pitched the nosegays inter the street, an' told the little girl to tell them as sent it, that I wusn't a-goin' to spend my time a-tote'n posies, an' bushes, an' sich trash up a-stairs fer no-sich feller!" And again the donkeys brayed! I wish I knew who my kind friends were, and whether he did really send so insulting a message.

Note: I afterwards learned that the cake was sent by Miss Mattie R. M.—and the flowers, etc., by the ladies of Dr. Thos's family,—including Miss Laura M——.

Is it not an outrage that in addition to the ill treatment we receive, I must be deprived of the little com-

forts sent to me—(at no cost to the jailer, or the government)—by the few friends who forget not those who are an-hungered, and a-thirst, and sick, and in prison!

July 13.

Yesterday was a day of unusual excitement with us, and a slight improvement of our condition. It seems old man Adair has been making general complaints of the outrageous packing of the cage with *five* men in addition to his three “boys,” and has gotten a paper from the physicians to the effect that such confinement must eventually make us all sick. Martin Walker, the sheriff, who lives half-a-dozen miles in the country was in town, and Henderson attacked him; told him that he had done more than any man in the upper end of the county to elect the Radical ticket, and if there wasn’t an instantaneous change in the treatment of his “boys,” he should remember it. Of course, Walker is responsible for McArthur’s conduct, as the latter is a mere turnkey. Thus it came about that towards noon, the fat jailer waddled into the room, and unlocking the cage, said—“You kin come out here in the room till I bring up water at half past four o’clock: but ef yer makes any noise, ur fuss, a-hollerin fur water, I’ll lock ye right up!” So until 4½ P. M., we had the “run” of the room outside the cage; an apartment about 18 feet long, by 12 feet wide, with a window looking to the front, and one to the rear. In fact, the chief advantage of the extended freedom is the approach to the windows to see who are passing and what is going on.

Trivial, and reluctantly given, as was this new privilege, it was received with a burst of joy by most of the inmates of the cage who rushed out the narrow door, and fluttered round and round from window to window, like actual birds, suddenly turned loose from a wire cage! I paid no attention to the open door until McArthur and his scalawags had withdrawn, when I too stepped out, and realized for the first time how cramped I had become in a week’s time, and how different all the world looked

from a jail window. Another lesson here learned was that freedom—or liberty of action and enjoyment—had several degrees instead of only one, as the poets sing. It may be true that a man who is restricted to a single city or state, regards himself as a prisoner: but it is equally true that to one confined in a six-foot cage it becomes almost as sweet as freedom, just to have the larger liberty of a sixteen foot room! And, after a fortnight in jail, the freedom of the town would seem all sufficient for any man's range of movement! Thus comparative are our estimates and enjoyments!

Another incident of today, was the unexpected visit of Capt. Plato Durham, and Col. Lee M. McAfee, of Shelby, the latter being the Representative in the Legislature of Cleveland County, and also chief of the Klan in that county. They called to tender their sympathies and services if needed. McArthur could not well refuse to allow them to see me, but he merely brought them to the outer door of the room and then edged his fat body as closely as possible in the frame of the doorway, so that he might watch every glance from both parties. Let it be noted, moreover, that the murderers are taken out to a private chat, with their mongrel cronies, almost daily whereas I cannot be permitted to speak to my respected father save through the bars of the iron door! And instead of allowing me such time as I desire to converse with my father and these friends, the puffy jailer began to shake his keys at the end of three minutes and within less than ten finally closed the door, though I have known the Adairs to be outside in another room for above an hour. I do not, of course, mean to intimate that I should have any favor because *they* had it, my design is simply to state the shameful way in which I am treated. Messrs. Durham and McAfee asked me how we fared and I replied, "We sleep huddled in that rusty old cage; get two meals a day—potatoes and corn bread—and two pitchers of water; if you call that fare," it certainly is hard fare." "Not much of "fair" about it," said Durham, who is as bold and outspoken as if he were not cognizant

of the fact that the mongrels are fairly thirsting to ruin him also. Col. McAfee said little; I having only a slight acquaintance with him. They came to Rutherford to escort Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis of Pitt, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who is canvassing the Western section for the Conservative party. There was a good size "crowd" in town today, but many of them were Radicals and Pukes. I regret to learn by secret note that his speech was considered "tame," not up to his reputation.¹ He made no allusion to the Loyal League Loganite and Grant and Caldwell Crusade in this region; though he must have known that great and unlawful outrages were being hourly committed upon respectable conservatives, including the fathers, sons, brothers, and friends of hundreds of his hearers. But I daresay some of the cowardly time-servers, and trucklers, who are all for "Hush! Hushing!" the truth, for fear that they too will be molested, took possession of him on his arrival, and counselled him to make a conciliatory "Hush!—Hush!—Don't enrage-the-animals" sort of speech. Happily young Charlie McKesson was present, and made a really bold speech, rasping the Grant-Loganites without gloves.

Capt. Durham says he shall attend the Federal Court at Marion next month, and means to devote his whole attention to relieving the suffering Ku Klux from the outrageous maltreatment they are receiving. He is a brave, strong, noble young man! There is a calm strength in his very tones, that inexpressibly cheers me to talk with him. There are so few true men; so few nowadays whom I can call my friends (for I shall never claim as a friend any man who quails and dodges, or shows me the cold shoulder in this time of need) that I am glad to take his hand and feel that here is one who will stand by my side through evil as well as through good report; knowing that calumny cannot tarnish a clean character.

¹ Governor Jarvis once described to the editor his speeches at Shelby and Marion at this time. His own feeling about them was that they were perhaps the most fiery and extreme that he made during his whole political career.

Durham and McAfee return to Shelby I believe.
I am weary—relaxing from unusual excitement.

July 14th.

The privilege of being outside the cage during the middle of the day has spoiled us; since when relocked within at 4 P. M., we all find it dreadfully crowded, and uncomfortable. It seemed last evening that half a day elapsed between 4 o'clock and dusk.

It is a great privation to me to be without reading matter, writing material, etc. I have only this stub of a pencil, and my memorandum book; and must write upon my knee like a tailor, sewing on his bench; for we have neither tables, nor chairs, nor other conveniences. This is a needless deprivation, and meant for our discomfort, not our safe-keeping. No wrongful use could be made of a small pine table, and one or two campstools; and they would cost the jailer only the trouble of bringing them up stairs. Sweezy's wife rode nine miles to bring her husband a spoon to eat with, and not only did McArthur refuse to allow the old man to converse with his wife, but actually refused to give him the spoon because it was a medium size one. She would not be out-done; went to a store and bought the three smallest sizes, and he could not avoid allowing her husband the *smallest* size, though he managed to pretend to forget to bring it up for nearly a week! These be small matters, but they are like gnats, very annoying when they cannot be avoided.

A strange almost startling revelation has just been confided to me! Having observed the murderers in close conference, I became suspicious there was some mischief on foot. But it appears they were consulting about the feasibility of breaking the jail! Presently Govan requested me to step aside with him, and asked me if I would promise not to betray a secret. I replied that I was not in the habit of betraying people, but I did not care to be bound beforehand as to something I knew nothing of, etc. "Well," said he, "We know you will do the fair thing, and I'll show you something." He

then climbed upon the rear window, and from the top of the frame took down a long, jagged piece of iron, more than a foot in length, and tapering to a point, like an icicle, tho' not round. Next, he went to the fireplace, and prized up a broad flagstone, revealing a foundation of dry bricks, half a dozen of which he lifted out, showing that all might easily be removed! "*I knew Jim wasn't lying!*" he remarked, and when I asked who told him of this, he stated that James Justice and several other influential Republicans had assured him they would "see him through;" and that Justice told him if ever he tried to take French leave, to cut out under the window sill, where the bricks were loose, or to go down through the fire-place; that his father (Justice's) had worked on the jail as brick mason when it was built, and that he always said that was the weak spot, etc. "Now," continued Govan, "what is to prevent us, the first dark night, from taking out all those dry brick, cutting out half a foot of the ceiling, and lowering ourselves into the room below, which has no bars to the windows, and daddy says is only occupied by Sheriff Walker when he stays all night in town. His bed will furnish more blankets for lowering us from the second story windows," etc., etc. Here was a curious revelation, indeed! Think of Jim Justice, a member of the Legislature, (by the grace of Logan and the League) actually plotting with a lot of crime-stained assassins to turn them loose on the community! True, I had only their statement; but he was certainly in daily private consultation with them (ostensibly, as their lawyer), and how else, if *he* did not furnish it, should they be aware that this iron splinter was over the window ledge, and that old Mr. Justice had helped to build the jail, years and years ago, and that the fireplace was the weak place? Indeed without any previous examination (for they had no opportunity), they went directly to the spot and took up the bricks as if they knew exactly what to do. And if it appear strange—as it was surprising—that these men should tell me

of such a thing, I can only surmise that they judged from my weary and suffering aspect that I would take any means to regain my liberty; or they may have still dreaded a raid upon the jail, and were anxious to enlist me with them by this show of placing confidence in me. In either supposition, however, they missed their mark; I replied that they were altogether mistaken if they supposed I should join in any such scheme; that I need never have come to prison had I wished to run away; and although, if any way were opened by the Klan, I should probably take advantage of it to escape the cowardly maltreatment now being imposed upon me without warrant, or reason, yet I should not make any effort in my own behalf until I knew of the designs of my enemies. The murderers seemed much "cut up" by this conversation, and held a long consultation among themselves. After which Columbus came to me, and begged me to say nothing about it; that they had no idea of trying to get out before their trial: that all their Republican friends swore they should come clear; that their lawyers told them that very morning, there wasn't a doubt of their acquittal; that if I were to say anything about it, the jailer would re-lock us in the cage in the daytime, as well as at night, etc. "Don't say anything more," said I, "I don't speak to McArthur, or any of his gang, and I am not in the habit of carrying tales which do not concern me."

The whole gang—both whites, and negroes—are very glum and moody this evening; but this does not trouble me. I broke about five inches off the iron icicle, ostensibly to use it to clear the vile ear-wigs from the cracks between the plank of the cage floor, but also, to have it at hand as a dagger in case I should be set upon while lying down in the cage this evening. Mr. Sweezy and one of the negroes, I think, would help me against the murderers, if there were serious trouble.

The negroes often quarrel with the Adairs, whom they call familiarly "Govan," and "Lum," and "Bayn'rd;"

and yesterday let out some curious information. It seems that when the Ku Klux made their foolish raid on Rutherfordton, firing pistols, hunting for old Biggerstaff, and destroying the "Star" office, there was a general stampede of the mongrels to places of—obscurity! Bob Logan fled out of bed, out of the back window, out through weeds and briars to the middle of a wheat-patch: his white linen fluttering like a cotton-tailed rabbit bounding through a meadow! Several others "took to the woods" instant. Two or three ran to the jail—the strongest building in town—and barricaded the doors. And, what else? Went up to the third floor, turned loose the murderers, gave them their own weapons, including axes, hatchets, and muskets, and placed them in the ante-room at the head of the dark, narrow and winding stairway; instructing them to let the Ku Klux get nearly up, and then to rush down on them, chopping right and left, with the axes, while the negroes were shooting from the head of the staircase! And if they cut their way out, and killed half a dozen Ku Klux they might go free, for all the hindrance of the Republicans. Govan and Columbus took the axes, and were ready for deadly work—having had experience in chopping persons to death in the Weston cabin. But the negroes and Bénard were so frightened they sprawled about with terrible groans, and exclamations to God not to cut them off in their sins, etc. Bénard seemed to go out of his wits, and tried to butt his brains out against the wall when there was a sound of galloping down the street. Even now he admits he shudders at every thought of what might have happened if the "ghostly Riders" had come for him! The cowardice of the mongrels is shown in their placing the murderers on the defensive, with instructions to kill as many as possible of the Klan, instead of they, themselves, taking arms to *defend* the prisoners with their lives!

5 P. M. Five new prisoners were placed in the room, outside of the cage, just now. They are respectable-

looking country men, but strangers to me, tho' they all seem to know me. The corner room is now packed like a sardine box. I wish my young brother might be placed in this room, but, of course, no such favor would be granted to me.

July 15th.

There are now *sixteen* grown men, including those negroes, in this room, which is only about fifteen feet square! It is impossible for this to continue without breeding disease if not death. Most of the new comers are jolly young lads from the small farms of the county, used to "rough and tumble" sports, accompanied by plenty of noise, and laughter; consequently I find their company rather stunning and boisterous for one of my habits and tastes. Truly, I am now in a "queer kettle of fish;" surrounded by black thieves, white murderers, distillers, old men, young men, and all sorts of folks! One of the young men, Julius Fortune, is commonly reputed an illegitimate son of Judge Logan. His half-brother, Doc B. Fortune, received a rough answer from McArthur this afternoon. Fortune called from the window to some one in the garden, "Please bring us some water! We're perishin!" "That's a lie!" yelled the fat jailer who was sitting below and overheard the request, "It's an infernal lie! You gits water a plenty! Ef I hears you a-hollerin' fur water agin, I'll cum up and chain you down to the floor! Mind that, I tell ye!" It quieted the young fellow, but made my blood boil. What right has a sheriff's turnkey, or any other jail-keeper to threaten men with chains merely for talking! The law simply requires the sheriff to keep the prisoners in reasonable security, not to bully and bang them about like brutes; especially before they have even been examined as to the accusations against them. But the jailer knows that he will be sustained to the fullest extent, so long as he stops short of actual murder; and there is no law in this region now, save the will of Geo. Logan,

and Gov. Caldwell, acting as the vice-regent for King Grant.

Remember that all the State and county offices are filled by mongrels and men who regard Judge Logan as their immediate Lord and Master. Remember that the Federal officials, and Federal troops are placed directly under the beck and call of the same authority. That all the machinery of the courts, judges, commissioners, solicitors, jurors, and sheriffs are under the same influences; and that the Reign of Terror has filled the land with worthless renegades, only too glad to do the slightest will of the mongrel wire-pullers.

This is gratifying! Mrs. Morris, "Aunt Muff," sends a large basket of provisions, including a boiled ham sent by Will Taylor, of Green River, a neighbor. I scarcely knew him, but this act is so kind I shall hereafter cultivate his acquaintance, if ever I have opportunity. "Aunt Muff," as all the young folks call her, writes a cheering note which I wish I could answer. I do hope her excellent husband will be permitted to escape molestation; though as a rich man he is in danger.

Genl. Morgan, U. S. A. commanding the Mil. Dist. of N. C., is in town and today came with a squad of Yankees to call upon us—that is to gratify his curiosity by seeing a room filled with Ku Klux. One of his epauletted understrappers came round the cage, and in a voice of superior altitude bellowed down at me, "Is your name Shotwell?" "What do you call *your* name?" said I with no pleasant look. He glared at me and walked off. I then arose and crossed to the door, where Genl. Morgan was standing. Maj. Hart said, "This is one of the Shotwells of whom you have heard." Morgan asked how we were treated. I replied that I supposed he had heard but one side of the story of the Rutherford troubles, and I should not undertake to disabuse his mind. But that even had we been off-scouring of the earth our treatment was a shame and a disgrace. Of myself I should say nothing. But here were scores of men, dragged from their beds, half-

dressed, who had been held for weeks on weeks to the utter loss of their crops, and great wretchedness to their families, without being able to get any hearing from the commissioners, who ought to give them a chance to prove their innocence or give bail; that an American citizen in former times, was supposed to have some personal rights even if he were a condemned rascal!" (Morgan and his fellows laughed.) "See this old man!" (I shoved old man Berry McSwain up to the door) "he is above 70 years old, yet was marched—like a dog—without giving him a chance to get either his coat or shoes. He has been held here without clothing, barefooted, penniless, friendless, for weeks, awaiting a chance to get before the commissioners who are trying one or two cases a day to make the \$5 harvest spin out as long as possible." Morgan shrugged his shoulders, laughed at Maj. Hart, and the whole gang clattered down stairs without reply or any intention of alleviating our sufferings! Free country!

Few persons outside of Rutherford would credit the condition of things here. A positive terror seems to affect every man against whom any possible accusation of membership in the Klan could be attached, even though there was not the slightest truth in it. Surely no one hereafter will say that only "the guilty flee when no man pursueth," or that conscious innocence gives strength. Daily I see men, whom I supposed my friends and who certainly owe to my sealed lips their own security from arrest, passing the jail, actually without daring to look up lest their trembling eyes should catch some glance of recognition, some sign or gesture that might cause the mongrels to suspect them! Was ever there anything like it? And the village Democratic organ—my old own paper, which I called the *Vindicator*, because I designed that its voice should ever be heard in vindication of popular rights, Democratic-Conservative principles, and honest, equitable government—even the *Vindicator* is intimidated, or at any rate, *mute*, voice-

less, not even mentioning the hourly arrest of our best citizens, and the tortures to which they are unceasingly exposed! Oh! that I were a free man, and again in control of the paper! It should become the synonym for bold, vigorous, denunciation of the mongrel malevolence and atrocity. It should expose their iniquity throughout the whole South! But I feel sure there would be far less to expose if our leaders and public men, and newspapers would stand upon the defensive, denouncing the outrages, and publishing the facts to all the world. It is this truckling, "hush, don't-say-anything, wait-till-it-blows-over" policy that is encouraging the mongrels to their foulest infamies.

July 16th.

Jennie, and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Hicks, came to pay me a visit, but because it was 4 o'clock in the evening, the fat jailer refused to allow them to see me. Nevertheless they came upon the side hill and spoke to me, inquiring for my wants, etc. I could hear their voices quite plainly, but I think they could not hear me so well as I was so far above them, and in the crowded room. It was a severe trial to both of them thus to undergo the coarse scrutiny, sneering looks, of the mongrel and Yankee jail-guards, who filled all the lower windows, and I know their hearts were shocked to see me amid the motley gang of whites, negroes, and cut-throats, upstairs (for all the inmates of the room huddled around me despite my very significant inquiry whether anybody was specially anxious to hear what I had to say to my sister-in-law); but of course, they sought to show me before all eyes that I had their love and confidence, more strongly if anything than before.

Yet the visit has saddened me, for it shows me how helpless I am, and how insolent the mongrels have become; for never before would Eli McArthur, a jail turn-key, have dared to rudely refuse the request of these delicate, refined ladies—so highly esteemed by all—to merely speak for a few minutes with a family connection

—a young gentleman known to be such, and whom he knew was being held without warrant, without examination, without his legal rights of Bail! But these low-born mongrels are always on the alert to affront our noble women. We hear frequent reports of their intimidating farmers' wives and daughters to make them reveal the whereabouts of their husbands or brothers. A day or two ago, two ladies (the Misses J——) of Pacolet River farm, in South Carolina, in passing the jail, bravely waved their handkerchiefs at some of us who were at the upper bars; merely designing to manifest their sympathy for us as they had a perfect right to do. The mongrels, of course, were greatly enraged and now the smutty *Star*, edited by Robert Logan, and J. B. Carpenter, publishes an attack on the young ladies, by name, in gross terms!

Is it any wonder this *Star* of the Slums was temporarily extinguished? I did not in the least approve of the act at the time, but I am fast coming to the opinion that such sheets ought not to be tolerated.

It is gratifying to find *one* of our State journals occasionally opening its mouth on the real vital subjects of the hour, and not fearing to tell the truth concerning the mongrels, from highest to lowest.

The Charlotte "*Southern Home*," edited by Lieut-Genl. D. H. Hill, speaks as boldly as if there were no Yankees, nor "Deputies," nor blank warrants, in all the land.

Justice—Mr. Hall Martin, of Rutherford, has been arrested six times on the oath of the much-swearing Mary Ann. Twice he was taken to Raleigh and detained two weeks each time. He has paid out \$60 in traveling expense and has lost sixty days from his work as a mechanic, and finally been released, since there was no evidence against him. Will Gov. Caldwell explain what redress this man can get for these heavy grievances? Will he tell us some more about the old *proverb*, "the guilty

flee when no man pursueth?"—Southern Home, Charlotte.

Bouquet from Mrs. C. G———, and a kind message.

July 17th;—A NEW METHOD OF ANNOYANCE! RUMORS OF MY SUICIDE!

It is too bad!, the way the mongrels pursue me with their cowardly villainies! They have now filled the land with lying reports that I am in the lowest depths of dejection, and have to be watched constantly, as I have already made three different attempts to destroy myself! Is it not shameful? Truly if ever I come to the mood for self-destruction, it will be a miserable day for my enemies, because I shall go down like Sampson on top my foes. But this is all absurd! I shall never be *driven* to suicide; however much I might be inclined to it when disheartened and bereft of all hope in life in the vicissitudes and weaknesses of ordinary fortunes.

It seems there are various rumors afloat about my actions and demeanor; and the mongrel "Deputies" in their daily rides lose no opportunity to extend their circulation. The first inkling I had of it, was a strange inquiry by a low loafer, who called to some of the young men in the room, asking "*Is Randolph Shotwell dead yet?*" I had no idea what was meant until Columbus Adair, having had a long interview with his father, returned and said, "Captain, they have it reported all over the country that you've been trying to commit suicide!" I looked incredulous, but he continued, "Yes, they say it is the general rumor. I told pap, there wasn't a word of truth in it, and he said he'd tell all the folks he seed."

I felt greatly annoyed, but hoped it was merely an attempt by the old Adair to ingratiate himself by pretended denial of a pretended report. Unfortunately, I have just had full confirmation of the evil designed, and the method taken. Old Mr. Harvey Carrier brought me up the *Asheville Pioneer*, the Radical Revenue and Ring sheet, published by a Revenue ringster named W. P. Rollins, and supported mainly by the pretended adver-

tisements which he as Revenue officer makes the government pay for. I say it is "supported," because everybody knows the paper has no subscribers except a few office holders; and a score or two of negroes. I had not seen a copy since I left Asheville until this one. It contained a long article, printed as editorial but evidently written by some one in Rutherford, or who had recently been here. I ascribe it to either Virgil S. Lusk, Jim Justice, or Bill Deaver, one of the three. It is false in a surprising degree—clearly fabricated with design to make it as foully false as even the author's heart could suggest. It purported to give an account of my capture, declares that I acted very "tamely," that I was deeply chagrined, that I was becoming more and more chagrined and dejected, had become so despondent that I felt ashamed to live, and had on three occasions attempted to secure poison to end my infamous existence! And much more to the same effect! Could anything be more cowardly, more false and villainous! But I dare say it will be believed by hundreds of people, even of those who should know me better! How strange is human nature even the best specimens, that it should so quickly accept—yea rather encourage—the utmost improbabilities, if they be to the detriment and disgrace of a fellow-being! Men will say, "Well I can hardly believe it, but then, you know, Shotwell is in a close place, and he was always a sensitive sort of fellow. I shouldn't wonder if 'twas true." Ah! well, I suppose I must learn to bear much worse lies and slander. Now, the only modicum of fact in all these lies is that while I was half dead and two-thirds crazy with neuralgia—given me by the gross inhumanity of jailers—I asked John E. McFarland to get me some sort of sedative or anodyne for my aching head and teeth. Only this and nothing more! Nay, there is more—for the cowardly creatures spitefully denied me any kind of relief, and forced me to endure four days and four nights without sleep, and without rest, save such as I could obtain from an hard plank, while propped upright in the corner! Indeed, even when Dr. Oliver Hicks, one of the most popular young physi-

cians of the county, offered to send me an anodyne, McArthur gruffly snatched the money, and declared I should not have it!

Of course the mongrels knew I did not dream of self-destruction. They would have been delighted to have me attempt it—and succeed! But it answered their ends to circulate the report, and thus seem to justify their barbarous treatment of me, by casting the obvious reflection that I am desperate, desponding, conscious of my crimes, and ashamed to face the future, etc., etc., etc.!

There must have been a good deal of comment on McArthur's insulting message to the Misses ———— "not to send any more bushes here," for this evening he condescended to bring up to me a beautiful bouquet, in a silver goblet, sent by Mrs. Carrie Guthrie, one of the best of little women. I enjoy the flowers much; the kindness and sympathy more.

July 18th, 1871.

I have so little opportunity to write, and so little space in my book, and have been so engrossed with my own sufferings that I have made scarcely any mention of the misfortunes of my fellow citizens; though there have been daily arrivals of new victims of the mongrel man-hunters. One or two of those incarcerated are permitted to go at large upon the most excessive bail usually at every meeting of the Scoggins' "Commissioner Court," else the jail would today have above 200 respectable citizens packed beneath its filthy roof. As it is, we are crowded almost to suffocation, and I am told there are *twelve* grown men in the little corner room, known as the "Sweat Box," where brother Addison is, and which would be over-filled with *three* prisoners!! All of the three jail rooms on the third floor, are now *packed* beyond decency. The large rooms below stairs are enjoyed by the guards and mongrels. In the jail hole adjoining the "cage room" (this) are two of as respectable citizens as Rutherford County can furnish. One is Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, a popular Baptist clergyman. He found all the young country lads going into the Invisible Em-

pire, and was induced to become a member with the understanding that he was to be one of the Board of Commissioners or Advisory Council, who must be consulted before action was taken. He judged, rightly, that he could be of real usefulness in restraining and tempering the wilder youths, and there is no doubt he did so, for there was not a raid by his Klan after he joined it, I am told. But it was a rapturous discovery for the mongrels when they learned through base "Pukes" (as the traitors are commonly called) that Rev. Mr. Campbell, Rev. Mr. Landrum, Rev. Mr. Ezell, Rev. Berry Rollins, and several other Baptist ministers who visited throughout that region regularly, were members of the Klan. All the mongrel man-hunters carry pocketsful of blank warrants and it would appear that three of the Scoggins gangs simultaneously filled out one for Mr. Campbell. At all events, he was arrested no less than *three* several times, by Scoggins brothers, at the door, and on the grounds of his own church, where a congregation was assembled to hear him preach! He gave his bond, or parole (I cannot say which) to come to jail next day; and he now occupies one of the jail rooms; being unable as yet to obtain bail, for the reason that all of his acquaintances who are worth \$5,000, clear of debts, (the mongrels demand \$3,000 bail, over and above all debts and the homestead, requiring the bondsmen to be worth really more than \$5,000,) have already generously endorsed for their other neighbors, until there are few who can stand for him, and they cannot all be gotten into town at an hour's notice, as many of them live half a day's ride distant.

Confined with Mr. Campbell is 'Squire Nathaniel Thorne, one of the most esteemed, and well doing citizens of Rutherford. He was not a member of the Order, being a venerable grey-bearded Justice of the Peace; and I am not aware if his son was a member. But the old man knew the vile treatment the mongrels are bestowing upon us, regardless of our innocence or respectability. Consequently when a gang of man hunters came galloping

down upon his house, shouting and flourishing their weapons, he threw open a gate to allow his son to dash out through the yard of his residence into the adjacent fields, or plantation. The boy escaped, whereupon the mongrels became so enraged at the loss of \$5, and a victim, that they seized the old farmer utterly without warrant (and he a magistrate of the county!) and marched him off to jail with all possible annoyance! He could give an ordinary bond for \$50,000 but I suppose the mongrels will not permit him to offer his own property. Very likely they hope to hold him, and make him pay to secure an informal release thus preventing record of their own lawlessness. In the same room with me is one of 'Squire Thorne's neighbors and one of the best known citizens of the county. I refer to Hon. M. W. Simmons, formerly a member of the Legislature from this county, and since the war a Justice of the Peace. He is a successful farmer, and very popular in all the Southern side of the county. He could give any amount of bail, I presume, but the mongrels hate him for his invariable conservatism, and they mean to keep him in jail, suffering for food, water, air, and every other comfort for so long as they can fabricate any sort of excuse. At present they pretend that his turn to be examined has not yet come, and they refuse to admit him to bail until he be examined. This is the trick whereby they force many men who could give sureties to lie in this filthy jail, among the lice, dirt, negroes, murderers, and scores of suffering fellow citizens, for weeks on weeks.

"Ida Ramsey" writes—"Will Capt. Shotwell accept these few flowers from one who deeply regrets that *injustice* and oppression has forced upon you the situation you now occupy, and who hopes you will bear up bravely, looking forward to a brighter day when these gloomy scenes be remembered only as unwelcome shades? If there is anything you would like to read, or to eat, let me know and if it be in my power I will get it for you, or if I can send you *anything* that will make an hour (or a moment) pass pleasantly, you have but to ask me.

Your unknown friend." *Assuredly mongrel malice cannot rob me of all comfort.*

Mrs. General Bryan, always as kind and courtly as in the days of prosperity when her mansion was never without half a dozen or so happy guests, sends me a large waiter of delicacies for supper. If I could be as selfish as some who surround me (*and I wish I could!*) I should manage to live very comfortably upon the food sent me almost every day, or at least every alternate day, by some one or other of my lady friends, but it is more *hoggish* than I yet have learned to be to sit down to a plate full of supper, when all around me are men who have had nothing since 3 o'clock (a long time from these summer twilights) and whose hungry eyes peer at me through the bars of the cage; so I find it most agreeable to divide whatsoever I get, in equal portions among the Ku Klux; frequently, also, giving the murderers and negroes a portion, as they were kind to me when I was first brought in. Thus it happens that instead of being well supplied, I rarely get above a few mouthful of anything that is sent to me. True it is a pleasure to be able to show some kindness to my fellow prisoners, notwithstanding that they are all strangers to me (save by reputation of some of the more prominent farmers), and although one or two *hogs* have hung around me to get a share of all my receipts, whereas they, on obtaining a basket of fruit, or box of bread, etc., sneak off to a corner, and dole out their own provision in little dribs, to avoid having to offer any to their comrades. Thank God! there are not many of these "greedy pigs;" and some of my companions bring their little packages of "home fixings" direct to me saying, "You have always given away your nice presents; now take this, and welcome,"—which of course, I would not think of doing.

It is difficult for me to learn what is going on outside our prison walls, but occasionally a new comer (prisoner) is of sufficient information to give us the drift of events. It appears that the Commissioners—Judge Cloud and Attorney-General Shipp—sent by "Gov."

Tod. R. Caldwell to examine into the Rutherford Trouble—were completely ignored, and mocked at by the mongrels. Shipp is a Conservative, and, as heretofore stated, was elected by Ku Klux votes in Alamance and Caswell. Cloud is a Radical of the most *odorous* sect. But “Judge” Logan utterly refused to have anything to do with them, or recognize the Governor’s commission. Indeed when Cloud had two men arrested, Logan’s tools, the “deputies,” took possession of the prisoners. Logan sends a batch of concocted “confessions”—all written by himself, and his gang, who, of course, can insert any sort of lie and slander in the documents, (as the poor devils who “make” these “confessions” do not know what is being written; and would not dare to object if they should discover the frauds. And to prevent any possible detection Logan sends the so-called “papers” directly to Washington. I suppose too, he aims to make all possible capital for *himself*, and doesn’t care to share it with Caldwell, etc. Shipp and Cloud have returned in disgust: but I would wager a good deal that no report of the condition of things in Rutherford is ever made, or will be made public.

July 19th, SATURDAY.

Basket of apples and peaches from the Misses D——, who are kind in D D! I must never forget the sweet sympathy of my lady friends who thus brave the mongrel sneers and sour looks, if no more open insults, to make manifest their kind interest in my welfare and comfort. It must be galling to the mongrels to see these unusual expressions of sympathy and respect tendered by the best people,—nay, the best *women*; for they alone dare do it!—to one whom they imagined they were covering with disgrace and humiliation when they locked him in a felon’s cell, with felons, cut throats and negroes for companions! I do not feel in any sense humiliated, and I am conscious of no disgrace; I know that I have done nothing to warrant the treatment I have received and am receiving: I am not a criminal, or law-breaker; I had a right to become a member of the Invisible Empire, and

my object in doing so, was not to gratify any personal end nor do any man an injury (I had no known, personal enemy in the county!) but solely to do that which seemed necessary for the peace and well-being of the community. The outrages and insults put upon me, therefore, slip lightly over my shoulders leaving no stain, or stigma, and I trust no scars, though it is not easy for poor human nature to endure these things without suffering *some* detriment to both body and soul.

R. M. Robinson, the tailor, was released today—after a fortnight of confinement. There was not from the first one particle of evidence against the man, who is a cripple, and could not have engaged in any raids, however much minded. But he was rather bold-spoken, when in his cups, and I understand told the mongrels some home truths. Accordingly he was arrested, (I need not say without warrant), was packed in “Sweat Box” (corner room) of the jail, and has been unable to obtain any sort of information concerning his case until recently, when his bail was fixed at \$2,000; then at \$500; and now he is released, unreservedly. It is supposed he was held in the hope that some “Puke” would become a witness against him; but as none were forthcoming, and as the poor fellow was sorely harassed, and had no connections in the community—being only an occasional sojourner—he was turned loose! Is there any other law-governed country where men can be seized, cast into prison, bullied, and starved,—all without warrant; and then turned free without examination, or any process of investigation?

I am glad Mr. Robinson is at liberty, but the same lawlessness which opened his jail doors, may cast him back tomorrow.

July 20th, SUNDAY.

The Sabbath morn! I fear I am not in a very pious frame of mind for all the pealing church bells fill the groves and echoing hills with sacred melody. This morning I had instructed one of the darkeys to polish my shoes, and catch a shallow pan full of water when the

jailer filled the pitcher, as usually there is a pint, or more, wasted, and I hoped to obtain the use of these "drippings" for the enjoyment of a good "clean up" in recognition of Sunday. The negro caught a pan *full* of water, and deposited it with my shoes in a corner of the cage. But at breakfast time there was a rush of hungry fellows to get the "inside place" around the big dish-pan, and two *boors* (they are rude and ignorant as real South African "Boers"!) began to tussle outside the cage, and falling against it, caused my basin to be over turned upon my shoes; thus not only destroying my morning ablutions, but also the polish of my shoes! Small matter, of course, it is! But very annoying withal. They apologised, but I could not help saying with some acerbity that perhaps next Sunday they would recollect that most people find time to do their scuffling during the six secular days of the week! They looked ashamed, but I daresay scarcely felt it; for it is amazing the degree of rudeness and uncultivation of some of our backwoods people. They are not rude in the sense of impudence, and their Sunday sacrilege is not wickedness so much as ignorance, and the absence of the cultivation which is bound to come to a people of far worse character if there be access and connection with the more advanced world, such as by railroads, rivers, etc., etc. Numbers of these young men were never above 20 miles from home, never saw a locomotive, never heard a piano, and have little idea of the proprieties of life; as for example there are two or three of them now gathered about me, squatting on their haunches, watching me write, and gravely pointing at the long words to ask, "*What does you call a-that ar' longish scratch?*"

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity!"—for they show us who our true friends be! And one of these is Mattie M———, and another is Mittie C———; both as true as true can be! Mrs. Capt. C——— sent the package, and a nice jar of pickles, pan of fried chicken, jelly, etc.; and for a centre piece was a large frosted pound cake, with a motto—"Be of good cheer!"—in white frosting

on the top, and a bunch of flowers to grace it! Ah! these noble friends! How they put to shame the cowardly skulking, the truckling to the mongrels, and the apparent disapprobation of the Klan, of which they were far more active members than I ever dreamed of being! It is curious how human nature betrays her defective work in all times of difficulty in danger! It was formerly said, "Nothing like the army service to show the character of a man"—but there were men who managed to come through the war with fair reputations, who now prove to be the coarsest of pot-sherds,—the most worthless of nature's material.

July 25th.

And Miss Mary M. F———, also, kindly remembers me! I have just received a nice basket of delicacies and fruit. They were certainly acceptable for I was ravenously hungry. It required a good deal of self-denial to hand out the contents of the basket, after laying aside only a small portion for breakfast; but I cannot give to one without hurting the feelings of the others, and thus it goes.

Squire Nathaniel Thorne is out and gone. How much he paid, or whether he paid anything I cannot say. But certain it is that when dragged to jail by Leander Jolly, and his gang, the old gentleman utterly refused to give a bond for his appearance at the Federal Court, stating that he had done nothing to warrant such treatment, and he should lie in jail until a writ of *Habeas Corpus* could be secured. He immediately set in motion a plea for the writ: whereupon the mongrels, fearing to "fool with" a man who possessed both money and the nerve to spend it in self defense, brought him a second time before Scoggins' mock court, and had him declared—*Unconditionally Released!* And the old man has gone home to tell his family of his seven or eight days in mongrel durance! Of course he will never obtain any sort of redress for this week of suffering and lawless confinement.

July 26th.

Miss M. R. M——— sends a nice tray of cakes and flowers. The covering napkin was taken off by some of the jail guards, and a portion of the food taken, I suppose: as one of the buns was half gone and teeth-marks were plainly visible. The rascals!

Every morning—Sundays as well as others—squads of man-hunters go forth upon the various roads leading from the village, all equipped with seven-shot carbines, pistols, and flasks of whiskey. Some are so tipsy they can scarcely mount their shabby steeds. Generally a number of Yankee soldiers accompany the mongrels to protect their cowardly necks while engaged in deeds of violence, insult and rapine. The Yankees usually ride together, a little in rear of the scalawags, as if ashamed to be seen with such creatures; and I am told the privates of the several companies stationed here are nearly all in sympathy with the people. This reminds me that I have failed to note a visit from two Yankees on the day of the public meeting. They were probably somewhat under the influence of liquor: but on the occasion of the fat jailer coming up for some purpose, these men each seized a bucket of water, and swore they were bound to see Randolph Shotwell. They came up, and as I sat in the cage busily writing I discovered a long Blue Coated arm extended between the bars, as a voice said, “*Here my friend—Be jabbers, he’ sh’ll hev’ this tickler!*” The flask was nearly full of whiskey. I thanked him, and not to seem discourteous, took a drink from it, and returned the flask, stating that we were not permitted to keep liquor; and besides it would only increase our thirst for water, of which we had great need. “*Oh!, Be Jolly!, Ye’re out there! Isn’t he Jem? Sure an’ we drink a pint a day, an’ haint tasted water in more’n a month!*” he roared. Then, with a stage whisper, audible to every one in the room, guards as well as prisoners, he offered this rude comfort, “*Be aisy, now, Captin; keep a stiff upper lip! Sure an’ everybody says the Raskills has turned the tables—tempur—arr’r—’lly, ye know!—an’*

he's got the decent men, shut up where themselves ought ter be!' Whereupon he and his comrades, went lumbering down stairs, with noise and laughter, that was heard until both reached the side walk. Of course none but the actual Blue-Coats could have talked so freely with impunity. But the mongrels know that even the Federal officers are not in sympathy with them, (with one or two exceptions), and that if they should withdraw their bayonets, or cause the real facts to be known at the North, all this warfare upon respectable Conservatives would come to a speedy and righteous termination. Unfortunately the Army is the tool of Grant, and therefore of Logan and Scoggins. I have said the Mongrel Man Hunters go forth daily. Who are they? Chief among them is Andrew Scoggins, (a brother of Nathan, the so-called U. S. Commissioner—formerly a Ku Klux Chief) who, I believe holds a commission as "Deputy U. S. Marshal," Andy Scoggins commissions his three worthless brothers Bill, Jim, and Joe, to be so-called "Acting Deputy U. S. Marshals." Of the same rank, and employment, are "Ches" Bradley, John Bradley, Joe Hodge, Henry Hodge, "Dolph" Mooney, "Mack" Jolly, (Ex-Ku Klux), Leandar Jolly, and others whose names I do not know.

In addition to these, are John Harrill, Jeff Dawney, Jesse De Priest, (all three perjured "Pukes"—stamped for all time, as renegades who were frightened or bought (perhaps both) into the basest betrayal of their neighbors and fellow members!), Elias Allbright, and several negroes, whose duties seem to be to act as spies and pilots, and occasionally as assistant guards for the "Deputies." In some instances they make arrests, though of course without any warrant; well knowing that no inquiry will ever be made, and that Logan, Scoggins, & Co. will shield them in any event by alleging that they were acting as "deputized" officers for them, the marshals. It will be remembered that "Bill" Deaver, (the murderer of Thompson at Marion a few weeks before) and Elias Albright, after hearing my young brother, Addie, say

that he had ridden into town to see if it were true, as rumored, that there was a capias for him, concealed themselves behind shade trees on the sidewalk, and thrust pistols in his face, seized him by the arms and rushed him down street, in the middle thereof, and thrust him into jail, not only without warrant, but without having themselves any authority, to serve a warrant, even if there had been a cart-load). But I have neither space nor patience to narrate one-half the outrages of this sort occurring daily.

The mode of operating as reported by the prisoners is usually as follows. On approaching a farm house, the mongrels dismount and creep into positions commanding the most probable avenues of escape; doubtless hoping that the hunted Democrat will attempt to fly to the woods on seeing the Yankees galloping up to the front door. If he makes such an attempt, they are ready to pick him off with their long range "seven-shooters," or cavalry carbines. If the farmer be at home, he is ordered to march out—rarely being allowed to get any extra clothing, money, etc.—and is often captured and gone before his wife and children can come from the kitchen or bed rooms to bid him good-bye! That is, provided the hour be not near the meal hour. In scores of cases, (even at houses for whose inmates the mongrels were not looking) the party began by breaking open the corn cribs, or ordering the negro servants to go to the field for corn and fodder for their horses. Meanwhile the women of the household were gruffly asked for dinner, or supper, or breakfast (when the raiders had been out all night); the "request" being couched in language and tones as effectual with the ordinary timid woman as a pistol at her temple! Neither food, nor fodder, nor the satchels full of fruit stolen from the orchard, or grapery, *are ever paid for*; although as may be imagined it is *no light tax to feed from six to ten men and their horses*. While regaling themselves on stolen food, the mongrels laugh and joke, with smutty attempts at wit, or grosser language, if under the influence of stolen corn-whiskey—a fluid

never passed without spoilation when found, as is customary, in the farm-house loft. Perchance while still feasting, the mongrels espy some member of the family—father, husband, son—approaching the house, all unsuspectingly. Instantly the guns are seized, and if the farmer on seeing the horses of the party, turn to fly, he is fired upon from the doors and windows of his own homestead, directly under the eyes of his own family! Several men have been thus fired upon.

Often the farmer is found in his fields. He is surprised by a series of sneaking movements suggestive of savages on the war-path. Captured, he is dragged away, leaving his teams in the furrow, or in the woods; he is denied his legal right of seeing the legal warrant for his arrest; he is usually denied even the privilege of entering his own house to bid adieu to his family and to secure such small articles as he may need in prison; he is forced to march right off without coat, or shoes (if he happen to be in that condition), trudging ahead of his captors' horses' heads, through heavy dust or pitiless rain and mud, while all the way to town the mongrels laugh and shout in half tipsy jollity! Of course, the presence of the Blue Coated soldiers awes any disposition to resist such outrageous treatment. One Yankee nowadays is enough to bring to their knees a full brigade of Southern militia—much less farmers!

To show that I do not exaggerate these outrages by the mongrel man-hunters I paste in, the appended note written to the Raleigh Daily *Sentinel* by some person, residing in Shelby. It has been re-copied into several papers, and I take it from the Charlotte *Home*. Far worse accounts have been reported to me from time to time, but (alas! for the manhood of our suffering people!) the parties themselves beg me not to give the facts, lest my book should fall into the hands of the mongrels, and cause them to oppose their (the victims) release! It almost sickens me to see how some men truckle—yes fawn, and whine around the mongrels—hoping to obtain

their favor, whereas it only emboldens the scoundrels for fresh deeds of lawless outrage!

Cowardly Scoundrel and a Brave Woman.

Shelby, N. C., July 29th, 1871.

Dear Sir:—On the 28th of July, Bill Scoggins, deputy marshal and one of Judge Logan's minions, with a squad of some ten yankee soldiers, surrounded the house of Frank Green, the son of our old sheriff, and with fixed bayonets and cocked guns, charged on the house, and Bill Scoggins entered the house and told Mrs. Green that she must tell where her husband was, and cocked his pistol and told her she either had to tell where her husband was or he would blow her brains out. She told him if she knew she would not tell him, and he, a cowardly scoundrel, might shoot if he dared to do so. Scoggins then cursed her, and told her she either had to die or tell. She then told him she was ready and not afraid of any such cowardly rascal. Scoggins then left.

This woman deserves the premium. But such infamous cowards as Scoggins should be in a place worse than the penitentiary. These are the means and these are the kind of men that Judge Logan and the Radicals are making use of to intimidate and browbeat the people, to prevent the people from voting for Convention and turning out these Radical rascals. Publish this to show the State how these cowardly scoundrels are doing.

Here is another article, though I am unable to state its authorship, as I find it in a piece of torn paper-wrapping, sent to me with some cake. It must be from either a Shelby, Lincolnton, or Asheville paper. Be that as it may, the facts are true and nothing is more remarkable than the silence—I cannot call it apathy—of the State Press in relation thereto. Perhaps it is waiting for our local paper to lead off. If so, the prospect for a general publication of the truth is very gloomy. And yet what

can be said for a journal which is mute amid scenes of outrage and wrong such as daily occur in this locality?

The Troubles in Rutherford.—The troubles in Rutherford county continue unabated. About forty citizens of that county are in jail at Rutherfordton, and the authorities continue to make arrests. United States Commissioner Scoggins is holding a perpetual court, it would seem, and his tools and deputy marshals are very active. We learn that about two hundred citizens have been bound over to attend the September term of the circuit court of the U. S., to be held at Raleigh, and, if they continue as heretofore, there will be from 300 to 400 cases of ku-kluxing before that court.

Many of the parties who have been arrested and imprisoned or bound in heavy bonds, generally from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each, *are of the highest respectability; in fact all are respectable*, and a large majority of them are of *the best citizens of the county*. They have been arrested upon the most *flimsy pretexts*, and upon the affidavits, where affidavits are made *at all, of the most ignorant negroes and vagabonds of the county*. Parties arrested are not allowed to show their innocence before the commissioners, but in all cases where there is any testimony on the part of the prosecution, they are bound or imprisoned. Many of these parties *are now suffering the horrors of a crowded and filthy jail, deprived of even a sufficient quantity of water*. This we hear from those *who have experienced the horrors of this Black Hole*.

All of these citizens are required to attend the Circuit Court at Raleigh, about 250 miles from their homes, although *there is a court at Marion within 25 miles of their homes*.

We denounce this action of the federal authorities as downright oppression, calculated and intended to bring ruin and distress upon the country and peo-

ple because of the firm opposition of our people to Logan, Caldwell, and their corruptions.

This state of things seems *not to be known to the press of the State*, and yet it is *far worse in all its forms than the Kirk war in 1870*. It is only another form of persecution of honest men for opinion's sake and under color of the forms of law. We call upon the press of the State to make this condition of things known to the people, that they may see and understand this Second Crusade against their rights and liberties.

What happiness a small act of sympathy can give! Some little Episcopalian people send me a supper, with some books, magazines, etc., a "feast of reason" as well, as of "fat things;" and assuredly I shall enjoy the literature more than the meats; for it seemed as if I should go crazy in the Bedlam of rude sounds in which I have no part nor interest. It is easy to realize the saying, "Alone though in a crowd."

August 1st.

Mrs. Robt. G. T———y sends several nice water-melons which were devoured by the party with infinite zest. I merely cut a small slice for myself and handed out the remainder to my fellow prisoners. It is very thoughtful in Mrs. T, who lives ten miles out in the country; but the family are all kind and well-reared. I am more and more surprised, by the way, at the marked difference in social culture, and intelligent character, that exists between different families in this county. Comparisons may be odious in print, but certainly they are pointed in actual life; particularly in times of trouble and distress.

Few persons realize—until deprived of them—how much of their comfort and enjoyment of life, is due to *furniture*. It seems incredible that there are nations, partially civilized, as for example the Turks, to whom chairs are an abomination. I think I would agree to stay in prison six months longer if allowed a chair, a table,

a plate, knife and fork, a towel, wash hand basins, and plenty of soap. One can sleep on the floor, with a single blanket and learn not to complain of his bed; one can learn to do without many toilet articles, and endure much noise, silly jargon, loud guffaws, ribald coarseness, stench, and dirt; but there are a few articles hard to dispense with. I grow so weary of standing idle and uninterested, or walking to and fro amid the jostling, tussling throng, that I throw myself on my couch in sheer weariness. But the floor is hard, and the shuffling feet stir a constant dust while the mind utterly refuses to allow a long spell of reclining amid such a perpetually moving crowd; so in a moment I am on my feet again,—and sorely wearied! Thus the day passes. Thus the week passes! Thus a month has passed! When shall it all end?

August 10th.

Would you believe it? There are at this very hour, and have been for days, no less than fifty-two (52) grown men packed in the third story of this small jail! Fifty-two men sweltering in three box rooms! Still more incredible would it seem if the rooms could be seen. There are today twenty-six (26) adults in this single room of which more than a third is taken up by the cage! Last night twenty-four men slept within these four walls!; though I really cannot see where they all packed themselves. We are allowed no candles, matches, or other lights, and the nights are dark. Looking between the bars of the cage last night (for I still huddle in one corner of the rusty structure) it seemed as if the men were packed in layers, or like a drove of sheep closely huddled into a fence corner. I am sorry to say there was an additional suggestiveness in the stench of a good many pairs of unwashed feet. The subject is an unsavory one; but it unfortunately is a “living, breathing reality” for my poor nostrils every night, and constitutes another feature of this most abominable situation. Of course I try to bear in mind that most of my companions are

plain farmers, arrested in their fields, and brought hither in their working clothes—some in their shirt sleeves—two of them barefooted—and that there is no opportunity for cleansing themselves in here, yet “natur is natur”, and only those whose nose oppose the attar de toes can know the woes, which *sub* the rose, I here disclose!

Ever kind and thoughtful Miss M. R. M. sends a neat waiter of supper which I enjoyed all the more because of the friendly sentiment accompanying.

When the fat jailer last night, for the fourth or fifth time, declared he meant to come up and “chain to the floor” every man in the room to punish old “Uncle Wiley’s” piteous calls for water (He has some throat or asthmatic ailment which makes him frantic if unrelieved by a swallow of water), I determined that no more indignities should be put upon any of us. I have consulted with one or two of the most reliable men amongst the K. K. prisoners, and they have pledged themselves solemnly to stand by me—even unto death! So, now my fate is somewhat at the mercy of another man’s whim. It is needless to say what I have in view; but one thing is certain—and you had best heed these words, jailer!—no more indignities, such as “chaining down” shall be put upon any of my companions, save for the most wilful misconduct on their part.

Recurring to “Uncle Wiley,” there is no greater illustration than his presence in this filthy apartment offers of Mongrel malice! Let me state the facts. Wiley S. Walker is a well-known citizen of Polk County, which he once represented in the Legislature if I mistake not. He is now 71 or 72 years of age, and fast bending under the weight which breaks most men at a much earlier period. It is an outrage to take such a man to jail at all because both his property and his infirmities gave security that he would not run away, even if it had not been well known he would meet his accusers anywhere. He may be a member of the Invisible Empire, but what of that? The whole country is filled with Loyal Leaguers, Red Strings, the Grand Army of the Republic, etc., all of which

are more treasonable, more lawless and reprehensible, than the Home-Protecting Order which the Radical Secret Leagues rendered necessary. But "Uncle Wiley" was a good Democrat. He was arrested in the roughest manner; was forced from home so speedily that he could not call some one to attend to his bed-ridden wife; was carried 15 miles to this jail in another county; and has been lying on the bare floor of this crowded room, every night for more than a week and suffering in a peculiar way. He is sorely troubled with some sort of asthmatic affection which makes it difficult for him to get breath at night. Probably the fetid atmosphere of this crowded room (two dozen grown men are confined therein!) increases his trouble. At any rate he declares that he cannot spend a night without having water to gargle his throat. Last evening at sunset, when it became apparent that no water would be brought up, the old man called from the front window to two Yankee soldiers, who were a part of the jail guard for the night, telling them how he was suffering. "Dry up!" yelled McArthur, from his comfortable chair, as he sat in front of the door, smoking, after a hearty supper, "You've had water a-plenty!" "Oh! no, Mr. Jailer, I am suffering greatly. Indeed I cannot get through the night without some water to moisten my throat." And the old man continued to plead, whereupon McArthur yelled out, "*If you call at me again I'll come up and chain you to the floor, mind that!*"

Is it any wonder our blood boils when we think of such insolence from a fellow like McArthur, addressed to a greyhaired old man! And simply because he begged a little water to save him from choking! But the Yankees were more humane than our fellow countryman. They demanded the buckets, went across the street, filled them, and insisted on McArthur's allowing them to bring up the whole quantity; so for once we had a full supply to quench our thirst all night long!

And now let the base mongrels attempt the "chaining down" which has been the burden of their song for weeks.

None shall be chained though some may go "down." At last, we stand our ground!*

Knowing that a young countryman would be released before long, we made up \$2, which I enclosed in a note to W. A. Guthrie, of Simpson, Miller and Guthrie, asking him to select from his stock four long-bladed, single-bladed knives, as near the "dirk" pattern as he had; and to have them neatly enclosed and plugged in two water-melons; for which we would send the next day. Three melons should be sent, in order that we might cut open the largest in the *presence of the jailer and his spies* to throw off suspicion. Unfortunately, the young rustic, after nearly fainting with alarm while going out of the jail, actually *rushed into the store and laid the note on the counter, and hurried away!* He was returned to jail a few days later on a second charge, and I confess I could scarcely restrain my indignation; though no doubt he was too frightened to act otherwise. Naturally we were greatly alarmed, and expected every hour to "hear from" our note, which if found would undoubtedly have caused me to be chained to the ring-bolt in the floor, and without having any weapon to attempt defense. Fortunately the note was either swept out in the trash or was picked up by unfriendly hand which preferred to keep—silence *and the greenbacks*; or it was stolen by some negro who burned the note, and put the money to private uses. Not a hint of it has ever reached my ears. When our fright subsided, we renewed the attempt under different conditions, and were gloriously successful. I gave one of the knives to John Cooley, a tall, black-haired South Carolinian, true as steel and twice as plucky; one to Isaac Padgett, a short, stout, and stout-hearted, though genial and clever young man from the

* It may be well to state that the explanation of these mysterious entries in my journal is comprised in the fact that we had contrived to obtain *four large knives*. As stated on the 14th, when McArthur threatened to "chain down" that grey-haired old man (he was 70) for simply pleading with the Yankee soldiers to bring up some water, I resolved to obtain some sort of weapons, and cut the jailer in pieces, as well as any other person who should endeavor to stop our progress outwards. Out to death perhaps, but still outward! [Author's note].

Burnt Chimneys settlement; and the third to William McEntyre, a young countryman from the Cherry Mountain region who though a stranger previous to my confinement, (as indeed, were all the rest), I had watched closely, and felt confidence in. To these men I gave instructions about as follows: "My friends, you know what we have borne, and are still enduring. You know that never have I opened my lips to complain nor ask a favor of our keepers. But there is a limit to all honorable endurance, and I am resolved if another indignity, such as McArthur has repeatedly threatened, be put upon us, we shall go out of this filthy hole or leave our dead bodies upon the staircase. I shall do nothing rash, and I shall not stand between any man and *deserved* punishment. But if he tries to chain any of these old men for begging for water, you gather as near me, and the doorway as you can, without suspicion. When the jailer, and his crowd, are busy fixing the chains, I will kick him sprawling, and cut his throat if nothing else will answer. Then all rush for the ante-room, seize the guards by their musket arms, and cut right and left till they give up their weapons. Then we will arm ourselves, and soon clear away any obstructions at the jail-door, if any there should be. Finally, men, remember two things—Be cool!—Be quick! A second may turn the scale! Don't wait to snatch your hats, or coats! Spring like tigers! The rest of the prisoners will comprehend the thing, and some will help. And the confusion will help; for the scalawags will think the whole crowd are upon them. One thing more—never allow your knives to be seen—even by your best friend. The murderers are acting as spies—they watch us all—are watching now. If we lose these weapons we shall never be able to get others." Thus it was that "my fate hangs upon another man's whim;" for had the jailer attempted any further brutalities, I should certainly have undertaken a struggle that might be fatal to me; and must either give me liberty, or place me *hors du combat*. Happily the deadly struggle was not forced upon me, and our weapons, after all the

risk and trouble in obtaining them, proved of no practical benefit. Of them more anon.

August.

I am now assured, of what I long suspected, that the murderers, and negroes are acting as spies upon us, and especially upon me. As there are six of them they contrive to have one on guard, and loitering near me to overhear my conversation at all times. Since the guards have made their barracks in the room directly under this one, the Adairs have said nothing to me, and wear a sullen demeanor, no doubt enraged at me because I would not join them, or permit them to tear up the hearth-bricks, and escape in the manner related on July 14th. They also see that they lost an opportunity to pay their old grudges when I was first locked in the cage—when they deluded themselves into believing there would be a rescue. It does not, of course, in the least concern me what they think of me, but I doubt if ever a parallel case was known, wherein red-handed murderers, destined to hang within a few months, were used to play the spy upon a company of innocent citizens confined without warrant and denied even the lawful right of being confronted with their accusers. True, there are many of the citizens who at present are utterly *unaccused* except by the malicious ill-will of their captors; hence must be eventually set at liberty unless these murderous villains, or their counterparts outside shall fabricate some charge to serve the end.

It may be asked how I know that the Adairs are spying upon us. There can be no longer any doubt. Some days ago the Adairs got into a broil, on account of Bénard, with the negro, Julius, who is at all times so saucy and insolent to them that I have wondered they do not beat him nearly to death. It was evident that he has some hold upon them which makes them fear an outbreak of his passion, which is the next thing to frenzy, judging by his antics on such occasions. For some reason he became enraged at Bénard, and his voice rang out, despite the efforts of the others to pacify him: “Oh, you’re all a

set of liars an' cheats! You call me a nigger!—why all the water in de lantic river wouldn't wash you'ns as white as I am! Your han's is blacker than any nigger's eber dar be; day's stain wid blood—nigger's blood! Bénard you're a liar!—you're a coward! you're a thief! You confess'd you killed dat baby, and only git 75 cents fur it arter all!" Columbus Adair said in a voice trembling with passion, "What's the use of making all this fuss? Wait till we all get out, and talk it over like grown men." "You nebber will get out," roared Julius, "You nebber shill git out! I know what you're countin' on, an' I'm bound to tell it, an' I tells you, you is a leanin' on a broken reed. Oh! yes, I know Jim Justice, an' Bob Logan, hes promised you about gittin' you'nall pardoned ef you'll fin' out somethin' on de Ku Kluxs gentlemen an' dats what you're a runnin' out e'vy day! An' you a-enj'yin' of dese gentlemen's nice cake, an' pies, an' apples, an' a tellin' all you's a hearin'!" This kind of abuse he heaped upon their heads for half an hour. But Govan Adair cautioned his fellows not to make any reply, and went around among the other prisoners saying, "We don't mind anything Jule says; he fires off that way every week, or two, and Mac (The murderers and negroes all speak of McArthur, the jailer, as 'Mac') told us not to quarrel with him, because he uses such vulgar language, and all the ladies in the adjoining house get frightened," etc. It may only [be] just to say that I doubt if McArthur ever said any such thing. Still Julius spoke by the card when he upbraided them for making daily reports to the mongrels. Almost invariably one or other of the Adairs slips out into the ante-chamber, when the jailer comes to bring breakfast, or supper, and holds a whispered conversation with James Justice, J. B. Carpenter, Robt. Logan, and the Scoggins tribe, sometimes remaining out for half an hour. They pretended that these conferences were with their counsel, and simply concerning their own cases. But we now have proof. Lafayette Eaves, a clever young man, of a formerly wealthy family, had a little "thread-knife," perhaps an

inch long, such as are found in ladies' work-baskets. It could not harm one of the mice which infested the walls; but we concluded to make it useful as a test. Watching opportunity I sharpened my pencil in an ostentatiously secret manner, near the Adairs, but not showing them the knife. Then, I allowed them to hear me thank Lafayette for the use of it, as I slipped it back into his pocket. "Don't tell any one that I have it," said he, "for if McArthur suspected there was a knife in my pocket he wouldn't dare come up here." Half an hour afterwards I saw Govan Adair write a note, which he managed to drop from the window shortly before noon. It is likely the note escaped detection until the assembling of the usual gang of mongrels after dinner. At all events nothing occurred at the three o'clock visit of the jailer, and we were about to spread our blankets for the night, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and both McArthur and Callahan hurried to Eaves, saying breathlessly, "*Come now, you've got a knife! Fork over the knife!*" "I am not supplied *with a fork*," said he, "but I think I'm entitled to keep my knife." They began to storm, whereupon Lafayette, extended one hand, and laid upon his broad palm the little bone toy, a knife not so large as the "charm" on a cheap-John watchguard! There was an audible snicker from the assembled crowd, as McArthur picked up the offending implement, and retired in disgust. It was a good joke; but also an invaluable lesson to us; for we know now that sneaking, treacherous eyes are watching our every movement. True, there is little to conceal, and no occasion for secrecy, so far as concerns myself, but I shall certainly not hereafter allow my silly pity to lead me into giving the murderous reptiles a share of my provisions and fruit.

Returns of the state election show that the proposed "convention" was beaten by fully *nine thousand* votes, reversing the majority of 4,500 which our candidate for state office received last year. Furthermore that above *fifteen thousand registered voters* did not vote. Now we know that no Radical was allowed to miss voting in this

bitter struggle; hence if the 15,000 voters had voted the Convention must have carried. Why did they not vote? The answer is—because hundreds are in exile, hundreds in jail, and thousands dare not vote. Oh! that our leaders could see their blind folly in allowing the mongrels to harrow, and beat down, and destroy our western people, while not a voice is raised to protest against the outrage!

The following is a partial list of those who have been confined in this jail since my arrest, and who are either still here, or have given bail to appear at the Federal Court in September:—

Moses W. Simmons, Esq., Lafayette Eaves, Isaac Padgett, N. Thorne, Esq., Henry Jenkins, Rev. Thos. J. Campbell, Capt. J. Crowell Camp, Wm. Edgerton, Jas. H. Sweezy, Bruce Morgan, Jonathan Whitesides, (one-legged soldier), John Cooley, Daniel Martin, Thomas Liles, Wm. McEntyre, Mich McGrone, Gaither Philbeck, Erwin Philbeck, Wiley Walker, Esq., (70 years old), John Porter, Henry Green, Kinley Green, David Cochran, Wm. Teal, John Moore, Thos. Withrow, Julius Fortune, Doc. B. Fortune, Spencer R. Moore, John Doggett, Rufus Doggett, Saml. Whitesides, R. N. Robinson, Geo. H. Holland, Benj. Wall, W. H. Green, Esq., Capt. Jno. Nicholson, Alvin Johnson, David Scruggs, Wiley Spurlin, Thos. Harris, Calvin Teal, Jesse Gidney, James Green, J. E. Saunders, J. J. McDaniel, Ben Fortune, Ben Spurlin, Wm. McSwain, Wm. Hames, Cleveland Wood, Geo. B. Pruitt, A. W. Biggerstaff, Richd. Hardin, Wm. Ledbetter, J. M. Spurlin, John Hamrick, John Harris, J. C. Mode, Wm. Wilson, J. M. McDaniel, Tom Wood, F. C. James, Jas. Green, N. T. Thorn.

The following are some of the parties who are under bond, but whether any of them are in jail at present is more than I can say:—Dr. Romeo Hicks, D. Green, Alex. Bridgers, L. Hamrick, Jas. Hamrick, J. W. Hamrick, Geo. Hamrick, John Hamrick, W. T. Hill, Thos. Harris, S. B. Padgett, W. W. Bridges, A. P. Tisdale, W. S. Haynes, Wm. Haynes, J. O. Haynes, D. D. London, David

Hoyle, Silvester Weaver, Thos. Edgerton, Jacob Surratt, W. C. Goforth, Posey Smart, Richard Smith, A. Gettys, Lawson Brooks, Richd. Hardin, Willis Owens, R. R. Biggerstaff, Joseph Fortune, Oliver Wilkie, A. Durham, Anderson Williams, Capt. W. D. Jones, Wellington N. Hicks, Jas. Goode, John Witherow, Jas. Hunt, John Hunt, L. Beam, Thos. Elliott, Wm. Burnett, Olin Carson, Thomas Toms, Scott Toms, M. Tucker, Ben Biggerstaff, Saml. Biggerstaff, W. DePriest, D. H. McCown, Jason Witherow, Stanly Haynes, Michael Grigg, Walter Grigg, Sam. Goforth, W. C. DePriest, Taylor Carson, Leander Thoms, Amos Owens, Daniel Fortune, Barton Biggerstaff, Alfred Biggerstaff, Adolphus DePriest, Thos. Fortune.

Inside the cover of a book loaned to me by a lady, I find several clippings from newspapers, which show there are a few editors who believe in standing by the oppressed even if the Democratic Party *should* happen to be saddled with the odium of having a paternal interest in the White Brotherhood. Oh! that I were free, and in control of a newspaper now! It is possible I might be returned here, as Jo Turner was imprisoned for telling the truth, but so long as my hands were untied my pen should speak in denunciation of the usurpers who have murdered civil Liberty, and are torturing the people!

“The Donkey King of Rutherford.—We learn by a gentleman from Logan’s Kingdom, that the high-handed acts of oppression still continue. The donkey king sits in his office all day taking the depositions of “swift witnesses.” A Commissioner’s Court is constantly in session of which a low fellow named Nathan Scoggins is Judge, and his brothers the Marshals. Two jack-leg lawyers named we believe, Justice and Carpenter, are the prosecutors before the Scoggins tribunal. Logan promises a pardon to his witness, if he will swear hard enough. As soon as *Logan has written out the affidavit* to please himself, the Marshals take out a squad of soldiers to arrest the man implicated by the oath of the swift

witness. In that way, about 200 have been arrested and required to give bond in the sum of \$2,000 for appearance at Raleigh. *The Shotwell brothers, and over forty others are crowded in this hot weather in the filthy jail at Rutherfordton.* Many of the *quiet farmers have been arrested and re-arrested until the entire crop season was spent in attendance on court.*¹ The *corpus delicti* of all the trouble in Rutherford is the stupidity, corruption, and incompetency of Logan himself. His zeal in the Ku-Klux business is to raise him up a friend in Grant when he is impeached. He will then do like other rogues and cry out "persecution." He will say, "the Ku-Klux are persecuting me."—[Southern] Home.

Genl. Hill was entirely correct. Logan was reported for impeachment by every leading *Republican* in his district, yet he raised such a howl of Ku Klux persecution he was not removed!

Money.—The mobbing of the *Star* office at Rutherfordton has been a blessed thing for the loyalists. It has given them notoriety and enabled them to wreak their vengeance on personal and political enemies; above all, it has filled their empty pockets with greenbacks. One fellow named Scoggins, who could not earn fifty cents a day at his lawful business, has been holding court for months past. *His four brothers are marshals getting five dollars for every arrest made. Jack-leg lawyers get heavy fees to acquit prisoners at the Scoggins court.*¹ A good round sum to the Jack-leg acquits the prisoner before the Scoggins Court. Even Bob Logan, a \$20 lawyer, comes in for a share of the plunder. A gentleman from Rutherfordton tells us that a Jack-leg named Justice promised to get a man acquitted for \$100. Judge Logan met him and told him that son Robert could get him off for \$75. The man said that he could only raise \$50 and the Judge agreed to take that. So the

¹ The italics are Shotwell's.

bargain was struck! Bobby got \$110 in another case, which is exactly 1100 more than he could have made as a lawyer, in a life-time practice before the courts in the good old days of honest and capable judges.

August. TWO DOZEN MEN EATING FROM AN OLD DISHPAN.

A friend writing me a note says, "*I suppose you get plenty to eat; if you don't there is a swindle somewhere, because the jailer is allowed Seventy-five cents (75c) per day, per man, for your board.*" I think McArthur's sleepy eyes must have overlooked this note, else he never would have permitted it to reach me. It becomes plainer and more plain why the so-called "Court" held by Ex-Ku Klux Nathan Scoggins drags day after day! The whole gang of mongrels are acting in collusion to make hay while the sun shines. They mean to keep the jail packed and jammed regardless of decency or the health of the miserable prisoners; because 1st, it enables the "court" with its commissioner, its clerk, its three prosecutors, (Jim Justice, Bate Carpenter, and Bob Logan), its marshals, and guards for prisoners, to spend *two hours* a day for "examinations—at the salary of two dollars and a half (\$2.50) *per hour!* Think of the harvest for these low fellows who have not heretofore made \$5 *a month* by their own labor! 2nd, It allows *McArthur to pocket more than \$30 per day!* Nine hundred dollars a month! Just think of it, for a lazy waddling creature who kept the jail hitherto on about \$300 a year, because it was the only way he could make meat and bread without work! Let us look the matter a little more definitely. There are fifty prisoners now within these walls; sometimes there have been more. For each man he receives 75 cents per diem—merely to feed, and water. There is one guard or assistant, but he is paid for by the county. The Yankees are merely detailed and receive neither pay nor food. By careful computation of old housekeepers and farmers who know the price of food, it is estimated that our provender costs between *six and*

eight cents per day, per man. Not a cent more! Here is the "Bill of Fare." At nine A. M.—a pan of boiled Irish potatoes, containing from one gallon to one peck, according to the number of men in the room, the latter being the largest quantity ever brought at one meal, and there were *twenty-six men in the room at the time!* With the potatoes are two small slices of fried bacon, "flitch" or side-meat, which two slices together are about the length and thickness of a man's fore-finger. The third article is a "chunk" of corn-dodger about the size of a quarter of pie. Latterly, that is to say within the past fortnight, we have received, once a day, a large "flat-cake" of wheat bread, allowing perhaps two square inches per man, but in those cases the corn bread is proportionately reduced. Now allowing 25 cents for the peck of potatoes, 10 cents for a gallon of corn meal, 2 cents for salt, 2 cents for water (tho' there are three wells within stone throw) 1 cent for the negress to mix it, 10 cents for 2 pounds of flour baked into a flat cake, and 18 cents for meat; we have 68 cents for the meal. All the men around me as I write say that from 45 cents to 50 cents will cover the largest breakfast ever fetched into this room (when we had 26 men in it): but let us allow 68 cents for an outside, liberal estimate.

For dinner we receive the same old dish pan, containing the same old ingredients, with the exceptions as follows: once or twice a week (of *late!*) we have received a piece of sweet potato pie, in lieu of the wheat bread; the pie being made of crust and slices of the potato but without sugar or butter. Every other day, (during the past fortnight), the potatoes have been reduced, and a gallon of snap-beans, with a few pints of green corn, added. These come from the jail-garden, and may cost four cents a day. Certainly the whole cost of the dinner cannot exceed 72 cents. The two meals are all we receive during the twenty-four hours! And no one will pretend to say that \$1.40 does not cover the entire cost. Now, at an average of 20 prisoners to this room, the jailer re-

ceives \$15 per day for feeding us at a cost of \$1.40 per day. Profit, \$13.60 per day; or *four hundred and eight (\$408) dollars per month!*

There are two other rooms on the same floor, which, together, must pay the same! There is, also, one room on the second floor with eight or ten men in it. Hence I think I am justified in counting McArthur's profit on his tortured captives at fully nine hundred dollars a month! At such a rate he will soon become one of the "rich men"—the hated "money men" of the County.

To see this roomfull of men at breakfast is a sight of strange appearance. Most of the inmates are farmers, accustomed to rising at dawn and taking breakfast by sunrise, or earlier; many of them breakfast by candle-light. They are all up, and stirring noisily, even here, where there is no need for it. As early as six o'clock the clamor for breakfast begins. One—two—three—and a half—hours drag wearily off, and a little after nine o'clock the clanking of chains announce that McArthur is coming to dole out the two gallons of water, which must suffice for the two dozen men, half a day! Next, the old battered dish-pan (such as dishes are washed in) appears with its mess of potatoes, fitch, and poorly baked "corn-dodgers," all jumbled together in the pan. The negroes have a pan to themselves, and grumble that they are half starved. The dish pan is seated in the floor, the three murderers, and three young country "hogs" jump instantly almost over the pan. Next come a dozen men bending over the shoulders of the squatters! *The remaining half dozen*, like myself, stand back and take our small portion on tin plates, as we can get it!

NOTE.—As it seems almost too inhuman for belief, that a native-born citizen of North Carolina should thus fatten his own purse at the expense of his sorely distressed fellow country-men, I have made inquiries which more than justify my suspicions at the time. Eli McArthur, when the Ku Klux war began was very poor, almost indigent, his support coming from the jail fees with rarely more than two or three prisoners. But his profits,

from starving and maltreating his suffering fellow citizens soon made him one of the richest men in the county. In six months he purchased W. A. Guthrie's two-story brick residence, paying between \$4,000 and \$5,000. He next bought a fine farm from Martin Walker, paying between \$3,000 and \$4,000. Other purchases of property, horses, buggies, followed in rapid succession until at the time of my return from the penitentiary the fellow was estimated to be worth (*Nothing personally!*) fully *ten thousand dollars* in property! Aladdin's wonderful lamp never thrived more rapidly, if you consider that in the Rutherford region—where money is scarce and business slow—not one man in 200 acquires half the amount in a life time!

THANKS TO MY LADY FRIENDS.

Whatever may be my fate, whatever part of the world I may be thrown upon by the ill and foreboding winds now beating against my frail barque of Life, I shall carry with me, deep graven upon the tablet of memory, the tender recollection of many womanly kindnesses shown to me by the ladies of this village—both married and single—both young and old—both those of my acquaintance and they whom I know only by reputation, or through their families. Of these I have heretofore spoken of Miss Mattie Miller, Miss Mary Forney, Misses Rebecca D, and Miss Katie, Miss Laura Mills. Mrs. Carrie Guthrie, Mrs. Genl. Bryan, Miss Delia Mitchell, Miss Alice Huffmaster, and Mrs. Robt. Twitty. To these I must add, also the nice basket from "Aunt Muff" Morris, the basket of fruit from Misses Carrie and Mary Miller; the same from Mrs. Henrietta Roberts; a tray of "tea things" from Mrs. Jas. A. Miller; the same from Mrs. Sallie Anderson, a nice stew from Mrs. Dr. J. W. Harris; a bucketful (twice) of delicious milk, from Mrs. Jos. L. Carson, a basket from Mrs. Matthew Lynch (in the country), a very enjoyable box of various contents from Mrs. Capt. Clarke, bouquet of beautiful flowers from Miss Mary Guthrie; books from the Misses Duffy; newspapers

from Rev. Carter Burnett; and kind messages from other gentle folk who wished to express their kind feelings, but had not suitable opportunity. Indeed, it enhances the value of the generous gifts above mentioned to know that it required not a little nerve to send them, especially at the beginning when many *men* were blaming *me* for much of the trouble; and when there was daily risk of arrest for showing sympathy or of receiving an insulting message from the mongrels at the jail.

Mrs. Carrie G's pretty baby was brought over by the servant the other evening to see me, I gave it a bright pewter whistle, such as the Ku Klux used, and which the child blew loudly. For several days I heard the whistle, but now it is silent. Mr. G., I understand, was warned not to blow it any more!

"Col." Ceburn L. Harris, Logan's brother-in-law, is in Rutherfordton on a visit, and has twice been up to pay his respects to his fellow Leaguers, the murderers. He shakes hands with all three of them and two of the negroes; then takes Govan and Columbus to one side to whisper with them. I suppose he questions them concerning me as he frequently looks this way; but I care little. He is said to be here in search of a chance to get his own finger in the fat pie which all the mongrels are making out of the man-hunting business.

What next! J. B. Carpenter, Bill, or Jo Scoggins, (I don't know one from another of the tribe,—though *no one can mistake a "Scoggins"*) and several other mongrels have just been up, apparently for no other purpose than to see how I bore the news that Plato Durham had joined the growing gang of confessors. McArthur called out, as he came in, "*Well boys, you can all turn in, and Puke now! Your big chief Durham has bolted all he knew!*" He then stated that Capt. Durham had hurried off to Washington, and confessed everything to the Congressional Investigation Committee; that he, also, gave the names of the leaders, and implicated "lots of leading Democrats," including "you"—(addressing himself to me). "*And what do you think now?*" he asked. "*It will*

have to come to me on better authority before I give it a thought," said I, turning my back, and walking to the other side of the room. Still I am bound to confess it has worried me not a little, as there must be some foundation for so bold an assertion. Carpenter declares he read the whole thing and that it fills several columns of a Washington paper!

P. S.—Since thinking of the tale about Durham I am convinced it is a sheer fabrication; Capt. D. may have gone before the "Outrage Committee," and made some statement concerning the Klan: but it is impossible for such a man as he to play the traitor, and as for the rest I don't care because there is nothing we all so much desire as a full and free setting forth of the object and designs of the Order. Were they known more generally, the sympathies of every true Southerner and every unprejudiced Northerner would be with us!

How great a calamity has Radicalism proved to be unto this once-pleasant little village of Rutherfordton! Less than ten years ago it was one of the most lively county-seats in the West. There was a daily coach-line from Salisbury through to Asheville, and the arrival and departure of the "Up" and "Down" coaches, with their four prancing steeds, gaily-painted sides, and cracking whips, gave far more animation than a railway station. Then, the stores were well filled, and long processions of wagons filled the streets, bringing produce, and carrying away family supplies. Then, every dwelling showed signs of cultivated occupancy; and among the occupants were many intelligent and refined people, whose names are well known throughout the whole region, such families as those of Genl. John Gray Bynum, Judge W. M. Shipp, Genl. Collett Leventhorpe, Genl. Edmund Bryan, Dr. John McEntyre, Col. Champ Davis, etc., including the Millers, McEntyres, Forneys, McDowells, Mills, Duffs, Coxes, Mitchells, Bryans, Harrisses, Cratons, Twittys, Clarks, Carriers, Andersons, and others of the resident population. There were two hotels, two newspapers; and four churches; and numerous business

houses. For these and other reasons Rutherfordton became quite a place of note in North Carolina. But with the war came a general breaking up. Numbers of families were involved by heavy "security debts," made in the free and easy style of the ante-bellum period, and when their slaves were lost ruin swept them. The building of the Air Line and other roads cut off much trade which previously sought this centre, and the coach-line stopped during the war. All this, however, was as nothing compared with the blighting results of Radicalism. We have seen how Red-Stringism took root in the mountains and how Geo. Logan made Rutherford its fountain head! How the Leagues played upon the fears of the ignorant, and incited the hopes of the base-born but ambitious mongrels, until this fair county became known as the Black Corner—the very stronghold of Radical Leaguery! Finally Loganism controlled all things. A big "buck" negro was elected school commissioner of the village; a "white nigger" became its mayor! Jim Justice was hocus-pocussed into the chair of Representative in the Legislature. Logan became Superior Court judge, and his son (the Bob-tailed "colonel" of the militia) was made a Bob-tailed \$20-lawyer, to practice before his father's court! Between them they became richer and richer as the town grew poorer and poorer! Logan got possession of both hotels, Logan got possession of two dwellings, Logan got possession of three offices (lawyers' frame buildings) and four or five town lots. Logan got possession of the Wilkins farm, and fine brick mansion, three miles from town. Logan got possession of two dozen other farms, and tracts of land of various dimensions.

Clearly the Logans have been thriving during these few past years! Clearly Rutherfordton has gone to the dogs very fast during those years! And what do we see now? Everybody has left the place who can leave. Every respectable family is saying, "If we could see any way to go elsewhere we should not spend a month longer here."

And what else do we see? Few stores are open; one hotel is nominally open, but old, dilapidated, and forlorn-looking, nearly a dozen houses are vacant, the rows of legal offices are silent and deserted; only two of the churches have services, and they, not regularly, all is—!

And what more is to be seen? This peaceful old village, for all its dullness, is like a theatre of war! It is environed by camps of armed men! The sounds of military occupation alone are heard. There are few citizens—at least, of the respectable class—seen upon the streets, and all social intercourse is abandoned; the sidewalks being given up to the idle, impudent negroes, white-skinned mongrels and loafing soldiers. Ladies remain closely within doors, and those upon the main street find it necessary to keep the front doors and windows closed. On the green hills surrounding the village are to be seen the white tents of the infantry, and artillery, while the meadows are speckled with cavalry horses, picketed in graze. The morning *Reveille*, the *Dinner-Bugle*, and the nightly *tattoo*, have become as familiar to our ears as when the garrison of a pitched cantonment. And why this war-like array? Why is this backwoods village treated as if the metropolis of a conquered province in a state of siege? There are no insurgents here! There has been no resistance to the laws or the legal officers! All the officials are Radicals of the rabidest sort, yet no one of them will dare assert that he might not make any number of arrests, in any section of the county. There is no instance, in all these troubles, of resistance to an officer, although a score of Ku Klux were arrested when not a Yankee soldier was in the region. But the mongrels wanted the foreign hirelings of the Dictator brought here, not in the interest of justice or the laws, but to intimidate and harass respectable people. There are, unfortunately, a large number of half-educated, weak-kneed men (at least, they wear men's garments) who crouch like whipped spaniels at every shadow which presents the shape of a Yankee soldier—a real live Yankee soldier—even if (as is the case nineteen times

out of twenty) that Blue Coat is an Ex-Reb, a "galvanized Yankee," who joined the Regular Army from the Prison Shambles at Fort Delaware, or Elmira, or Johnson's Island; or perchance enlisted since the war to escape having to do the work which the slaves formerly did for him! It matters not! The very sight of the Blue Coat calls up visions of "another war!," "confiscation!," and all the other silly stories fabricated by the mongrels to drive the timid and avaricious inside their League organizations. Indeed when I think of the shameless fawning and credulity of scores of men—apparently sensible and well informed as a general thing—who were driven into the Radical ranks since the war by threats that they should be "arrested and all your property confiscated," I can scarcely blame the mongrel leaders for resorting to such tricks, because people of so little stamina ought to be taught by experience until they learn to exercise judgment.

The mongrels, however, had a special object in bringing the Yankees, aside from the political feature; they knew that the presence of a single soldier would give a weight and authority to lawless acts, which the people would resent if not thus supported. As for instance—It would not be easy for a deputy marshal, a low fellow of the community, to arrest *without warrant* and in defiance of all decency, all private rights, all the legal safeguards erected to prevent outrages by officers of the law (as in my case); but the musket of a Yankee was sufficient to make the bravest citizen quietly submit to outrage because he knew that any resistance would be contorted into an assault upon the "Federal Blue," instead of a just resistance to foul outrage and wrong.

The Cleveland Banner of July 23 gives the following accurate and out-spoken account of Judge Logan's lawless operations in this county. It appositely terms them, "*Judge Logan's Secret Inquisition*," and continues: "We learn that Judge Logan has established in Rutherfordton a system of secret Inquisition, which is not surpassed in wicked oppression by the deeds

of the Dark Ages. Three weeks ago he authorized the statement that all persons who should come forward and confess their connection with Ku Klux operations should be protected by him, and in no wise punished for their acts. This announcement was industriously circulated by his "strikers," while threats of arrest, and trial by military courts, with all the details of Penitentiary terrors were freely indulged in."

NOTE—All this is exactly true! It is now believed, by a large class of timid people, that Logan has full power to declare "Martial Law," establish military courts, arrest, try over the drum-head, sentence, hang, shoot, or imprison for life, at the crook of his finger, and regardless of the innocence of the accused! It is useless to reason with such people; they have lost their wits! True, they point to the fact that Logan arrests whom he pleases, and "pardons" whom he pleases; and they ask—"If you go by the law, and right, what authority has George Logan to compound a confessed felony? He is not a Federal official—he has no commission from, or connection with the government; therefore if by virtue of his power as an High Priest of the Negro Leagues, he can drag grey-haired unoffending citizens from their beds at midnight without any sort of legal warrant, and after casting them into this filthy jail, eventually turn them loose, as he did old Mr. Thorne, and old man Robinson, and Rev. Berry Rollins, and a dozen others, without trial, without redress, yea, and offer to turn any of us loose who shall lend ourselves to his base purposes, what is to prevent his going any length farther? Is there a citizen in all the length and breadth of this region who dare resist his brutal treatment? Was there any public protest when you so nearly perished with thirst and heat in the cage? And I cannot answer!

"Several companies of troops have been assembled at Rutherfordton by Logan's request, and are now being used by him. The 35 prisoners who have already been arrested three or four times are again returning from a filthy prison. Fifty others have been arrested and

doomed to the Federal District Court. The whole country is in a state of alarm. And now we will give some idea of the workings of the Inquisition as we have it from reliable sources. His Highness takes his seat pompously in his Judicial throne (arm-chair), draws around him the black gown, and signals his puppet ushers to admit the trembling culprit. He enters, pale and despairing—fearing the worst. He is roughly told that — All is known!; that nothing *he* can do will give *any information not already known*; but he is warned in ominous tones that unless he reveals everything—something important—something to show that he is done forever with his late associates—his chances for escaping the Penitentiary, or the gallows, will be *desperate indeed*! Thus terrified, believing his life and property to be in peril, the trembling youth, (for mere boys are selected specially to use them), with no one to advise him, no one to stand with him, and only the stern, unscrupulous conspirators surrounding him, is ready to say anything—to swear to anything—to escape his tormentor. But usually he is *told what to say*. All things are in readiness; the Man in Black takes up his pen and silently writes off the form of an affidavit—more and more alarming the boy who has no experience with the law, or the lawyers, and believes that *a Judge*, a real Judge, in his own office, may order him to be hanged in an hour. Suddenly the man-in-black, in a gruff voice, “Your name is John Smith and you confess your crime, swear that you are a member of the Invisible Empire?” The startled youth catching the first and last clause, says “Yes.” Whereupon the Inquisitor writes, “He acknowledges that he was guilty of many atrocious crimes, and outrages upon Republicans.”

“ ‘You were initiated by—John Jones?,’ continues the Judge. ‘Well, I don’t know adzackly. He wore a false cloth. But if ’twasn’t him, I don’t know who it was.’ So, it goes down in the affidavit that John Jones ‘swore in John Smith’, and, when two or three similar affidavits are procured, Jones is arrested. ‘Your chief is—Ran-

dolph Shotwell: your leaders are ———, and ———, and ———, and ———?’ ‘Well, I hearn they wus; you see I haint been at no meetins, nor nuthin,’ and I hope I may die, ef I aint tellin’ of the truth.’ But, the answer is set forth at much length, alleging full knowledge of the aforesaid leaders, etc.

“Ques.—The object of your organization was to make war upon the State and Federal officials, (the rustic, looking startled, Eh?)—and to accomplish the destruction of all law, order, and morality by scourging and murdering Republicans. Ans.—Yes, them was the words—Order and morality—some said Justice and Humanity, but its all the same I reckon! Ques. You have young men to commit these deeds and old men to sit on juries and acquit them? Ans. I don’t know. You have other men whose duty it is to swear an *alibi* to clear your members? Ans. I suppose so. Ques. You know that John ———, and James ———, and Wm. ———, and Stephen ———, were the parties who scourged Bill ——— for stealing? Ans. Well, it may be so: some says one thing, and some says another. And so on, and so forth! This we understand is the substance of the examination to which these ignorant young men are subjected by the wicked Logan, who as will be observed, *leads* the witness, making him appear to say that which he did not say, and which Logan draws out into a lengthy affidavit, worded to suit himself and after the frightened boy has affixed his X mark, it is witnessed by ‘*Geo. W. Logan, Judge Superior Court, Ninth Dist.,*’ and is forwarded by the next mail to Washington to become a part of the documents used by the Grant Party to justify their warfare upon our People. The whole appears to be a voluntary affidavit, (though the maker has little idea of its real contents), and will stand as ‘*confessed evidence*’ of guilt against the person making it, for all time. Years will have passed away, oblivion will have cast her mantle over the temptation of these poor creatures, and their base willingness to commit moral perjury in an hour of abject fear, and despair; the lion

hearts of noble men, incarcerated in the Bastile or the Arch-Inquisitor in consequence of that perjury will have ceased to beat;—for

The timid *Thrush* will bear the cage
The *caged eagle* dies with rage!

“Yet there is *one* actor in these mock tragic inquisitions whose name will go down to Posterity to be remembered in infamy—forever! *That name is George W. Logan!* He may be sustained for the time by corrupt officials of the Government; but the history of his wickedness now being written in the misery of these poor and helpless men and their wives and little ones will live to damn his memory while time shall last.”

This is bold language, but it is true and Logan has not attempted to dispute it, notwithstanding all his power. Indeed the same paper contains a letter from Logan's own brother-in-law, a gentleman whose bravery yields not an inch to the tyrannical Judge; “Every day brings new knowledge of the villainy and corruption of the Logan, Scoggins, & Co. *Star Chamber* at Rutherfordton. A new mode of extorting money from the oppressed parties in jail there, has been adopted. Persons who have been *confined some time with no proof whatever against them*, are approached by a “Striker” who intimates that Robert Logan (the Judge's son) is in possession of certain facts concerning them, and that it would be wise for them to see him as their attorney! Especially as he has great influence with his father who controls the court [Scoggins] and Prosecutors [Jim Justice and Carpenter]. The prisoner, feeling himself powerless, takes the hint and employs Bob, who thereupon appears before Scoggins and moves that His Honor [!!!] open ——'s case, as he has just discovered testimony which ‘puts a new light upon the matter,’ and will ‘he feels certain’ induce his honor to change his decision. The Prosecutors exchange winks; the prisoner is sent for and tells his tale; there is no objection, and the accused comes clear—leaving his purse in Bob Logan's pocket. Was

there ever such a barefaced and corrupt style of 'wringing from the hands of peasants their vile Trash by any indirection?' Hereafter I should advise parties who are arrested to go to the Commissioner Scoggins, draw out all, yes *all*, the money *they have or can get* (for that is what these greedy creatures mean to have by hook or crook) and say to him, 'Here Nathan is all I have in the world; take it, and remove my name from your list: I am a poor man and can't afford to lose the time it will take to go through the form of a sham trial: so here's the money; you divide with Bob Logan, Bate, and Jim, and let me go.' Do this and you will escape a deal of trouble, and be no worse off than if you claim your rights.'

Outery and quarreling among a portion of the men at noon because of *hoggishness* of certain fellows, who have spoons, and make a rush at every meal to get the inside circle around the dish-pan so that they may gulp down a larger share than those who act with dignity and decency. I of course took no part in the squabble, but it was not pleasant to be appealed to, and to have the coarse quarreling going on. Really there is no telling the ignorance of man. I should have sworn, during the war, that nothing could be more disagreeable than the noise and turbulence of the camp on some occasions; whereas that was Paradise compared with this room, for *then* I could go off by myself or seek the quarters of some congenial friend; or at least amuse myself by *doing something!* Here the idleness and *ennui* enhance the misery and suffering.

It is stated, and I accept it as truth, that there is not today a single countryman in Rutherford county able to give bail in the sum of \$5,000! The Man Hunters have arrested above 400 citizens, and require bail in rarely under \$2,000—often three and four thousand!—per man; the sureties being forced to swear that they are worth that amount over and above the homestead exemptions, etc.—(about \$2,000)—and all private debts, including of course, the signing of bail bonds for other prisoners.

Thus it happens that only the most thrifty farmers, and monied men are able to "Stand Security" for a single friend—not to speak of the dozens of mere acquaintance who appeal to them! Thus respectable men, yes and invalids, half dead, and cripples unable to escape, even if they had any wish to do so, all packed in this filthy jail for weeks and months, in order that McArthur, and his crowd may grow rich upon our necessities and sufferings!

Gov. Caldwell facetiously declares that "only the wicked flee when no man pursueth," "according to the proverb!" Possibly he has discovered a book of "Proverbs," unknown to the "generality" of mankind. But it is *not true* that "*only the wicked flee.*" From present indications it is only the sensible and judicious—they who have a care for their reputation and comfort—who flee into the mountains. How much better off, both in physical and mental condition, are my young friends, who are having a pleasant summer in "Parts Unknown," than I, cooped in this vile place with all manner of slanders and falsehoods circulating to my detriment? But aside from my own case, I have seen score upon score of illustrations that *innocence* is no protection, and that if the hundreds of our best citizens who have absented themselves had remained as I so foolishly did, they would have incurred the same, or worse treatment. *Innocence* has saved no man! Innocence did not keep old Mr. Sweezy from being arrested without warrant, dragged hither, cast into the cage amid the murderers and negroes, denied even permission to speak to his wife, after she had ridden ten miles (20 in all) to see him!

Innocence did not prevent the arrest—five successive times—of the 35 men (sworn against by "Old Pukey" Biggerstaff and family) who have been marched to Rutherfordton, to Shelby, to Raleigh, to Marion, and Raleigh again, whereas only one man of them really knows anything of the charges! Innocence counts for little when the courts are fringed with perjured "Pukes," greedy to be summoned to swear point blank to lies which startle

even those who are not in any way interested! The trouble is that the innocent is the most likely to be persecuted if he be an intelligent, well reared man, or one who has sufficient property to be worth "squeezing." I know half a dozen well-to-do farmers who are trembling in their boots today, not because of anything done by them, or their families, but because they were rather active Democrats, and have the reputation of being monied men. On the other hand, the very men who escaped all molestation are the wild, rude, uncouth, unrestrainable young rascals like John Harrell, Jeff Downey and others,—fellows of the wildest class of country rowdies—who were the men that could not be controlled in the Klan, and whose drunken recklessness brought down all the odium that (deservedly) attaches to certain deeds. All the young men in Rutherfordton know how I was censured because I opposed such rowdism. The fellow Harrell sent word to a friend of mine, (or the latter heard it in some way), that he got his authority in South Carolina, and he wasn't going to be restrained by any orders from that "town fellow, Shotwell"—or similar words. Well, I suppose when one condescends to have anything to do with base-bred creatures, even in trying to do them good, he must expect to accept ill usage, ingratitude, and misrepresentation!

Just as I expected, the mongrel lie about Plato Durham joining the "Confessors" proves to be utterly without foundation. He has published a card over his own signature, in which he says, (Speaking of the article in the Wash. Chronicle) "I have never heretofore condescended to notice lying newspaper articles, but as this statement may do no little harm in the country, I ask permission to state in your columns that it is a *lying, garbled, perverted, and misrepresented* statement of my testimony from beginning to end; gotten up to serve the purpose of Radicalism. There are not five lines of real truth in the whole statement.—Plato Durham."

And thus another attempt to stigmatize the Klan out of the mouths of its late members is exposed in all its vileness. Unfortunately, the scores of country people, who have heard the widely circulated rumors that Plato had "confessed," and "secured his own safety at the expense of others," will not be apt to hear of the denial for a long time, if ever, and the mongrels know this. Their idea in fabricating the lies was to arouse the alarm, and indignation of the common class, and stir them to come in, and seek to save themselves by swearing away the liberty, or lives, of innocent men.

Indeed! In an old copy of the Norfolk Journal I find the particulars of a deed perpetrated on the *sacred soil of Massachusetts* which far surpasses the Ku Klux whippings, yet will arouse no National clamor—will be followed by no call for troops, or arrest of unoffending citizens! The facts are as given:—

"A crowd of Ku Klux, in hideous disguises, broke into the house of Mr. Harris, the husband of Mrs. Harris who teaches a negro school, at *Claremont*, Massachusetts. The Ku Klux entered through the cellar—surprising the family in bed—and notwithstanding the *protestations* [Bah!] of Mr. Harris, took Mrs. Harris to an adjoining field, stripped her entirely naked, coated her delicate skin with a thick covering of tar and added a bountiful supply of goose feathers! In short she was tarred and feathered! And the only charge against her is that she has been engaged in teaching the ideas of young "niggers" how to shoot—has been teaching a negro school! Oh horrors! and in Massachusetts too! What a nice text for Wendell Phillips, Rev. J. D. Fulton, *et al*, if they could in some way twist this affair so as to place it to the credit of Mississippi, or North Carolina!"

This shameful outrage upon a helpless woman occurred about the same time that I was dragged to jail for belonging to an Order which was organized to protect women, and repress outrages upon them.

END OF THE ADAIRS.

The long strain upon the murderers is beginning to tell. They are as bold and unconcerned as ever, so far as appearances go; but it is easy to see they are getting restless as the period of their trial approaches. Today they became almost panic stricken, when the impudent negro, Frasier, formerly their devoted crony, but now angered at them because they refused to lend him a spoon to eat with, burst forth with a terrible denunciation of them, declaring that they had confessed the murder in all its detail to him, and the other negroes, (This seems incredible, but so Frazier asserted and they only answered, "Shut up! It's not so!," etc.—*not very decided negatives*, and that Bénard was hired "by the day" to help, that old man Henderson Adair had promised to give a little farm, or tract of land, and to support Bénard's wife while they were in prison; and much more to the same effect. The murderers became fearfully embarrassed, and speedily collected at a window, pretending to look out, but really seeking to hide their faces from those of us, who were attracted by the row. I believe every word uttered by the darky, though merely because anger, like wine, brings out the truth.

August 19th.

There is some deviltry on foot among the mongrels. Several wagons have come in from the country, and there is a great deal of passing about on the street. One of the men heard Andy Scoggins tell the blacksmith he must work all night to get them finished—whatever he meant by them. I don't like the look of things. But we have been assured three or four times, both by Scoggins and McArthur, that we should have ample time to prepare for a move, and that there was no intention of taking us to Raleigh till the middle of September when the Federal Court meets. And in view of the fact that they are reaping a rich harvest by half-feeding us I suppose they will try to keep us.

Another suspicious sign! Cebern L. Harris came up, and had a long chat with the murderers; bade them goodbye, saying he was going to Raleigh in a few days! I shall certainly send home the books loaned me by the ladies if I get a chance on Monday.

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